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The Bodley Books

THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS

AND

THE BODLEYS AFOOT

KF18167

Baxter Perry.

THE BODLEY BOOKS.

As originally published, this series of books consisted of eight volumes which appeared year by year between 1875 and 1884. Each was independent of the other and could be read by itself, but the same characters were introduced, and there was a gradual growth of the children who make up the younger members of the Bodley Family. After the fifth volume appeared there was a break in the time of the story : the young Bodleys were supposed to be men and women and to have children of their own, and to travel with them in Europe. It is now found convenient to reissue the eight books in four double volumes. The series in this shape is as follows : —

I.

DOINGS OF THE BODLEY FAMILY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. — This contains some of the doings of Nathan, Philippa, and Lucy Bodley, their father and mother, the hired man Martin, and Nathan's Cousin Ned, upon their removal from Boston to Roxbury. It introduces, also, Nathan's pig, the dog Neptune, Lucy's kitten, Lucy's doll, Mr. Bottom the horse, chickens, mice ; it has stories told to the children by their parents, by Martin, and by each other. Martin's brother Hen is referred to occasionally.

THE BODLEYS TELLING STORIES. — In this book Nathan's cousin, Ned Adams, a young collegian, is shown as much of the time living with his cousins, and Nurse Young becomes a part of the family. The children are entertained with a good many stories, especially from American history ; they have a Mother Goose party, and go on a journey to Cape Cod. Hen remains in the background.

II.

THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS. — The family enter a carryall and drive, accompanied by Ned on horseback, along the coast of Massachusetts Bay from Boston to Gloucester, and thence, through Ipswich and Rowley, to Newburyport, and so home again. Their drive leads them through historic places and by spots made famous in poetry and legend. On their arrival home they find Martin's brother Hen in the barn, just back from a long voyage.

THE BODLEYS AFOOT. — Hen entertains the children with yarns, and, Ned Adams suddenly appearing, it is proposed that he and Nathan should take a walk to New York. They set out by Dedham and the old road to Hartford, through Pomfret ; but at Hartford, where they stay a few days with some old relatives, they are joined by Mrs. Bodley, Phippy, and Lucy, who go down the Connecticut River with them to Saybrook, and then go back to Boston, leaving the boys to continue their walk to New York. They are stopped, however, at New Haven, by a dispatch from Mr. Bodley, which brings them back at once by rail.

III.

MR. BODLEY ABROAD. — The reason of the dispatch is that Mr. Bodley is unexpectedly called to Europe, and in this final volume of the first series he goes abroad, while the rest of the family go for a fortnight to Cape Cod, and then return to Roxbury. Mr. Bodley does

not return till Thanksgiving time, but he writes letters home, and, after he returns, tells stories of Europe. The children, besides, have their own journeys and adventures, so that Europe and America appear in equal proportions. Mrs. Bodley, who stays at home, has been to Europe before, and thus is able to enlarge on what Mr. Bodley writes home; and Hen, who has gone off on a voyage, stumbles upon Mr. Bodley abroad, and comes back before him with fresh yarns.

The time of the preceding stories is about 1848-1852. About thirty years is now supposed to elapse. Nathan and Phippy Bodley, having married a sister and brother, are the heads of families themselves, and a new career opens in

THE BODLEY GRANDCHILDREN AND THEIR JOURNEY IN HOLLAND. — In this volume the two families, with the grandchildren, start from New York, after first making themselves acquainted with the doings of their Dutch ancestors there in the days of New Amsterdam, and spend several weeks in Holland, seeing sights, taking an object lesson in history, and especially *making the connection between American history and Dutch history*. They are Americans visiting Europe not merely for the pleasure of travel, but for the purpose of tracing back the footprints of their ancestors.

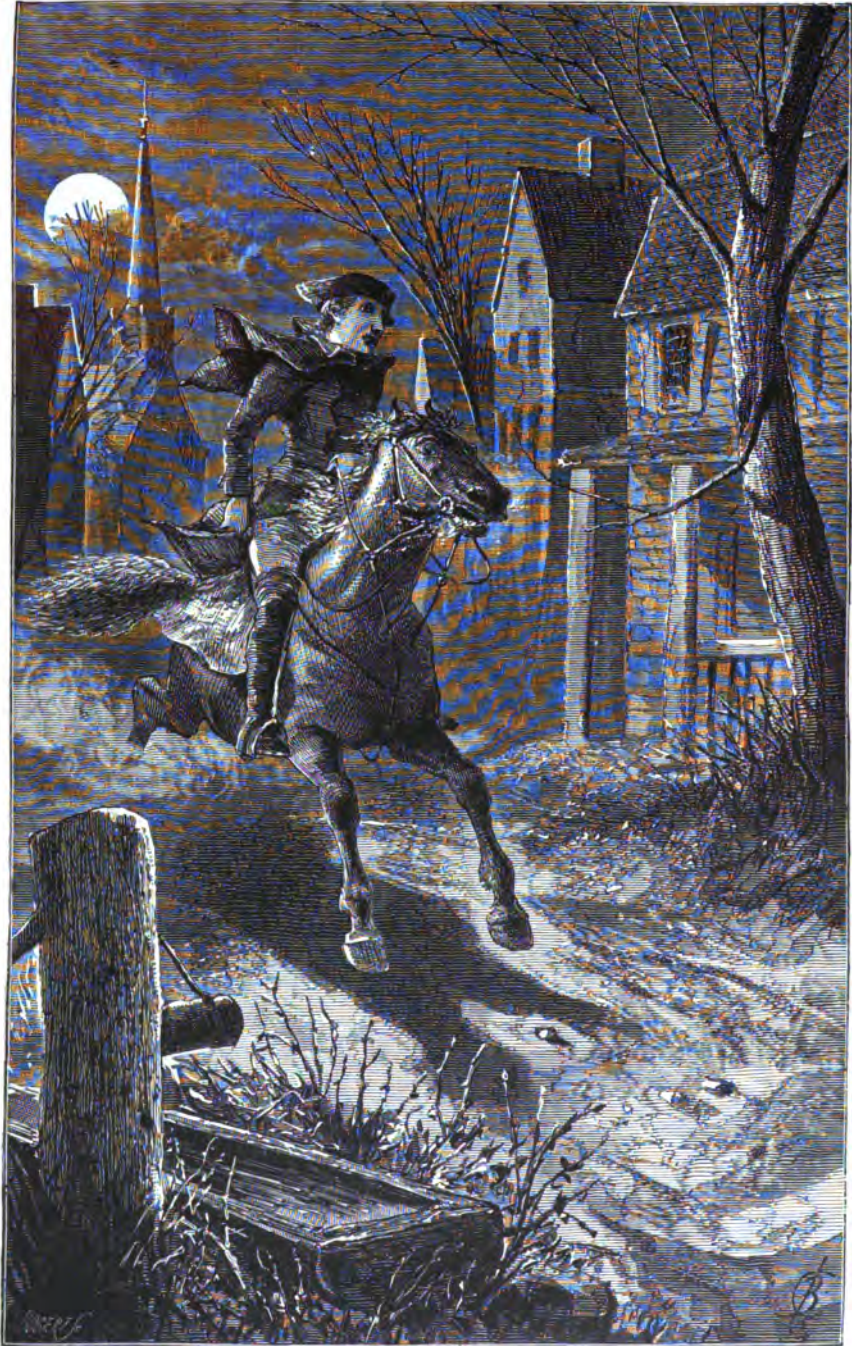
IV.

THE ENGLISH BODLEY FAMILY. — After a summer spent in Holland, the grandchildren and their parents go to England with their appetite whetted for new feasts in historic fields. By a singular chance they fall in with an English family bearing the name of Bodley. Their long-lost ancestors have been found, and the descendants of these ancestors, though very distant cousins, prove to be hospitable and friendly. The autumn is spent in historic pilgrimages, and the connection between English and American life, as discovered by youngsters of both nations, gives an international character to the story.

The time is the summer and autumn of 1881.

THE VIKING BODLEYS. — The family party, with the exception of their Cousin Ned, after a winter spent in Italy, return to England and cross the North Sea to Christiania. They go as far north in Norway as anybody can go, and then return after having done their best to discover their Viking ancestors among the fjords of Norway. From Christiania they go to Copenhagen, visit the haunts of Andersen and enjoy Denmark. They have now, after seeing Scandinavia, got at the earliest European life which was connected with America, and they return home, never again to set forth on their rambling journeys. This is the last of the Bodleys.

The time is the summer of 1882.



"THE FATE OF A NATION WAS RIDING THAT NIGHT."

[See page 20]

On March 20, 1960

JOHN F. KENNEDY
U. S. SENATOR
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Mr. Kennedy:

I am very pleased to hear



Sincerely,
John F. Kennedy



The Bodley Books

II.

**THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS
AND THE BODLEYS AFOOT**

BY

HORACE E. SCUDDER

ABUNDANTLY ILLUSTRATED



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

KF 18167



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THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS.



TO A FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

*Our wheels sank deep in the murmuring sand
The spent waves broke in foam at our feet;
We watched the patient, welcoming land
Stretch forth, the hastening sea to meet.*

*What sought the land from the breathless tide?
Whence came the dark waves, breaking bright?
Far off, our shaded eyes descried
The looming of the shore of light.*



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THE story of *The Broom Merchant*, in Chapter III., is a translation from the French of a Swiss Pastor by Mr. John Ruskin, who published it, interruptedly, in his monthly *Fors Clavigera*. The complete story is not here given, but so much only as seemed of use and interest to children.

THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS.

CHAPTER I.

GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.



It was New Year's Eve at Roseland as well as elsewhere, and the Bodley family was seated before the wood fire in the library. Mr. Bodley and Mrs. Bodley were there, and Nathan, Philippa, and Lucy Bodley, each in his or her own chair. So, too, was cousin Ned Adams, at home from college for the holidays. Martin, the hired man, was in the kitchen; the Jersey cow was in the stable; Nep, the Newfoundland dog, was in his kennel; and Mr. Bottom, the weaving horse, was in his stall; Martin's brother Hen was in California, and thus, as the old year drew near its end, all these people were in readiness for the new year to come.

"What a queer thing time is," said Phippy, who had been silent for at least a full minute, and had been watching the fire. "It keeps going and going. Can't we stop it, papa? There!" and she slapped her hand on the book in her lap, "there! did n't I catch it that time? Can't I hold it?" and she slapped her book suddenly again.

"It's going still," said her father. "You didn't get the upper hand of it, Phippy. How do you think the Old Year feels to be going out of life to-night? And to-morrow we shall have the New Year with us!"

"What does the Old Year look like?" asked the little girl.

"I think he drives off in a horse and sleigh," said Nathan.



How the Old Year looked to Lucy.

"No, I'll tell you," said Lucy. "It's like an old man walking away in the snow in the forest, while the children stand and watch him."

"But there isn't any forest about here, except May's Woods," said Nathan, "and he'd get through those before the New Year could come."

"I think he must be a great snow man," said Ned; "and when twelve o'clock comes, he begins to thaw and thaw; first he loses his head and forgets what time it is, and he can't see the New Year coming, and then his arms go and he can't thrash himself to keep up the circulation, and then his trunk goes and he has n't even an icicle pocket-handkerchief to his name, and finally his legs give way, and when the New Year walks along, he can only just make out the place where the Old Year was. At least that's my opinion about it, from a general survey of the landscape."

"Is it thawing to-night, Edward?" asked his uncle.

"Yes, sir, and that's the reason I'm not going in to Christ Church to see the old year out and the new year in. It will be a moist, unpleasant night."

"Why, can you see it at Christ Church?" asked Nathan, eagerly.

"Well, it's as good a place as any. It's rather dark in Joy Street."

"Ned is talking nonsense," said Mrs. Bodley. "There is a service at Christ Church in Boston this evening, which lasts until after midnight. Just at twelve o'clock everybody kneels in prayer, so that as the old year disappears and the new one comes in the people are still, and when the hour is past they sing a hymn, and then go home."

"Do they go home after twelve o'clock?" asked Lucy. "I should think they'd be afraid."

"Poh!" said Nathan. "Why, it's light as day sometimes at twelve o'clock at night, when the moon shines."

"It was not very light when Captain Pulling hung out his lanterns from Christ Church steeple," said Mr. Bodley.

"The moon was rising," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Then what did he hang out the lantern for?" asked Nathan.



Christ Church, Salem Street, Boston.

"Your father will tell you, Thanny. Have n't you heard the story of Paul Revere's ride?"

"No, mother. Was it New Year's Eve?"

"It was the night before the fighting at Concord and Lexington," said his father. "When was that?"

"The 19th of April, 1775," said the little boy.

"That is right. Well, you know that the British had determined to go to Concord to get hold of the military stores which had been collected

there. For a good while the patriots had been making preparations to defend themselves in what they felt to be a coming conflict with Governor Gage and the regulars under his control. They had a committee of prominent men who watched the movements of the governor and the soldiers, and held secret meetings among themselves, to be ready in any emergency; they feared being surprised, and knew that the soldiers wanted to get possession of the military stores and occupy two of the towns of the colony, in order to prevent the patriots from resisting the demands of the British authorities. Now Governor Gage knew of all this, and so he on his part kept his secrets and planned the expedition to Concord, which was

to start at night. But he could not easily make his arrangements without letting it be known among the men themselves that they were to go somewhere, and it happened that one of the grooms at the governor's house bragged in a stable near by, in a way that showed some expedition was coming off the next day. A stable boy was currying a horse and heard him; he was one of the Liberty boys, as they were called, and when he heard the groom he was so excited he could scarcely hold the curry-comb. He got a chance to slip off, and told the news to some one whom he could trust, who carried it to the committee. The committee had already suspected that something was to be done. Tuesday was the 18th of April, and on the Sunday previous it had been agreed that whenever the expedition started, signals should be hung from the steeple of Christ Church, or the Old North, as it was called; that one lantern should be hung out if the British started by land, and two if they went by water. So on Tuesday evening, when it was found that the expedition was to start, Dr. Warren, one of the leaders, called on Paul Revere, who was in the secret, to carry the news at all speed to Lexington and Concord, and arouse the people so that they might not be surprised. Revere had a trusty friend, Captain Jonn Pulling, a member of the committee also, and he went to him and arranged that he should go into the steeple, watch the British to see which way they were going, and, when he discovered it, hang out his one lantern or his two lanterns according to the plan. You see they could not be sure which way the British would take: whether they would cross the river and land at Lechmere's Point, in what is now East Cambridge, or go round by land, which would take them much longer. Meanwhile Revere had put on his surtout and his boots, and been rowed across to Charlestown by some friends,

and there he met a Captain Conant and other patriots who had been on the alert ever since Sunday. They knew about the signals and had seen them while Revere was rowing across. They had a horse ready for him, and he sprang on its back and flew off through Lexington and Concord, rousing the people and telling them that the soldiers were coming.

"I told you that Revere did not hang out the signals. His business was to ride to Concord and alarm the people on the road, and in order to start promptly, he wanted to be on the Charlestown side and ready to mount his horse as soon as it should be known that the British had set out, and which way it was they had taken. Now it was no simple matter to hang the lanterns from the steeple. The barracks of the soldiers were near the Old North; soldiers were in the streets, and the light might be discovered by them, or some old woman, as Captain Pulling said, might see the light and scream fire. If Revere could once see the signals, then it would not matter so much to him if they were discovered by the soldiers, but it might matter a good deal to the person who hung them. That was the reason why Pulling, who was a warm friend of Revere's, was a brave man when he agreed to hang the lanterns, and I think it was because he was a brave man that Revere asked him to do it.

"Captain John Pulling lived in Salem Street, and as soon as he had received notice from Revere, he went to the sexton of the church and asked for the keys. Pulling was a vestryman, so the man, who was in bed, got up and gave them to him, and then went back to bed again. Pulling unlocked the church, went in and locked the door behind him, and climbed up to the upper window of the steeple. From there he could look down and see the move-

ments of the soldiers. Possibly, too, he could see Revere in his boat, pulling across. He could see, too, the man-of-war Somerset lying in the stream. He saw the boats loading now with soldiers, and knew they were embarking. Then he hung out his two lanterns, and Captain Conant and the others on the Charlestown shore saw the two lights twinkling in the spire and knew the time had come.

"It was a courageous thing in Pulling and Revere. It was very soon known that signals had been made, and the British authorities, who were angry at the discovery of the plan, began to search for the man who had hung out the lanterns. They went to the sexton. He said he only knew that Mr. Pulling came to him for the keys the night of the 18th, and as he was a vestryman, of course he gave them to him. Mr. Malcolm, a neighbor of Captain Pulling's, heard of what was going on, and sent a message by his wife that 'Captain Pulling had better leave the town as soon as possible, with his family.' Thereupon Pulling disguised himself as a laborer, and somehow managed to smuggle himself and his family on a small craft, and was carried to Nantasket. They had a hard time there, for they had gone off in too great a hurry to take anything with them, and afterwards, when Pulling went back to Boston, after the siege was raised, he found he had lost almost all the property he had. So you see it was no light matter to hang the lanterns from Christ Church steeple."

"It was too early to go in bathing much at Nantasket beach," said Ned, gravely.

"Why, was Nantasket beach there then?" asked Nathan, in surprise.

At the time when the Bodleys had this talk, Longfellow had not

published his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," else one of the children would surely have learned and recited the ballad of Paul Revere's Ride. It is a pity that children to-day, reading about the Bodleys, should not have it before them, so it is printed for them to read, to commit to memory, and to repeat by the family fireside.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five ;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good-night !" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,



And the measured tread of the Grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,

To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went.
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!



He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet.
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.

And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.
You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and barn-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

“Did Paul Revere keep the Revere House?” asked Phippy, innocently.

“Oh, no,” said her father. “That house was built long after Revere died, but it was named after him. He was a mechanic and a veritable Yankee, I think. He was a goldsmith at first, and after that he engraved on copper, but his portraits and other engravings are rather rude. He went to Philadelphia early in the war to learn how powder was made. There was no powder-mill in New England at that time. The proprietor of the mill which he visited in Phila-

delphia refused to show Revere how his powder was made, but he let him walk through the mill. That was enough for Revere. He kept his eyes open, and when he went back to Boston he knew how to make powder. He was one of the Boston tea-party, and a lieutenant-colonel of militia, and after the war was over he established a foundry and cast bells and cannon. But I think he was a better silversmith and goldsmith than anything else. That silver tea-set that we use sometimes was made and engraved by him."

"I'd like to ride Mr. Bottom to Concord," said Nathan, getting up and prancing about.

"The telegraph-wire would be ahead of you," said Ned. "I think you'd better stay at home and make silver tea-pots."

"You can make your bow now," said his mother, and so, with bows and courtesies, off went the children to bed.

"I wish we could have an excursion into the country," said Ned, after the children were gone. "We might visit Concord and Lexington and all sorts of places."

"Wait till summer comes," said Mr. Bodley; "then, perhaps, we can all go off on a journey."

CHAPTER II.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE Bodley family had a little custom which had grown up among them until it had become a regular observance, by which New Year's Day was celebrated, not with presents, for these were

given at Christmas, but with beginnings. Every one in the family was expected to begin something that day and to announce his or her intention at the breakfast-table. It might be a book or a new resolution, or what not, but here was the year beginning anew and every one was to take a fresh start. The children came down to breakfast, chattering on the stairs, and each half telling the beginning that was to be announced at the table.

"Mine begins with A," said Nathan.

"Oh, Nathan's going to learn the alphabet," said Phippy. "I'll tell you what mine begins with. It begins with &."

"Andrews's Latin Lessons!" shouted Nathan. "Why, Phippy, you don't begin Latin yet."

"Who said it was 'Andrews's Latin Lessons'? But I guess now I know what your A is."

"Lucy shall tell her beginning first," said her mother, as they were seated at the table, after shouting Happy New Year at each other as if they were all deaf.

"I don't like to tell," said Lucy, turning red.

"Tell me, Lucy," said Ned, "and we'll have it for a secret." Lucy jumped down from her chair, and, running round to her cousin's place, drew his head down and whispered.

"Oh, that is n't fair," said Phippy. "I want to know."

"Shall I tell, Lucy?" asked Ned.

"Yes," said she, hiding her face.

"Lucy is going to make a beautiful beginning," said Ned. "She had so much trouble getting her Christmas presents ready, that she is going to begin on the next Christmas presents to-day."

"Well done, Lucy," said her father. "That's an excellent way to make Christmas last the whole year. Now, Phippy, what is your beginning?"

"Well, I'm going to begin a picture in my drawing-book. *And* iron is in the picture, and there is a girl and a boy."

"Oh, I know that picture," said Lucy; "the little girl and boy are building a fire in an old fire-place; but where is the iron, Phippy?"

"Right before your nose, Lucy. There is an iron and iron. I'll



The Picture that Phippy wanted to draw.

show you." And she ran and brought a picture-book to show Lucy.

"Why, that's an andiron," said Lucy.

"That's just what I told you," said Phippy. "It's an iron and-iron."

"It will be rather a hard picture for you to copy, Phippy," said her father. "Come, Nathan, what do you mean to begin upon to-day."

"I'm going to begin to study Latin," said he, sitting up very straight, and going on in a loud voice. "Miss Harris says I may begin on New Year's Day, and that I am to learn my letters the first day. The first letter is A."

"I think I've heard of that letter somewhere," said Ned. "Yes, I'm pretty sure I have met with it somewhere. It sounds familiar."

"Nathan, you're making fun of us," said Lucy.

"No, I'm not. I'm going to learn the alphabet to-day, and I expect to learn to spell right away."

"I'll teach you the first two letters, and then you can spell a word," said Ned. "Say a, b, Nathan, and spell it."

"A, b, ab."

"That's it. That's a word, and it means 'from.' There's a shorter way to spell it. Just leave off the b, and you have a. That means 'from' too. And there's a longer way. Add sque, that makes absque. That means 'from;' a and ab and abs and absque all mean 'from,' and they govern the ablative."

"They what?"

"They govern the ablative. Isn't Latin an easy language, Nathan? You tell that to your teacher, and she'll think you are getting on famously. Why, you know a Latin word that's spelled four different ways, and you know what it does."

"Come, Ned, my fine scholar," said his uncle, "what do you mean to begin on to-day?"

"I've begun to-day already. I began at twelve o'clock last night."

"Was that you I heard singing?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

"Did you hear me sing, Aunt Sarah? I was singing the old year out and the new year in. I put my head out of the window so as not to disturb anybody."

"I could n't make out the words, Ned."

"Well, no matter about last year's words. Those were ever so long ago. Would you like to hear me sing the new year's song?" And without waiting for an answer, Ned put down his knife and fork and sang in German this verse of a hymn.

Mit Preis und dank er-scheinen wir vor Dei-nen Gna-den thro - ne
 Noch ein-mal, Va - ter, jetzt vor Dir in Je - su, Dei-nem Soh - ne

Schon wie der ist von uns - rer Zeit da hin ein Jahr der

Ster - blich keit; Dank, Va - ter, Dir wir le - - ben!

"Can you translate it?" asked his uncle.

"Yes, sir; as soon as I had sung it, I translated it, so you see I've

begun the new year with writing poetry. I think I shall write a good deal of poetry this year, my own and other people's. Here is my translation. I think I prefer the German.

"We come before Thy throne of grace
With praise and glad thanksgiving;
Once more, our Father, seek Thy face
Through Jesus ever living.
Our mortal days are moving on,
Another of our years is gone:
For life, O Lord, we thank Thee!"

"Where did you get the music and the German words?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

"It's one verse of a hymn that Tom taught me. He heard it in Dresden last year, in the Dom Kirche, when they had their celebration New Year's Eve. He said he went with the crowd about half past seven in the evening, and every one carried an unlighted candle. The church is an enormous one, with five galleries, and will hold four or five thousand people. It was cram jam full. There were only a few lamps lit in the lower part of the church, but as one after another lighted his candle, neighbors offering a light to each other, there grew to be an innumerable twinkle of light from floor to roof. The psalm had been printed and sheets distributed all over the house. People stood in knots reading the music, and when a signal was given, there was a mighty sound as the great congregation broke out into singing. I should like to have been there. It must have sounded a little grander than when I put my head out of the window last night."

"Now, mamma," said Lucy, "you must tell us your beginning."

"Well, your father and I have one together. Can you guess it?"

"We're going to have a pony," said Nathan.

"A new cow," said Phippy.

"Uncle Daniel is coming," said Lucy.

"Lucy burns," said her mother. "Uncle Daniel is n't coming, but we are going to begin the New Year with a new member of our household. Nurse Young, who took care of you all, is coming to-day to live with us."

"Oh, I remember her," said Nathan. "She was here when Lucy was born."

"And when you were, too, Nathan," said his mother, "and when Phippy was born. But she did not stay very long then. Now she is old and has no one to take care of her, so we thought we would take care of her, and we have asked her to come and live with us. She is to have the prophet's chamber." That was a little room, rarely used now, and called so because it had just about as much furniture as the prophet's chamber mentioned in the Bible. The children were quite curious to see Nurse Young. She had been at the house every now and then, and they all remembered her pretty well. She seemed very, very old to them, but really was not quite eighty. She had been not only the children's nurse, but the nurse of their mother before them, and Mrs. Bodley had always intended to give Nurse Young a home whenever she was willing to come and live with the Bodley family. Nurse Young was very fond of them all, but she continued to go out as nurse as long as she could. At last she grew so old that she began to think it was time to stop nursing, or rather other people said it was time; so she told Mr. and Mrs. Bodley that she would come and live with them, and she thought she could help them in little ways, and when they grew tired of her they might just tell her to go and she would go. Nurse Young was an exquisite cook. She knew how to make the

nicest wine jelly and orange marmalade imaginable, and there was one particular kind of cake, — window-cake the children called it, because it looked like a window without any glass, — which no one else, it was said, could make, for Nurse Young never would tell the receipt. She said she could n't, that she made it out of her head; and truly, all the skillful cooks who had watched her make it could never succeed in producing it perfectly, try as hard as they might. Then she did up laces beautifully, and she always wore most delicate caps, that were snowy white. Mr. Bodley used to say that Nurse Young probably bleached them by moonlight on the snow; but he was only a man, and could not possibly know how laces and caps were made white. Above all, Nurse Young had stories to tell. They were not great stories, but merely little stories about her own life, for she had come from Newfoundland, and that was wonderful enough. For except Nep, the dog, the children knew not a single thing about anything or anybody from Newfoundland, or "Noofunlan'," as Nurse Young called it. She was always ready to tell them stories about her childhood, but she really loved best to dwell on the early days of the little children about her.

"I've had two hundred and eighty-nine children," she said to Lucy the first day she came, "and they've almost all lived to grow up."

"Oh, my!" said Lucy.

"And you're one of them, dearie."

"Oh, that way!"

"Yes, let me see, I think you were the two hundred and seventy-sixth. I remember because your Grandmother Bodley was seventy-six years old the day you were born. You were a little mite of a baby, and how you have grown, to be sure. Why, I remember

when you were only so high, and you used to toddle up to the wall to kiss your shadow. You were afraid of it at first, and then you



Lucy kissing her Shadow.

came to be very fond of it, and used to call it Buffy, and play with it. Don't you remember ?”

“No,” said Lucy, “I am too old to remember.”

“Well, now, that’s droll. I remember things that happened



Nurse Young beginning Work early.

when I was a little bit of a girl, no bigger than you are now. I had a little brother, and I used to take care of him. I’d rock him in

the cradle, and take care of my doll at the same time. I 'spect I was a born nurse. That little boy would lie awake in his cradle till I'd think he never would go to sleep, and then, just as he was dropping off, Mouser, that was my cat, would wake up all of a sudden, and then nothing would do but Jacky must have a frolic with him. You see, where we lived we had n't many rooms, and sometimes mother and father would both be away and I liked the cat for company."

"Was that in Newfoundland?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, my dear, it was in Noofunlan', where the sea roars and there's a great deal of fog. I lived in Noofunlan' till I was fifteen years old, and then I came to Portland, and I have n't been back since."

"Don't you want to go?"

"Well, I think sometimes now I'd like to go back for a little while, but there is n't anybody theré that knows me now, I suppose. All the old people I knew when I was a little girl are dead now, the Lord be praised."

"Why do you like to have them dead?"

"What is the child thinking of? The Lord be praised for taking care of them! They were a lot of old sea-captains that had a rough time fishing and sailing, but it was pleasant living there."

"Did you live in a boat?"

"In a boat? not a bit of it, but in a very comfortable house, to be sure. I remember it well, child. Many's the time I've set the table for supper in the big kitchen. I can see it now, with granny sitting in the chimney-corner, and father in a chair before the big fire, with one of the children in his lap. It was a fine old place, the kitchen was. You'd see a pickled salmon or a watered salt cod

broiling before the fire, and we kept up a roaring fire, child. It was a convenient thing to have in Noofunlan'. There were always some cuffs and trousers a-drying by it, hung from hooks, and we smoked our salmon there. Things tasted good in that kitchen."

"Was your father a fisherman?"



Interior of Nurse Young's Home.

"He was a planter, Lucy. He owned half a dozen vessels, and there was n't a cove or a rock on the coast he did n't know."

"And did you go out fishing?"

"Bless you, no, child. I stayed at home and spun and wove. You don't see a spinning-wheel nowadays very often, but my mother taught me to spin, and I remember very well the first win-

ter that I spun yarn enough to send some to St. Johns. Oh, but we had fine times when I was a girl."

"I should n't think you would have liked to have your father away from you, fishing."

"Well, we could n't help it, child ; that 's the way we lived, and



Nurse Young's Father on the Ice Raft.

father did have a hard time of it. Why, I remember once he told us how he got lost on the ice when he was a young man. He was one of a crew out after swiles, what you call seals, and the vessel got into the ice and stuck fast there. Well, the men got out and began walking over the ice to come up with the swiles, and somehow father got separated from the rest, and a good way off from

the ship. The wind began to blow, and night came on and it was as dark as a pocket. Then the ice began to move all about him. You see, father he was on a raft of ice like, and he had nothing but his gaff with him, and so he kept jumping across and poling along till he came to what they call a lake, where it was all free water, and there he was on a cake of ice. He could see nothing but the black water about him ; it was snowing hard, and he was so tired and sleepy and cold that he just picked out a comfortable place and lay down to die. I suppose he would have died fast asleep, if he had n't drifted right across the bows of the vessel, and they picked him up, and he came to. But it was a hard life they led, those fishermen."

Lucy drew a long breath. She was not sure that she wanted to hear any more such dreadful stories, and so she slipped away to the rest of the children. She found her mother with them.

"We were just going to find you, Lucy," said Mrs. Bodley. "I have a story that I mean to read to you. Sit down with Nathan and Phippy, and I will read you the story of the Broom Merchant."

But for that we must begin a new chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE BROOM MERCHANT.

"BROOMS are, as we know, among the imperious necessities of the epoch, and in every household there are many needful articles of the kind which must be provided from day to day, or week to week, and which one accordingly finds, everywhere, persons glad

to supply. But we pay daily less and less attention to these kindly-disposed persons, since we have been able to get the articles at their lowest possible price.

“Formerly it was not thus. The broom merchant, the egg merchant, the sand and rotten-stone merchant were, so to speak, part of the family; one was connected with them by very close links; one knew the day on which each would arrive, and, according to the degree of favor they were in, one kept something nice for their dinner; and if, by any chance, they did not come to their day, they excused themselves next time, as for a very grave fault indeed. They considered the houses which they supplied regularly as the stars of their heaven, took all the pains in the world to serve them well, and, on quitting their trade for anything more dignified, did all they could to be replaced either by their children, or by some cousin or cousine. There was thus a reciprocal bond of fidelity on one side and of trust on the other, which unhappily relaxes itself more and more every day in the measure that also family spirit disappears.

“The broom merchant of Rychiswyl was a servant of this sort, — he whom one regrets now so often at Berne, whom everybody was so fond of at Thun. The Saturday might sooner have been left out of the almanac, than the broom-man not appear in Thun on the Saturday. He had not always been the broom-man; for a long time he had only been the broom-boy, until, in the end, the boy had boys of his own, who put themselves to push his cart for him. His father, who had been a soldier, died early in life; the lad was then very young, and his mother ailing. His elder sister had started in life, many a day before, barefoot, and had found a place in helping a woman who carried pine-cones and turpentine to Berne.

When she had won her spurs, that is to say, shoes and stockings, she obtained advancement, and became a governess of poultry, in a large farm near the town. Her mother and brother were greatly proud of her, and never spoke but with respect of their pretty Babeli. Hansli could not leave his mother, who had need of his help, to fetch her wood, and the like. They lived on the love of God and good people, but badly enough. One day the farmer they lodged with says to Hansli, —

“‘My lad, it seems to me you might try and earn something now; you are big enough and sharp enough.’

“‘I wish I could,’ said Hansli, ‘but I don’t know how.’

“‘I know something you could do,’ said the farmer. ‘Set to work to make brooms; there are plenty of twigs on my willows. I only get them stolen as it is, so they shall not cost you much. You shall make me two brooms a year of them.’

“‘Yes, that would be very fine and good,’ said Hansli, ‘but where shall I learn to make brooms?’

“‘Pardieu! there’s no such sorcery in the matter,’ said the farmer. ‘I’ll take on me the teaching of you. Many a year now I’ve made all the brooms we use on the farm myself, and I’ll back myself to make as good as are made. You’ll want few tools, and may use mine at first.’ All which was accordingly done, and God’s blessing came on the doing of it. Hansli took a fancy to the work, and the farmer was enchanted with Hansli.

“‘Don’t look so close; put all in that is needful; do the thing well, so as to show the people they may put confidence in you. Once get their trust, and your business is done,’ said always the farmer, and Hansli obeyed him.

“In the beginning, naturally, things did not go very fast; never-

theless he placed what he could make, and as he became quicker in the making the sales increased in proportion. Soon everybody said that no one had such pretty brooms as the little merchant of Rychiswyl, and the better he succeeded, the harder he worked. His mother visibly recovered liking for life. 'Now the battle's won,' said she. 'As soon as one can gain one's bread honorably, one has the right to enjoy one's self, and what can one want more?' Always, from that time, she had, every day, as much as she liked to eat; nay, even every day there remained something over for the next, and she could have as much bread as she liked. Indeed, Hansli very often brought her even a little white bread back from the town, whereupon how happy did she not feel herself, and how she thanked God for having kept so many good things for her old days.

"On the contrary now, for a little while Hansli was looking cross and provoked. Soon he began actually to grumble. 'Things could not go on much longer that way; he could not put up with it.' When the farmer at last set himself to find out what that meant, Hansli declared to him that he had too many brooms to carry, and could not carry them; and that even when the miller took them on his cart, it was very inconvenient, and that he absolutely wanted a cart of his own, but he had n't any money to buy one, and did n't know anybody who was likely to lend him any. 'You are a gaby,' said the peasant. 'Look you, I won't have you become one of those people who think a thing's done as soon as they've dreamt it. That's the way one spends one's money to make the fish go into other people's nets. You want to buy a cart, do you? Why don't you make one yourself?' Hansli put himself to stare at the farmer with his mouth open, and great eyes. 'Yes, make it your-

self; you will manage it, if you make up your mind,' went on the farmer. 'You can chip wood well enough, and the wood won't cost you much; what I have n't, another peasant will have, and there must be old iron about, plenty, in the lumber-room. I believe there's even an old cart somewhere; which you can have to look at, or to use, if you like. Winter will be here soon; set yourself to work, and by the spring all will be done, and you won't have spent a three-penny piece, for you may pay the smith, too, with brooms, or find a way of doing without him, who knows?'

"Hansli began to open his eyes again. 'I make a cart? But however shall I? I never made one.' 'Gaby!' answered the farmer, 'one must make everything once the first time. Take courage, and it's half done. If people took courage solidly, there are many now carrying the beggar's wallet who would have money up to their ears, and good metal, too.' Hansli was on the point of asking if the peasant had lost his head. Nevertheless, he finished by biting at the notion, and entering into it, little by little, as a child into cold water. The peasant came, now and then, to help him; and in spring the new cart was ready in such sort that on Easter Tuesday Hansli pushed it for the first time to Berne, and the following Saturday to Thun, also for the first time. The joy and pride that his new cart gave him, it is difficult to form anything like a notion of. If anybody had proposed to give him the Easter ox for it, that they had promenaded at Berne the evening before, and which weighed well its twenty-five quintals, he would n't have heard of such a thing. It seemed to him that everybody stopped as they passed, to look at his cart; and whenever he got a chance he put himself to explain at length what advantages that cart had over every other cart that had yet been seen in the world. He asserted very gravely

that it went of itself, except only at the hills, where it was necessary to give it a touch of the hand. A cook-maid said to him that she would not have thought him so clever; and that if ever she wanted a cart, she would give him her custom. That cook-maid, always afterwards, when she bought a fresh supply of brooms, had a present of two little ones into the bargain, to sweep into the corners of the hearth with,—things which are very convenient to maids who like to have everything clean even into the corners, and who always wash their cheeks to behind their ears. It is true that maids of this sort are thin-sprinkled enough.

“From this moment Hansli began to take good heart to his work; his cart was for him his farm; he worked with real joy, and joy in getting anything done is, compared to ill-humor, what a sharp hatchet is to a rusty one in cutting wood. The farmers of Rychiswyl were delighted with the boy. There was n’t one of them who did n’t say, ‘When you want twigs, you’ve only to take them in my field, but don’t damage the trees, and think of the wife sometimes; women use so many brooms in a year that the devil could n’t serve them.’ Hansli did not fail; also was he in great favor with all the farm-mistresses. They never had been in the way of setting any money aside for buying brooms; they ordered their husbands to provide them, but one knows how things go, that way. Men are often too lazy to make shavings, how much less brooms; so the women were often in a perfect famine of brooms, and the peace of the household had greatly to suffer for it. But now, Hansli was there before one had time to think, and it was very seldom that a farm-mistress was obliged to say to him, ‘Hansli, don’t forget us; we’re at our last broom.’ Besides the convenience of this, Hansli’s brooms were superb; very different from the wretched

things which one's grumbling husband tied up loose, or as rough and ragged as if they had been made of oat-straw. Of course, in these houses Hansli gave his brooms for nothing; yet they were not the worst placed pieces of his stock, for, not to speak of the twigs given him gratis, all the year round he was continually getting little presents in bread and milk, and such kind of things, which a farm-mistress has always under her hand, and which she gives without looking too close. Also, rarely one churned butter without saying to him, 'Hansli, we beat butter to-morrow; if you like to bring a pot, you shall have some.'

"And as for fruit, he had more than he could eat of it; so that it could not fail, things going on in this way, that Hans should prosper, being besides thoroughly economical. If he spent as much as a three-penny piece on the day he went to the town, it was the end of the world. In the morning his mother took good care he had a good breakfast, after which he took also something in his pocket, without counting that sometimes here and sometimes there one gave him a morsel in the kitchens where he was well known; and finally he did n't imagine that he ought always to have something to eat the moment he had a mind to it. And then Hansli always knew that as soon as he got home there would be enough to eat; his mother saw faithfully to that. She knew the difference it makes whether a man finds something ready to eat when he comes in, or not. He who knows there will be something at home does not stop in the taverns; he arrives with an empty stomach, and furnishes it, highly pleased with all about him. But if he usually finds nothing ready when at home, he stops on the road, comes in when he has had enough, or too much, and grumbles right and left.

"Hansli was not avaricious, but economical. For things really

useful and fit he did not look at the money. In all matters of food and clothes, he wished his mother to be thoroughly at ease. He made a good bed for himself, and when he had saved enough to buy a knife or a good tool, he was quite up in the air. He himself dressed well, not expensively, but solidly. Any one with a good eye knows, quickly enough, at the sight of houses or of people, whether they are going up or down. As for Hansli, it was easy to see he was on his way up; not that he ever put on anything fine, but by his cleanliness and the careful look of his things; so everybody liked to see him, and was very glad to know that he prospered thus, not by fraud, but by work. With all that he never forgot his prayers. On Sunday he made no brooms: in the morning he went to the sermon, and in the afternoon he read a chapter of the Bible to his mother, whose sight was now failing. After that, he gave himself a personal treat. This treat consisted in bringing out all his money, counting it, looking at it, and calculating how much it had increased, and how much it would yet increase, etc., etc. In that money there were some very pretty pieces, — above all, pretty white pieces. Hansli was very strong in exchanges; he took small money willingly enough, but never kept it long; it seemed always to him that the wind got into it, and carried it off too quickly. The new white pieces gave him an extreme pleasure; above all, the fine dollars of Berne, with the bear, and the superb Swiss of old time. When he had managed to catch one of these, it made him happy for many days.

“Nevertheless he had also his bad days. It was always a bad day for him when he lost a customer, or had counted on placing a new dozen of brooms anywhere, and found himself briskly sent from the door with ‘We’ve got all we want.’ At first Hansli could not

understand the cause of such rebuffs, not knowing that there are people who change their cook as often as their shirt, sometimes oftener, and that he could n't expect new cooks to know him at first sight. He asked himself then, with surprise, what he could have failed in, — whether his brooms had come undone, or whether anybody had spoken ill of him. He took that much to heart, and would plague himself all night to find out the real cause. But soon he took the thing more coolly ; and even when a cook who knew him very well sent him about his business, he thought to himself, ' Bah ! Cooks are human creatures, like other people, and when master or mistress has been rough with them, because they've put too much pepper in the soup or too much salt in the sauce, or when their lover is gone off to Pepperland, the poor girls have well the right to quarrel with somebody else.' Nevertheless the course of time must needs bring him some worse days still, which he never got himself to take coolly. He knew now, personally, very nearly all his trees ; he had indeed given, for himself alone, names to his willows, and some other particular trees, as Lizzie, Little Mary-Anne, Rosie, and so on. These trees kept him in joy all the year round, and he divided very carefully the pleasure of gathering their twigs. He treated the most beautiful with great delicacy, and carried the brooms of them to his best customers. It is true to say, also, that these were always master-brooms. But when he arrived thus, all joyous, at his willows, and found his Lizzie or his Rosie all cut and torn from top to bottom, his heart was so strained that the tears ran down his cheeks, and his blood became so hot that one could have lighted matches at it. That made him unhappy for a length of time ; he could not swallow it, and all he asked was that the thief might fall into his grip, not for the value of the twigs,

but because his trees had been hurt. If Hansli was not tall, still he knew how to use his limbs and his strength, and he felt his heart full of courage. On that point he absolutely would not obey his mother, who begged him for the love of God not to meddle with people who might kill him or do him some grievous harm. But Hansli took no heed of all that. He lay in wait and spied until he caught somebody. Then there were blows and formidable battles in the midst of the solitary trees. Sometimes Hansli got the better ; sometimes he came home all in disorder. But at the worst he gained at least this, that thenceforward one let his willows more and more alone, as happens always when a thing is defended with valor and perseverance. What is the use of putting one's self in the way of blows, when one can get things somewhere else without danger ? So the Rychiswyl farmers were enchanted with their courageous little garde-champêtre, and if one or the other saw him with his hair pulled, they failed not to say, 'Never mind, Hansli, he will have had his dance all the same. Tell me the next time you see anything ; I'll go with you, and we'll cure him of his taste for brooms.' Whereupon Hansli would tell him when he saw anybody about that should not be. The peasant kept himself hid ; Hansli began the attack ; the adversary, thinking himself strongest, waited for him ; once the thief seized, the peasant showed himself, and all was said. Then the marauder would have got away, if he could, but Hansli never let go till he had been beaten as was fitting.

"This was a very efficacious remedy against the switch-stealers, and Little Mary-Anne and Rosie remained in perfect security in the midst of the loneliest fields. Thus Hansli passed some years without perceiving it, and without imagining that things could ever change. A week passed as the hand went round the clock, he

did n't know how. Tuesday, market-day at Berne, was there before he could think about it, and Tuesday was no sooner passed than Saturday was there, and he had to go to Thun, whether he would or no, for how could the Thun people get on without him? Between times he had enough to do to prepare his cart-load, and to content his customers; that is to say, those of them that pleased him. Our Hansli was a man, and every man, when his position permits it, has his caprices of liking and disliking. Whenever one had trod on his toes, one must have been very clever afterwards to get the least twig of a broom from him. The parson's wife, for instance, could n't have got one if she had paid for it twice over. It was no use sending to him; every time she did, he said he was very sorry, but he had n't a broom left that would suit her. That was because she had one day said to him that he was just like other people, and contented himself with putting a few long twigs all round, and then bad ones in the middle.

“ ‘Then you may as well get your brooms from somebody else,’ said he; and he held to it, too; so well that the lady died without ever having been able to get the shadow of a broom from him. One Tuesday he was going to Berne with an enormous cartful of his prettiest brooms, all gathered from his favorite trees, that is to say, Rosie, Little Mary-Anne, and company. He was pulling with all his strength, and greatly astonished to find that his cart did n't go of itself, as it did at first; that it really pulled too hard, and that something must be wrong with it. At every moment he was obliged to stop to take breath and wipe his forehead. ‘If only I was at the top of the hill of Stalden,’ said he. He had stopped thus in the little wood of Muri, close to the bench that the women rest their baskets on. Upon the bench sat a young girl, holding a

little bundle beside her, and weeping hot tears. Hansli, who had a kind heart, asked her what she was crying for.

“The young girl recounted to him that she was obliged to go into the town, and that she was so frightened she scarcely dared; that her father was a shoemaker, and that all his best customers were in the town; that for a long time she had carried her bundle of shoes in on market days, and that nothing had ever happened to her. But behold, there had arrived in the town a new gendarme, very cross, who had already tormented her every Tuesday she had come, for some time back, and threatened her, if she came again, to take her shoes from her and put her in prison. She had begged her father not to send her any more, but her father was as severe as a Prussian soldier, and had ordered her to ‘go in, always, and if anybody hurt her, it was with him they would have affairs;’ but what would that help her? She was just as much afraid of the gendarme as before.

“Hansli felt himself touched with compassion; above all, on account of the confidence the young girl had had in telling him all this, — that which certainly she would not have done to everybody. ‘But she has seen at once that I am not a bad fellow, and that I have a kind heart,’ thought he. Poor Hansli! But after all, it is faith which saves, people say.

“‘Well,’ said Hansli, ‘I’ll help you; give me your bag; I’ll put it among my brooms, and nobody will see it. Everybody knows *me*. Not a soul will think I’ve got your shoes underneath there. You’ve only to tell me where to leave them, or indeed where to stop for you, if you like. You can follow a little way off; nobody will think we have anything to do with each other.’ The young girl made no compliments.

“ ‘ You are really very good,’ said she, with a more serene face. She brought her packet, and Hans hid it so nicely that a cat could n’t have seen it. ‘ Shall I push or help you to pull ?’ asked the young girl, as if it had been a matter of course that she should also do her part in the work.

“ ‘ As you like best, though you need n’t mind ; it is n’t a pair or two of shoes that will make my cart much heavier.’ The young girl began by pushing, but that did not last long. Presently she found herself in front, pulling also by the pole.

“ ‘ It seems to me that the cart goes better so,’ said she. As one ought to suppose, she pulled with all her strength ; that which nevertheless did not put her out of breath, nor hinder her from relating all she had in her head or heart. They got to the top of the hill of Stalden without Hansli’s knowing how that had happened ; the long alley seemed to have shortened itself by half. There one made one’s dispositions. The young girl stepped behind, while Hansli, with her bag and his brooms, entered the town without the least difficulty, where he remitted her packet to the young girl, also without any accident ; but they had scarcely time to say a word to each other before the press of people, cattle, and vehicles separated them. Hansli had to look after his cart, lest it should be knocked to bits, and so ended the acquaintanceship for that day. This vexed Hansli not a little ; howbeit, he did n’t think long about it. We cannot (more’s the pity) affirm that the young girl had made an ineffaceable impression upon him, and all the less, that she was not altogether made for producing ineffaceable impressions. She was a stunted little girl with a broad face. That which she had of best was a good heart and an indefatigable ardor for work ; but those are things which, externally, are not very remarkable,

and many people don't take much notice of them. Nevertheless, the next Tuesday, when Hansli saw himself at his cart again, he found it extremely heavy.

"‘I would n't have believed,’ said he to himself, ‘what a difference there is between two pulling, and one; will she be there again, I wonder,’ thought he, as he came near the little wood of Muri. ‘I would take her bag very willingly, if she would help me to pull. Also, the road is nowhere so ugly as between here and the town.’ And behold that it precisely happened that the young girl was sitting there upon the same bench, all the same as eight days before, only with the difference that she was not crying.

"‘Have you got anything for me to carry to-day?’ asked Hansli, who found his cart at once became a great deal lighter at the sight of the young girl.

"‘It is not only for that that I have waited,’ answered she; ‘even if I had had nothing to carry to the town, I should have come, all the same; for, eight days ago, I was n't able to thank you, nor to ask if that cost anything.’

"‘A fine question!’ said Hansli. ‘Why, you served me for a second donkey, and yet I never asked how much I owed you for helping me to pull!’ So, as all that went of itself, the young girl brought her bundle, and Hansli hid it, and she went to put herself at the pole, as if she had known it all by heart. ‘I had got a little way from home,’ said she, ‘before it came into my head that I ought to have brought a cord to tie to the cart behind, and that would have gone better; but another time, if I return, I won't forget.’

"This association for mutual help found itself then established, without any long diplomatic debates, and in the most simple manner. And that day it chanced that they were also able to come

back together as far as the place where their roads parted ; all the same, they were so prudent as not to show themselves together before the gendarmes at the town gates.

“ And now for some time Hansli’s mother had been quite enchanted with her son. It seemed to her he was more gay, she said. He whistled and sang, now, all the blessed day, and tricked himself up, as if he never could have done. Only just the other day he had bought a great coat of drugget, in which he had nearly the air of a real counselor. But she could not find any fault with him for all that ; he was so good to her that certainly the good God must reward him ; as for herself, she was in no way of doing it, but could do nothing but pray for him. ‘ Not that you are to think,’ said she, ‘ that he puts everything into his clothes ; he has some money too. If God spares his life, I’ll wager that one day he’ll come to have a cow ; he has been talking of a goat ever so long ; but it’s not likely I shall be spared to see it. And, after all, I don’t pretend to be sure it will ever be.’

“ ‘ Mother,’ said Hans one day, ‘ I don’t know how it is, but either the cart gets heavier, or I am not so strong as I was ; for some time I have been scarcely able to manage it. It is getting really too much for me, especially on the Berne road, where there are so many hills.’

“ ‘ I dare say,’ said the mother. ‘ Why do you go on loading it more every day ? I’ve been fretting about you many a time ; for one always suffers for over-work when one gets old. But you must take care. Put a dozen or two of brooms less on it, and it will roll again all right.’

“ ‘ That’s impossible, mother. I never have enough as it is, and I have n’t time to go to Berne twice a week.’

“ ‘ But, Hansli, suppose you got a donkey. I’ve heard say that they are the most convenient beasts in the world ; they cost almost nothing, eat almost nothing, and anything one likes to give them ; and that’s as strong as a horse, without counting that one can make something of the milk, — not that I want any, but one may just mention it.’

“ ‘ No, mother,’ said Hansli, ‘ they’re as self-willed as devils. Sometimes one can’t get them to do anything at all, and then, what should I do with a donkey the other five days of the week ? No, mother, I was thinking of a wife, — hey, what say you ? ’

“ ‘ But, Hansli, I think a goat or a donkey would be much better. A wife ? what sort of idea is that that has come into your head ? What would you do with a wife ? ’

“ ‘ Do ? ’ said Hansli, ‘ what other people do, I suppose ; and then I thought she would help me to draw the cart, which goes ever so much better with another hand, without counting that she could plant potatoes between times, and help me to make my brooms, which I could n’t get a goat or a donkey to do.’

“ ‘ But, Hansli, do you think to find one, then, who will help you to draw the cart, and will be clever enough to do all that ? ’ asked the mother, searchingly.

“ ‘ Oh, mother, there’s one who has helped me already often with the cart,’ said Hansli, ‘ and who would be good for a great deal besides ; but as to whether she would marry me or not, I don’t know, for I have n’t asked her. I thought that I would tell you first.’

“ ‘ You rogue of a boy, what’s that you tell me there ? I don’t understand a word of it,’ cried the mother. ‘ You, too ! — are you also like that ? The good God Himself might have told me, and I

would n't have believed Him. What's that you say? You've got a girl to help you to pull the cart? A pretty business to engage her for! Ah, well, trust men after this!'

"Thereupon Hansli put himself to recount the history, and how that had happened quite by chance, and how that girl was just expressly made for him: a girl as neat as a clock, — not showy, not extravagant, — and who would draw the cart better even than a cow could. 'But I have n't spoken to her of anything, however. All the same, I think I'm not disagreeable to her. Indeed, she has said to me once or twice that she was n't in a hurry to marry, but if she could manage it so as not to be worse off than she was now, she would n't be long making up her mind. She knows, for that matter, very well also why she is in the world. Her little brothers and sisters are growing up after her, and she knows well how things go, and how the youngest are always made the most of, for one never thinks of thanking the elder ones for the trouble they've had in bringing them up.'

"All that did n't much displease the mother, and the more she ruminated over these unexpected matters, the more it all seemed to her very proper. Then she put herself to make inquiries, and learned that nobody knew the least harm of the girl. They told her she did all she could to help her parents, but that with the best they could do, there would n't be much to fish for. Ah, well, it's all the better, thought she; for then neither of them can have much to say to the other.

"The next Tuesday, while Hansli was getting his cart ready, his mother said to him, —

" ' Well, speak to that girl; if she consents, so will I; but I can't

run after her. Tell her to come here on Sunday, that I may see her, and at least we can talk a little. If she is willing to be nice, it will all go very well. It must happen some time or other, I suppose.'

"'But, mother, it isn't written anywhere that it must happen, whether or no; and if it does n't suit you, nothing hinders me from leaving it all alone.'

"'Nonsense, child, don't be a goose. Hasten thee to set out; and say to that girl, that if she likes to be my daughter-in-law, I'll take her, and be very well pleased.' Hansli set out and found the young girl. Once that they were pulling together, he at his pole, and she at her cord, Hansli put himself to say: —

"'That certainly goes as quick again when there are thus two cattle at the same cart. Last Saturday I went to Thun by myself, and dragged all the breath out of my body.'

"'Yes, I've often thought,' said the young girl, 'that it was very foolish of you not to get somebody to help you; all the business would go twice as easily, and you would gain twice as much.'

"'What would you have?' said Hansli. 'Sometimes one thinks too soon of a thing, sometimes too late: one's always mortal. But now it really seems to me that I should like to have somebody for a help; if you were of the same mind, you would be just the good thing for me. If that suits you, I'll marry you.'

"'Well, why not, if you don't think me too ugly nor too poor?' answered the young girl. 'Once you've got me it will be too late to despise me. As for me, I could scarcely fall in with a better chance. One always gets a husband, — but — of what sort? You are quite good enough for me: you take care of your affairs, and I don't think you'll treat a wife like a dog.'

“ ‘ My faith, she will be as much master as I ; if she is not pleased that way, I don’t know what more to do,’ said Hansli. ‘ And for other matters, I don’t think you ’ll be worse off with me than you have been at home. If that suits you, come to see us on Sunday. It’s my mother who told me to ask you, and to say that if you liked to be her daughter-in-law, she would be very well pleased.’

“ ‘ Liked ? But what could I want more ? I am used to submit myself, and take things as they come, — worse to-day, better to-morrow, sometimes more sour, sometimes less. I never have thought that a hard word made a hole in me, else by this time I should n’t have had a bit of skin left as big as a kreutzer. But, all the same, I must tell my people, as the custom is. For the rest, they won’t give themselves any trouble about the matter. There are enough of us in the house ; if any one likes to go, nobody will stop them.’

“ And so that was what happened. On Sunday the young girl really appeared at Rychiswyl. Hansli had given her very clear directions ; nor had she to ask long before she was told where the broom-seller lived. The mother made her pass a good examination upon the garden and the kitchen, and would know what book of prayers she used, and whether she could read in the New Testament, and also in the Bible, for it was very bad for the children, and it was always they who suffered, if the mother did n’t know enough for that, said the old woman. The girl pleased her and the affair was concluded.

“ ‘ You won’t have a beauty there,’ said she to Hansli, before the young girl, ‘ nor much to crow about in what she has got. But all that is of no consequence. It is n’t beauty that makes the pot boil, and as for money, there’s many a man who would n’t marry

a girl unless she was rich, who has had to pay his father-in-law's debts in the end. When one has health and work in one's arms, one gets along always. I suppose,' turning to the girl, 'you have got two good chemises and two gowns, so that you won't be the same on Sunday and work-days?'

" 'Oh yes,' said the young girl; 'you need n't give yourself any trouble about that. I've one chemise quite new, and two good ones besides, — and four others, which in truth are rather ragged. But my mother said I should have another, and my father, that he would make me my wedding shoes, and they should cost me nothing. And with that I've a very nice god-mother, who is sure to give me something fine, — perhaps a saucepan, or a frying-stove: who knows? Without counting that perhaps I shall inherit something from her some day. She has some children, indeed, but they may die.'

" Perfectly satisfied on both sides, but especially the girl, to whom Hansli's house, so perfectly kept in order, appeared a palace in comparison with her own home, full of children and scraps of leather, they separated, soon to meet again and quit each other no more. As no soul made the slightest objection, and the preparations were easy, seeing that new shoes and a new chemise are soon stitched together, within a month Hansli was no more alone on his way to Thun. And the old cart went again as well as ever."

CHAPTER IV.

EGGS FOR SALE.

THERE were a good many signs out of doors and in, that spring had come. House-cleaning was going on, and Mrs. Bodley and Nurse Young were forever overhauling trunks and airing things or putting away other things. Martin, with Nathan to help him, got the paths in order, and the garden beds were spaded and raked. Lucy was at work in her garden, helping Martin, or perhaps Martin was helping her. The sweet-briers put forth their pleasant fragrance, and it was good once more to see the little Jersey cow tied to a crowbar on the lawn, and cropping the short, sweet grass. Nathan eyed her occasionally and had a longing to vault over her, but he remembered how, when he had once tried it, the cow suddenly rose, and he could not be quite sure that she would not get up again.

He stood thus looking at her one afternoon as his father came walking up the avenue that led to the house.

"I wish we had a deer out there, papa," said he.

"Yes, a deer would be very pretty, but no prettier, I think, than our little Jersey. I saw the Jersey cows when I was in the Isle of Jersey, Nathan, and there the women take a great deal of the care of them. They fasten them just as ours is fastened, but to spikes, usually, and not to great crowbars; every three hours or so the cows are moved to another spot, and it was a very pretty sight to see a woman leading along a little cow to water."

"Martin lets me water our cow sometimes, but he won't let me milk her."

"When you are a little older, you shall milk her."

But Nathan was old enough, at any rate, to look after his hens. He still took care of a pig, successor to the one which he bravely sacrificed a couple of years before, at Thanksgiving, but he found a special pleasure in watching the hens, which he and Phippy and Lucy owned in common. The hen-house was built with a cellar to it, and in that cellar the biddies could always scratch to their



The Jersey Cow at Home.

hearts' content. There was a yard, too, with an old apple-tree, which dropped a few shriveled apples in the Fall, and this yard looked as if the hens, chickens, and cocks had played base-ball in it from time immemorial. Sometimes in the spring the children let the hens out, and Phippy would lie on an old fence, for what she said was hours at a time, watching her little Speckle scratch the ground, and go clucking about.

The hens were knowing little things. Sometimes they would

wander in a very careless sort of way, scratching, picking up worms, and sitting in the dust, when one would stroll away as if she were only going round the corner, and, presto! she would be missing altogether, and Nathan and Phippy would wonder what had become of her. She would not come back into the hen-house with the rest, and yet every once in a while she would be seen. One day as Nathan and Phippy were playing about, Martin was watering the



Phippy and her Speckle.

horse at the trough, and they stood watching him. The hens and cocks had been let out for a stroll, and the children were saying to Martin that they had n't seen the old gray hen for some time.

"She knows a thing or two," said Martin; "she has n't lived for nothing. I rather guess old Bottom's in the secret, too. He knows what she's about when he is eating his hay." At this Mr. Bottom raised his head from the trough and turned round to Nathan. Nathan declared he winked. He raised his upper lip at any rate. "See, he's laughing about it," said Martin.

"Let's look in the loft," said Phippy, and the children rushed into the barn. There was an upright ladder which led up to the loft, and they scrambled up on the hay-mow. Cluck, cluck, cluck! went the old hen, and flew screaming down, calling to her aid the cock that was on the barn floor. The children peered about and found a nest full of eggs.

"Oh, here's a find!" cried Nathan. "The old hen can't hide from us, can she, Phippy? You just scramble down the ladder again, and I'll hand you the eggs."

"Put them in your hat, Nathan," said Phippy, and he pulled off his soft hat, and thus made a basket which he filled with eggs and passed down to Phippy.

"Hullo!" cried Martin, as they passed him on the way to the house; "you found 'em, did you? What are you carrying 'em in for? goin' to have dropped chickens on toast?" Phippy looked at Nathan, and a sudden idea occurred to her.

"Nathan, I do believe the old gray hen was setting!"

"Settin'," said Martin; "of course she was; she's hid all those eggs, and has been settin' on 'em for a week."

"Put them right back," said Phippy.

"'T won't do any good now," said Martin. "The old hen won't set on 'em again, I don't believe." Nevertheless the children carried them back, but the hen was vexed. Hens, for all they seem so meek, are willful little things, and this hen would have nothing more to do with the eggs that she had so carefully laid. After that the children took care not to disturb any hen that seemed to wish for privacy. Nathan especially grew very particular. He had read in some paper how profitable hens were, and he began to wonder if he could n't make some money out of the hens. If they would lay



FINDING EGGS.

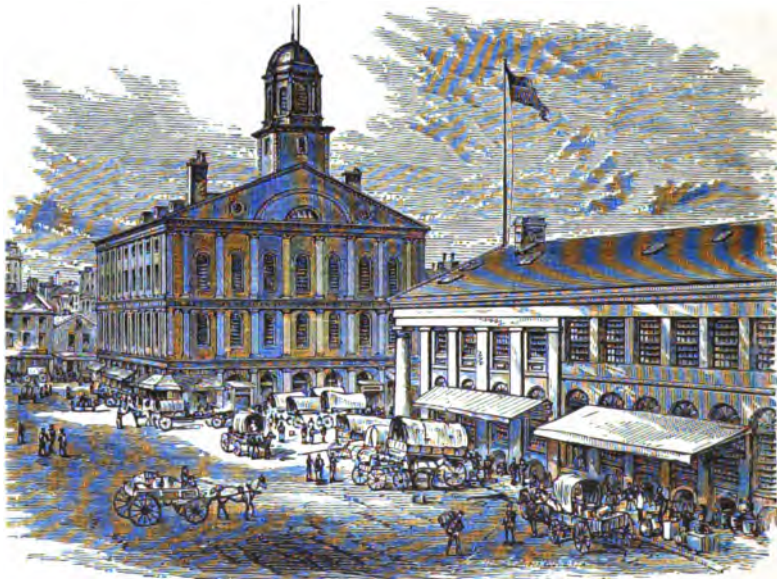
eggs and then hatch chickens, and those chickens should lay eggs, and chickens should be hatched from them — why, there were fifteen eggs in the nest that they found, and if all these had hatched out, and each chicken laid fifteen eggs, and they were hatched out — Nathan did such sums as these, and forgot to reckon the cocks that might be born and the chickens that might not be born at all, till his little head was full of hens, chickens, and eggs. There was a boy at his school named Christopher Pearce, or Chrif, as he was always called. He lived a good way from the Bodleys, and Nathan had never been to his house. This boy also kept hens, and one day he was bragging about the hens he meant to have.

“There’s a man lives near me,” he said, “who has a new kind of hen, and the eggs are so big that they fetch a dollar a dozen in Faneuil Hall Market. Why, Nathan, they’re as big — as big, each one, as — as — my fist. He says you can’t get but four into a quart measure. He’s going to let me have half a dozen, and I’m going to put them with some other eggs under my speckled hen. She’s just going to set.”

“Will you let me have some?” asked Nathan eagerly.

“Yes, I’ll sell you some when my hens begin to lay.” This conversation took place at recess, and when Nathan went in to school, and was set to work on his arithmetic, he was so excited over Chrif’s story that he spent most of his time reckoning eggs at a dollar a dozen. It seemed to him that he should grow enormously rich very fast, and his heart beat as he thought that possibly he could earn enough to buy a pony. The next day was Wednesday, and there was no school in the afternoon. Nathan often went alone to Boston now, he had grown to be so big a boy, and with his head full of a scheme, he got permission to go to town. He carried with

him a pencil and a little book which he had made by folding two sheets of paper several times and stitching the little sheets together. He had made up his mind to lose no time, but get orders for his eggs as soon as possible, so as to be all ready, and to secure the market, as he heard older people say. He went first to Faneuil Hall and Quincy Markets. He had often been there with his father,



Faneuil Hall and Quincy Market.

and liked few things better than to walk slowly down the inside of the long market and see the shopkeepers, each in his stall, with long white, or once white, gowns, eating apples, selling their provisions, or talking with their customers, and to pass round outside, where the carts stood and a lively business was done on the sidewalks. There were ever so many cellar-shops, entered from the sidewalk, where eggs, butter, and cheese were sold; the shopkeepers stood in front

with their hands in their pockets, good-natured, red-cheeked fellows, and Nathan, a little excited, but brave enough, went up to the first one, and said, —

“Do you keep this store?”

“Yes, sir, I do. What can I sell you?”

“I don’t want to buy anything,” said Nathan, “I want to sell you some eggs.”

“Oh, I don’t want any more eggs,” he said, good-naturedly. “Look at all these eggs here.”

“But these are very different eggs,” persisted Nathan. “They’re worth a dollar a dozen.”

“Whew!” whistled the man. “That’s too much for me. Try somebody else, sonny.” Nathan walked off, a little crestfallen, and tried another man at the other end of the market.

“I want to sell some eggs.”

“I’ll buy all you’ve got.”

“But I have n’t got them with me,” said Nathan, getting out his little book and pencil. “I’ll put your name down. How many dozen do you want?”

“I don’t buy eggs till I see them,” said the man.

“Well, I’ll bring them in,” said Nathan, hurrying off, for he thought the man looked rather sharp at him. He tried one man more, however.

“Do you want to order any eggs?” he asked. “I’ve got a particular kind I want to sell.”

“What kind?”

“I don’t know the name of the breed, but the eggs are enormous. Why, you can’t get more than four in a quart.”

“What’s that? what’s that?” said the man. “I say, Merrill,

step this way. Here's a youngster says he has some eggs for sale, two to a pint," and he winked with a prodigious wink. Nathan had his book and pencil in his hand. He was a little frightened, but he kept on.

"They sell for a dollar a dozen," he said.

"My eyes!" said the man. "There's an egg for you, Merrill: eight and a third cents apiece, a shilling a pint, two shillings a quart, say ten dollars a bushel."

"Ten dollars and sixty-six cents a bushel," corrected Nathan, who had done the sum before.

"Oh, you must let us off a little on a bushel," and the man gave another prodigious wink at Merrill. "I must see those eggs. I must see the hens that lay them. What's your name? Where d'ye live?" and the man whipped out his memorandum-book. Nathan was a good deal alarmed. He hesitated. He reflected that the eggs were not yet laid for him.

"I have n't got them yet," said he. "But you can see them by going to Mr. Pearce's in West Roxbury. Chrif Pearce has some." The man leaned up against a post and laughed till the tears ran down his face, and he wiped them off with his smock sleeve.

"You need n't laugh," said Nathan, growing indignant. "I don't see what there is to laugh about."

"I say, Merrill," said the man. "Here's my chickens coming back to roost. Why, sonny, those are my hens that lay those eggs. It's a little of a stretcher, but I'm going to give half a dozen to Chrif, and he's going to hatch 'em if he can." He laughed again, holding his sides. "That story's grown a little. I told Chrif I'd let him have half a dozen. They are rather big, and perhaps if you pack 'em in a good deal of sawdust you can make four go to a



MARTIN, HEN, AND ANOTHER BOY, CUTTING SPRING WHISTLES.

quart. A dollar a dozen! Well, I've seen eggs pretty high, and perhaps I might sell a dozen for a dollar, just for seed, you know," and he winked again. "And yourn ain't laid yet!" Then he laughed once more, and Merrill laughed, and their laugh was so good-natured that Nathan himself laughed a little. For all that, he was somewhat discomfited, and he walked home thinking rather worse of Chrif Pearce than he had thought before. He found Martin cutting something with his jackknife, as he stood in the stable door-way.

"Where've you been, Nathan?" asked Martin. "I was just going to whistle for you," and he put a willow whistle to his mouth.

"Oh, did you make that?" said Nathan, who had never seen one before.

"To be sure. I found a willow down in the hollow, by the old well, and I made that whistle. 'Tain't a whole band, but it's almost a flute. I was just going to make a stop to it."

"But I don't want it to stop," said Nathan.

"Oh, not that kind. You let me have it again, and I'll show you." So Martin proceeded to bore a little hole in the whistle, for a stop. "Hen and me made whistles many a time. All the boys knew how to make whistles. I thought you knew how."

"I can make a bow out of a barberry bush," said Nathan.

"But it won't bend in the middle," said Martin. "I've tried that many a time." Just then Lucy came to where they were.

"Where have you been, Nathan?" she asked. "I have been looking everywhere for you. I've had a letter. It's a story from Cousin Ned, and I want you to come and hear it. Mamma is going to read it aloud to us." Nathan followed her up into the great play-room, where Phippy and her mother were already seated.

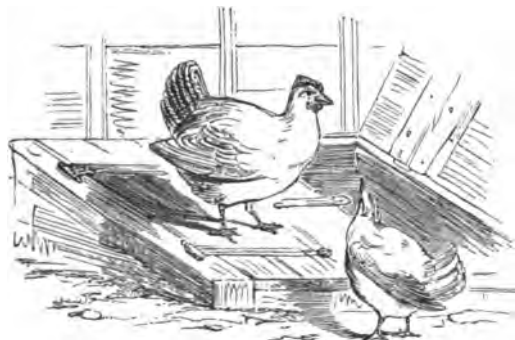
Cousin Ned was away now at college, and every once in a while he sent a letter or a story to his little cousins. He was, in fact, hoping some day to write books, and this was the way he practised. His story was only a playful little one, written to amuse Lucy, but as it was in writing and was sent expressly to her, she thought more of it than of better stories in print.

HENNY PENNY'S QUESTION.

There was a busy time in the barn-yard. A whole quart of Indian meal mixed with water had been turned out into two or three pans and on pieces of board. Nathan had scraped the tin measure with a stick and drummed on the bottom, so that every particle might be given out, and all the hens and cocks and chickens were pecking at the Indian meal and eating it as fast as possible. They did not know when they should get any more. They never knew where their breakfast was to come from, but all at once a little boy would appear and give them some Indian meal. He was not indeed a little boy to them, but a wonderful person, entirely

different from them, and if he only moved his arms up and down they all fled in every direction.

There were two, however, who were not with the rest. These were Henny Penny and Cocky Locky. Not far away was the cellar hatch-



Henny Penny and Cocky Locky.

way, and Cocky-Locky stood upon it, while Henny Penny was on the ground looking up to him.

"Now, Henny, I'm ready. Ask your question. We shan't get any of that Indian meal unless you are pretty quick."

"It was very good of you, Cocky, to come off here, where no one could hear. I'm afraid you will think it a foolish question, but it has been troubling me for some time. So I thought I would ask you."

"Ask away," said Cocky Locky, walking up and down. "I'm ready."

"I don't know exactly how to begin, and — and — if you can't answer, whom shall I ask next?" and the hen looked about anxiously.

"Well, what is it?" Henny Penny came nearer, looked about to see if any hen or chicken was listening, and then said, hurriedly, —

"What I want to know is this: Everybody tells me I came out of an egg; now an egg comes out of me. What I want to know is, Is it the same egg? and which does it? Does the egg make the hen or the hen make the egg? that's what I want to know."

"What nonsense!" said Cocky Locky angrily. "What nonsense! Any hen ought to know better than to ask such questions. I shan't answer you. Go back and think about it. Don't come to me with such foolish questions. I never!" and Cocky Locky walked fast to where the last crumbs of Indian meal were left.

"But I do think about it!" cried Henny Penny after him. "I have thought about it, and it won't come. Whom shall I ask next?" But Cocky Locky was out of hearing. Henny Penny was in despair. As long as she could remember, she had been perplexed over this question. Cocky Locky was so big and held his head so high, she knew that he knew, and now he would n't tell her, and called her silly. What should she do! Many a day afterward she

thought about it. One thing she noticed. When she had been thinking a good deal, it made her throat dry, and it was very refreshing to take a little water at such times. So a bright thought came to her and she flew up upon the pump in the yard.

"Now I'll think here," she said. "It must be the place of all



Henny Penny thinking on the Pump.

others to think on." Thus while Cocky Locky and the rest were pecking at the ground, Henny Penny was perched on the pump. She sat there so long that one of the chickens that admired her very much got up on the handle; but Henny Penny would take no notice of him,

so he got down again. When Martin pumped, Henny Penny could hear the boxes go rumbling down and the water come gurgling up, and she shut her eyes and tried to hear what the water said. It came from such a distance that she was sure it must know all about it. But the more she thought and the harder she listened, the queerer became the question.

Spring passed and summer passed and autumn came. Henny Penny kept on laying eggs, though her thinking so hard made it less easy to lay eggs. She began to keep very much by herself. When Nathan went out to feed the chickens, they would all fly about him to get the grain, and sometimes they would light on his head; but Henny Penny would stay away and look on, and wish and wish she were like the rest. Cocky Locky became quite angry with her, and would chase her round the yard, so that the rest treated

her in the same way. She grew very melancholy and all the while was wondering whom she should ask, for she knew she could not tell of her own self.

At length when the snow fell, for winter had come, the hen-house door was open one day, and all the cocks and hens walked out to take the air, all but Henny Penny. They walked into the yard in front of the house, and there was Nathan, finishing a snow man which he had been making. They all crowded about and looked on in astonishment. Nathan stood before it with his little fire-shovel, and they did not know that he made it. Such a wonderful man they never had seen, and when they came home after the walk they all chattered and chattered about the extraordinary snow man they had seen.



Nathan Feeding the Chickens.



Nathan making the Snow Man.

"Right in the very garden," they said. "Just by the barn."

"It came from behind the barn," said an old hen, wisely. "I've been there."

"Nonsense!" said Cocky Locky. "It dropped down from the sky." And then they all fell to quarreling about it. Nobody minded Henny Penny, but she heard everything that was said.

"Now 's my chance," she thought, and when it was quiet, and all the rest were asleep, she crept down from her roost. She knew where a slat was gone from the hen-yard fence, and she crawled through and was out in the garden. She walked along softly, so as not to wake anybody, and to be sure, there by the corner of the barn stood the snow man. The night was warm, and Henny Penny could hear the icicles on the barn melting, and the snow dripping from the eaves, but the snow man was perfectly still.

"Good evening," said she, standing in front of him. She spoke quite softly, but as soon as she spoke, one of his arms fell off.

"There! one of my arms has gone," said he, but his voice, though thick, was not ill-natured.

"I did n't make it go, by speaking, did I?" asked Henny Penny anxiously.

"You? Bless me, no. It went of itself. I'm going pretty soon."

"Oh, don't go; don't go yet! I want to ask you a question."

"Ask quick, one of my ears is gone, and I'm a little hard of hearing."

"What I want to know is this," said Henny Penny eagerly.

"You know I lay eggs. Now I came from an egg. Where does it begin? where does it end? which comes first?"

"You ask a good many hard questions," said the snow man. "Excuse me, my dear, for not speaking very distinctly; my mouth is going. Now answer me this if you can. I am made of Snow, and when I'm gone, I shall be turned into Wet; and after a while Wet will go up and come down Snow again, and Nathan will set me up on my stomach again; he never makes any legs for me. Now, which am I, Wet or Snow? and which comes first? There, there are some questions for you. My dear, we all have our questions.

Excuse me, but I think my head is going. Do you notice if my hair has fallen off?"

"Oh yes," said Henny Penny, grieving. "It's all gone, and your head's going."

"I thought so," said the snow man, calmly. "But I've got one idea left. I've heard what you said. I can tell you the answer, but I can't preach a long sermon. I can only give you the text. Set."

"What!" cried Henny Penny.

"Good-by," said the snow man faintly; "set." As he said this, his head flowed away in little streams, and there was nothing but a rapidly melting body before poor Henny Penny. She was wet, and picked her way back shivering to the hen-house, crept through the opening in the slats, and found herself on her roost again.

Now Henny Penny had an answer, and the word was so short that she could carry it in her mind all the time. She could not understand the whole word, but when spring came on, and she began again to lay eggs, that word "set" kept coming back to her, and she said to herself, "I'll see what setting is, and perhaps that will help me;" so she hid a nest in the hay, and after patiently setting she hatched out every one of her eggs — twelve; twelve chickens peeped at her, and very proud she was as she led them out into the barn-yard.

"Well, Henny Penny," said Cocky Locky, who was strutting about, "where have you been all this time? What! chickens? Well done! Come, I like this; this is better than moping about, asking questions that no one can answer."

"I thought you knew the answer, but would n't tell," said Henny Penny simply.

"Well, this is one answer," said Cocky Locky, holding his head on one side and walking off.

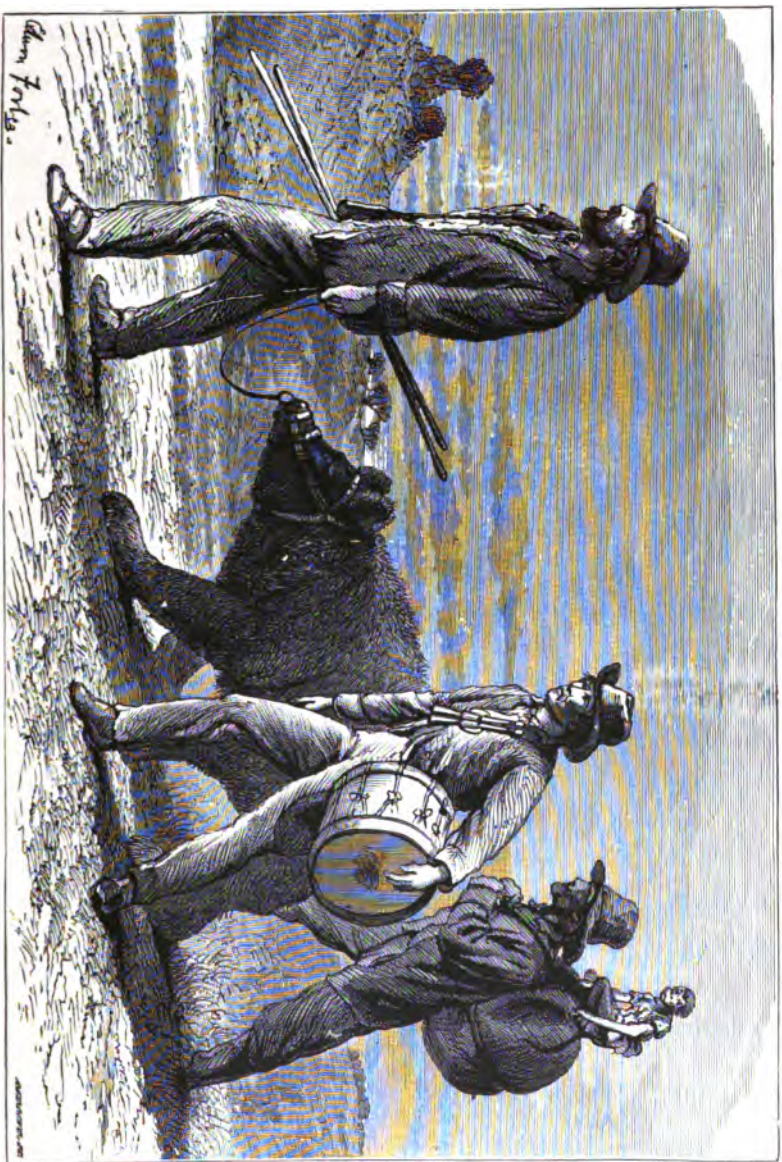
"It's the only answer I know," said Henny Penny. "Now they'll lay eggs some day, and those eggs will become chickens — why, that's the way it is!" said simple Henny Penny. "It keeps going on. Come, chicks, I've got something nice for you."

"Well," said Nathan, "I never thought my old snow man had anybody to talk to that night it thawed him out. I'd have gone out and listened to him and Henny Penny, if I had known they were going to have a conversation. I suppose Cousin Ned had his head out of the window and heard them."

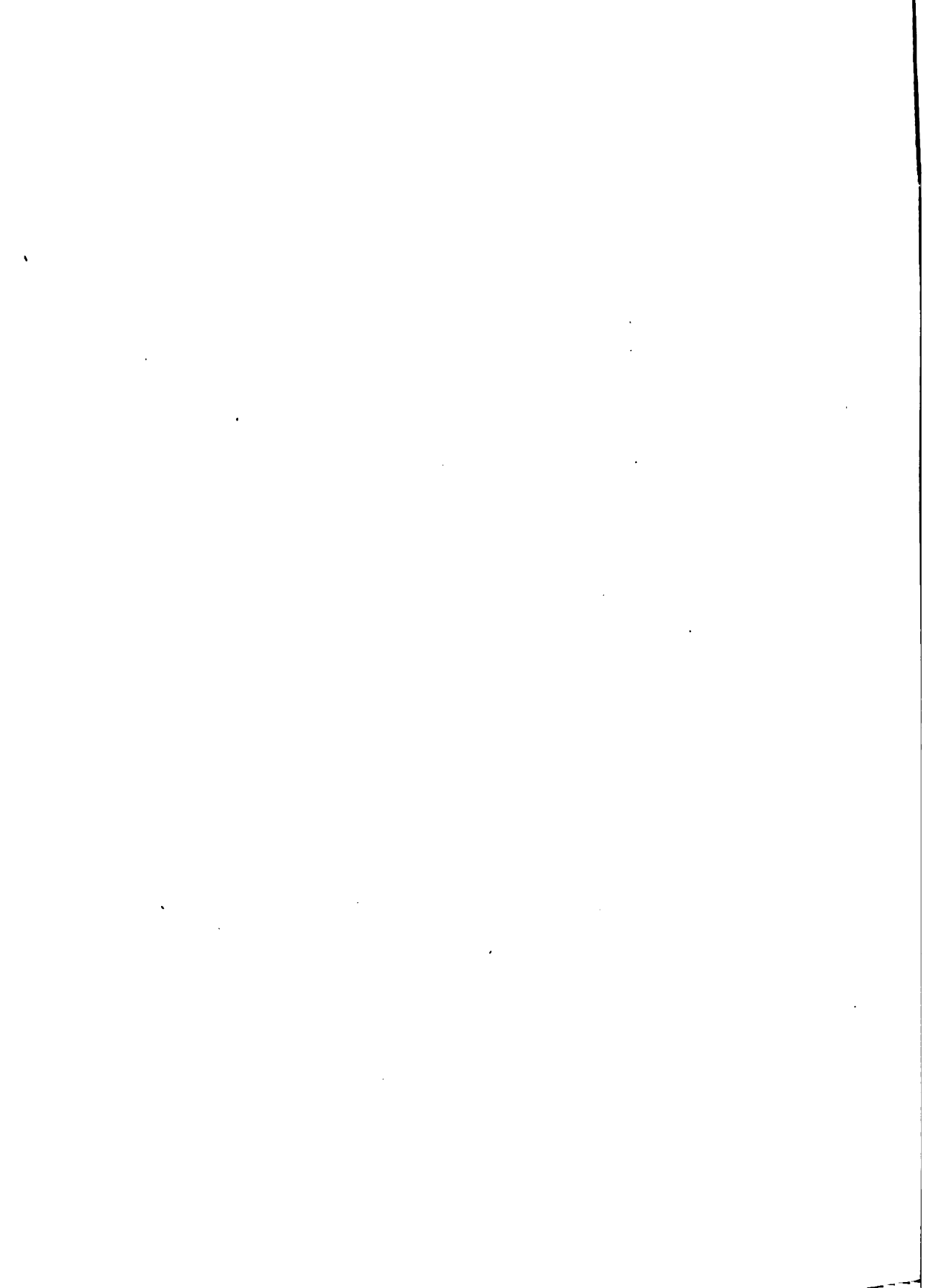
CHAPTER V.

SHOE THE HORSE AND SHOE THE MARE, BUT LET THE LITTLE COLT
GO BARE.

MR. BOTTOM was the most good-natured of horses. He was ready to do whatever was given him to do. He would draw the plow; he would drag the jouncing tip-cart, — though the cart harness had enormous blinders, which made him look as if he were playing blind-man's-buff; he would trot with the carry-all behind him, and he was always good-natured when Nathan mounted him and rode down street, or up the road. Indeed, Nathan had come to be quite a fearless rider. Mr. Bottom's only weakness was an animated fondness for corners. Whenever, in harness or under the saddle, he came to a corner, he would fling himself round it so quickly that unless



A DANCING BEAR.



one was very careful the wagon would spin about on two wheels and be dangerously near an overturn.

Best of all did Nathan love to ride the old horse. He became so used to Mr. Bottom that he would ride him sometimes without a saddle, and with no bridle but Mr. Bottom's halter ; sometimes he would ride as if on a side-saddle, with his feet both on one side, and once he carefully turned himself round on the horse's back and rode with his face toward Mr. Bottom's crupper, but he did not urge the horse much that time, and Mr. Bodley, discovering him at the prank, forbade him doing it again. The only time when Mr. Bottom seemed to be frightened was one day when Nathan was riding him and they came suddenly upon a dancing bear with three attendants, one of whom carried some long poles, one had a drum, and a third a monkey. Mr. Bottom had just come round a corner, and, never having seen such a sight before, was somewhat startled, and began to jump about ; but Nathan, who lost his seat for a moment only, soon quieted him.

"I want to know," said Martin, when Nathan was telling about it. "Why, men used to catch bears up in Coos County, and train the young ones to dance. Hen taught one to dance once."

"I know a story about a bear," said Phippy.

"So do I," said Lucy. "It's in my Andersen." But neither of the children told the story, for just then their father and mother came toward them and went into the barn.

"In what condition is the carry-all, Martin?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"It's pretty sound, sir," said Martin, giving it a shake.

"Do you think it could stand a journey of a week or two?"

"Well, sir, I should like to take it to pieces and look at it carefully beforehand, but I guess it could stand it."

"Oh, are we going to Cape Cod again?" asked Phippy, who began to jump up and down. Nathan rushed off and brought a tape measure which was in Martin's tool box, and began gravely to measure the distance between the wheels. Mr. Bodley laughed. When they went to Cape Cod the year before, they had not taken their own carry-all, and Nathan had gone with his father to the livery-stable and watched him measure the width of several carry-alls, for the wood roads on Cape Cod were all of one width, with ruts for the wheels and the horses, and it racked a carriage badly to travel there, unless it just fitted the ruts.

"It's just a speck too wide, papa," Nathan announced.

"Perhaps it is for Cape Cod," said Mr. Bodley, "but we think of taking the carry-all where the roads are good country roads, and are not cut up into ruts."

"Why, where are we going?" exclaimed Phippy.

"Wait and see, Phippy," said her mother, smiling.

"Can you get a pole fitted to the carry-all, Martin?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"Yes, sir, down at Wright's. They've got an extra pole down there, and I think we could rig this up."

"Well, we won't do it till just before we start, but you can ask him about it, and see how much he will charge. I don't know as our carry-all is quite large enough. We should want to take you with us, Martin, to drive and look after the horses; then there will be Mrs. Bodley and Phippy and Nathan on one seat, Lucy and you and I on the other. Perhaps we could make it answer. There'll be Mr. Bottom besides."

"Do you want me to make up a team, Mr. Bodley?"

"My friend Mr. Bigelow has a pair of horses which he drives, and he is going to lend them to me."

"But you said Mr. Bottom was going," said Nathan.

"He will carry Ned."

"Oh, is Cousin Ned going? But he's at college."

"It will be vacation by the time we're ready to start. It's the first of June now; we cannot well go before the end of the month, but I wanted to see that everything was ready beforehand."

"Can't Nurse Young go?" asked Lucy.

"I'm afraid the journey would tire Nurse Young. We'll leave her to take care of Roseland."

"Papa," said Nathan, whispering to him, "is Cousin Ned going to ride Mr. Bottom, when we go in the carryall?"

"That's what I have promised him, but you shall take turns with him sometimes, if he is willing."

"But where are we going?" asked Phippy.

"You can have four weeks to guess in," said her mother.

"Come, Martin," said Nathan, "let's go right down to Wright's and see about the pole;" and off they went, for Martin was as much interested as any of them.

"I guess your father's going to take you to New York," said Martin.

"Poh," said Nathan; "he goes in the cars when he goes to New York."

"That's so," said Martin, but he could think of no other place to which it was worth while to go. They went to Wright's, the blacksmith's, and found the pole, and Martin asked all manner of questions, while Nathan liked best to stand and watch the men shoeing horses and to see the sparks fly up from the forge. There was a great chestnut-tree near by, and Mrs. Bodley had taught Nathan the pretty poem by Longfellow, which seemed to fit well this very

place, though it was really suggested by the smithy that stood under a spreading chestnut-tree in Cambridge. As Nathan stood there, he wondered if Mr. Wright had a daughter who sang in the choir, and on their walk back he recited to Martin

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;

The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.



His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.



Nathan found the children still guessing when he came home.

"I've guessed Portland," said Phippy; "no, I have n't either, I've guessed White Mountains. No, I tell you, it's Williamstown, where Cousin Ned's at college."

"That would be a famous drive," said Mrs. Bodley, "but you're not burning."

"I guess Newfoundland, where Nurse Young came from," said Lucy.

"Hoh!" said Nathan, "why, you can't drive to Newfoundland. I guess it's California, where Hen is."

"Come, come, Sarah," said Mr. Bodley. "If this guessing is going on thus for four weeks, we shall all be too worn out to go anywhere. I think we may as well tell. Get out the map of Massachusetts, Thanny." There was a large map of the State, and the children all gathered about it while Mr. Bodley took his gold pencil for a tracer. "There! here's Boston. Now we'll take our carry-all and two horses, and have a cruise on wheels, and Mr. Bottom

shall carry a saddle and be our pilot. We will strike across to Salem, and follow the coast to Gloucester and round Cape Ann; then we will go through Essex and Ipswich and Rowley to old Newbury and Newburyport. That will be as far as we can go, but we will follow the Merrimac River to Haverhill, and then come home by way of Andover and Reading, Stoneham and Medford. What do you say to that? It will be a trip through Essex County, which is one of the oldest parts of the State." The children began to jump up and down. They got out their geographies and atlases and began at once to read about the places they should visit, and Nathan ran out into the kitchen to tell Martin.

"Well, I never," said Martin. "That's a cur'ous drive. I'd like to go, though. Hen, he used to sail with a Salem captain."

"Hen's been to Salem," exclaimed Nathan, coming back; "Martin says he has."

"If ever I set my eyes on that Hen," said Mr. Bodley, "I shall find out if he crows as much as Martin does." It was bed-time, and the children scampered up-stairs. But after they were in their night-gowns, they continued to chase each other with bare feet, pattering about the rooms and through Behring Strait.

"I'm riding on a broomstick, like a Salem witch," said Phippy, who had mounted a hearth brush and was prancing about the rooms.

"And I'm on Mr. Bottom, riding over Salem turnpike," said Nathan, who was racing up and down, while Lucy pretended to be rocking in a boat off the coast as she made the rocker fly back and forth.

"Children, children!" cried Mrs. Bodley, coming up-stairs. "Go to bed this instant! I should think you were all about three years old."

"Oh, play we are!" cried Lucy, jumping down and running to her mother.

"Then scamper into bed."

"Will you sing 'Willie Winkie' to us?"

"That's a little child's song, Lucy, but I'll sing it, for you all need it, I believe, to put you to sleep." The children scrambled into their beds; only Lucy was allowed to cuddle in her mother's arms as she sang in a low, musical voice

WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

Wee Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Up-stairs and down-stairs
In his night-gown,
Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed,
For it's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey! Willie Winkie,
Are you coming, then?
The cat's singing purrie
To the sleeping hen;
The dog is lying on the floor,
And does not even peep;
But here's a wakefu' laddie
That will not fall asleep."

Anything but sleep, you rogue!
Glowering like the moon!
Rattling in an iron jug
With an iron spoon;
Rumbling, tumbling all about,
Crowing like a cock,

THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS.

Screaming like I don't know what,
Waking sleeping folk.

“Hey! Willie Winkie,
Can't you keep him still?
Wriggling off a body's knee
Like a very eel,



Pulling at the cat's ear,
As she drowsy hums—
Heigh! Willie Winkie,”
See! there he comes!

Wearied is the mother
That has a restless wean,
A wee, stumple bairnie
Heard whene'er he 's seen —
That has a battle aye with sleep
Before he 'll close an e'e;
But a kiss from off his rosy lips
Gives strength anew to me.

Even before the last verse was reached, Lucy was fast asleep, and Mrs. Bodley laid her in her little crib, tucked her close, and kissed her good-night. She held her finger to her lips to hush the other children who were watching, then stole to their beds, gave them their good-night kisses, and quietly left them. The quiet brought sleep to Nathan and Phippy also, and before she could join Mr. Bodley, who sat before the map, all three of the children were soundly sleeping.

“They are the best children that ever were, Charles,” she said, as she joined her husband.

CHAPTER VI.

THE START.

MR. AND MRS. BODLEY had purposely given the children an early knowledge of the proposed excursion, for they wished them to hear and read books during the month to come which would interest them in the places they were to visit. So it was that when the end of June was reached and school was over, and Cousin Ned had come home from college, the children had read and heard read

a good deal which they would not soon forget. They had each made maps of the county, and Phippy had colored hers.

"I wish you were going, Nurse Young," said Lucy, who spent a good deal of time with the old lady.

"So do I, my dear, for I shall miss your bonny face, and you 'll see the ocean, and it makes me homesick to be back in Noofunlan' when I see the ocean."



The Ocean as Nurse Young remembered it.

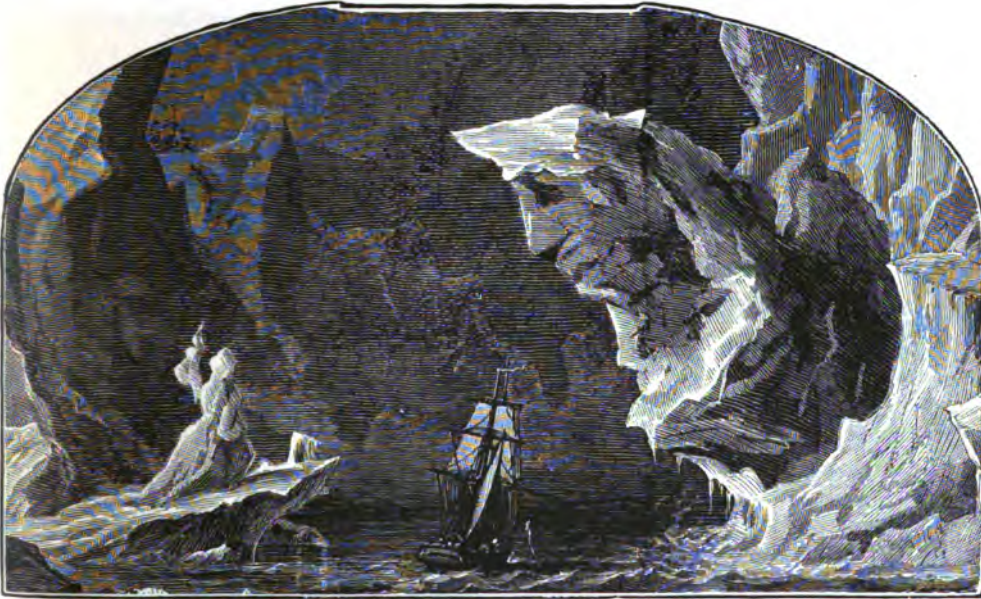
"You can see it from the play-room windows."

"And many's the time I've gone up there to look at it, child, but it is n't like what it was at home, when the water came dashing against the bold rocks. It was a lonely place, and it's a deal more comfortable here, the Lord be praised; but I'd gladly see it again."

"I don't believe I should like it," said Lucy timidly, "unless I were with you or with papa and mamma."

"It was a hard life for the men, and it was no easy one for us. When we heard the wind howling about the house, and the tempest came, we'd think of father and the boys off in the ice, and wish we

could know if they were safe. Father came home once and told us — I was a little girl then — how his vessel was sailing through the icebergs, and they saw a great giant looking down on them, and on the other side was a beautiful woman rising out of the water. Then



The Ice Giant and Lady.

they thought they'd never come home again, but they came home. It was the ice, child, but father never could think of it without shuddering. They used to see strange sights sometimes. You'd not ha' liked it, Lucy. Why, when you were a little girl, I used to hear you when you was a-coming down-stairs piping up, 'Mamma, let me take hold of your hand.' You were a timid little girl, Lucy. But you're brave now. Do you mind how you used to make kisses for your old nurse? You used to say 'Haven't got any kisses,

nurse, but I'll make some,' and then you'd pat-a-cake with your hands and pretend to make some."

"I have plenty for you now," said Lucy, giving her a hug.

It was decided that they should start on a Monday, and all the morning they were busy making their preparations. Ned arrayed himself for the first time in a pair of corduroys that he had bought for the ride, and strutted about in them until he was so hot that he declared he must have a swim. So he and Nathan went off to what was called the Basin, a salt-water cove, not a great way from the house, and came back to dinner with enough salt behind their ears to last them a good while. The pigs and chickens and Jersey cow were to be under the care of a neighbor, and the children went about to the different places, bidding good-by to them as if they never were to see them again. They dined early so as to make a good start, and by three o'clock the carry-all was at the door, with Martin on the front seat, while Ned was on Mr. Bottom, caracoling about and making himself occasionally into what he called an Equestrian Statue of Edward the First on Horseback.

"This is the King leading his forces to the Promised Land," he said, rising in his stirrups and holding his whip like a drawn sword. Nep stood looking on and preparing to follow; but Nathan, foreseeing trouble, led him off to his kennel and chained him there. The family stowed bags in the boxes under the seats, and after running up and down-stairs an incredible number of times, were at last fairly off, Ned curveting in front of them.

"We will go to Boston to start," said Mr. Bodley, "and I think we ought to start from Boston Stone itself."

"Why, is there a stone in Boston?" asked Nathan. "Look, papa, we are just passing Pepper Dust." There was an old mile

stone near the entrance to the avenue leading to Roseland, which had in dim letters on it "Boston 3 m. P. D. 1735," popularly known among the children as Pepper Dust. "I thought this was three miles to the old State House."



The Old State House in Paul Dudley's time

"I believe that was the centre from which they measured in Paul Dudley's time, but they had also in Boston a stone, which they called Boston Stone, that was set in the wall and made a kind of centre for all the shops about, so that people said, such a barber or such a painter had his shop at Boston Stone. I suppose the idea was taken from London Stone, which one can see in London to-day. I don't know whether or not people used to measure from it, but they measured in Rome from what was known as the Golden Mile Stone ; so we'll start from Boston Stone." It



was not a very long drive to the back street where Boston Stone was to be seen, and the children looked curiously at the old fellow.

"The round stone on top," explained Mr. Bodley, "was used at one time as a grinder in a paint mill, of which the lower stone was the base of the mill, for the stones were brought over in 1700 by a painter who had his shop here. Now we have started. It is just half after three o'clock, Monday, June 28, 1852, when the Bodley Family starts for its cruise on wheels. Drive on, Martin."

"Hurrah!" shouted Phippy, who was on the back seat with Lucy and her mother, and then she hid in the corner, for she re-

membered they were in the street. Their route took them through Haymarket Square and over the bridge to Charlestown. They saw the high wall of the Navy Yard as they left it on their right, and looked curiously at the sentinel who was pacing up and down in front of the commandant's house.

"Does he ever shoot anybody, papa?" asked Nathan. "Would he shoot me if I were to go into that yard?"

"Not unless you shot him first, I think," said his father. "But this is government property and he is a servant of the government, only they dress him in fine clothes and give him a musket instead of a broom." Bunker Hill Monument was on their left, but the children were better pleased to cross the bridge that led over the Mystic to Chelsea, and to feel the cool breezes that swept from the water. The sides of the carry-all were rolled up so that every one could look out, and they all swooped in the delicious sea air.

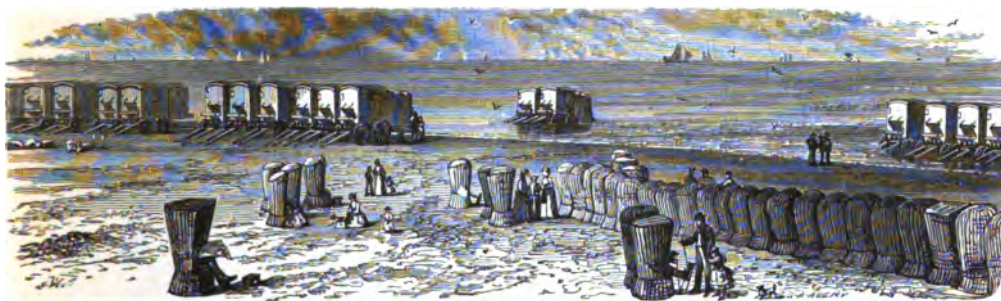
"How I should like a plunge in that water," said Ned, as he rode beside the carry-all.

"We'll give the horses a chance to-day," said Mr. Bodley. "You and Nathan have had your bath this morning, but when we come to the place to turn off, you may lead us on to Chelsea Beach." It was not very long before they left the main road and crossed the sand heaps, and then rolled down upon the hard, long beach that stretches off toward Lynn. The tide was half out, so that there was a good road on the beach, and every once in a while they would let the surf roll gently past the horses' feet. Mr. Bottom grew quite excited over the sport, and danced along, heartily enjoying it. There were a good many people on the beach, and some bathers came out of the rude bathing-houses dressed in all manner of queer toggery and walked gingerly across the sharp sand.

"This has a very different look from what one sometimes sees abroad," said Mr. Bodley, turning round. "Sarah, do you remember the beach at Scheveningen in Holland, and those funny bathing-machines?"

"Well enough," said she, laughing. "I remember those great covered chairs in which the people were sitting, each alone, looking as if they were overgrown babies, and talking round the corners of their chairs. If you had been there, children, you would have gone with me into one of the queer bathing-machines, and have been backed into the water."

"I would rather run in, the way those children are running," said Phippy; and certainly it looked like much better sport. But



The Beach at Scheveningen.

they could not drive all the way on the beach; so after a while they left it and returned to the turnpike, which went straight as an arrow to Lynn, the next town which they expected to pass through. On either side stretched broad meadows of salt marsh. Black crows were lighting here and there, and the children watched them, and strained their eyes to see how many ships they could make out on the distant waters. On the left a beautiful line of hills curved inward like a bent bow of which the turnpike was the bow-string.

They did not meet a wagon or carriage, strange to say, all the long road until they came to the borders of Lynn, and glad enough were



A Dutch Bathing-Machine.

the children once more to meet people, to hear the distant steam-whistle, and, indeed, to rattle over the pavements. They left the turnpike here, and drove along Lynn Common, meaning to take a less direct but pleasanter road to Salem.

“Now, if it were earlier,” said Mr. Bodley, we would drive over to Nahant; but you have been there in a steamboat, and we must leave it to-day. But there is the road that leads to Nahant.”

“What lots and lots of shoe factories,” said Nathan, who was reading the signs on the buildings.

“Yes, this is a great place for making shoes. They began to make them here in quantities just a hundred years ago, and I believe now that Lynn is one of the largest, if not the largest shoe-making place in the world.” Lucy was looking out of her window and could see the bold picturesque rocks that lay back of the city.

“I should think there might be robbers up there,” said she.

“Where?” said Nathan, eagerly.

“Up there on those rocks.”

“Not so far wrong, Lucy,” said Cousin Ned, who was riding near her. “Dungeon Rock is up there. They say that pirates hid their treasures near it, and if you could only find the place, you’d be



THE WANDERERS.

immensely rich. But there was an earthquake that swallowed them all up."

"Pirates and all?"

"Pirates and all, for all I know."

They drove along Ocean Street and by Swampscott, but again came upon the Salem road. Now they no longer saw the ocean, but went by rocky pastures and hillsides and along country roads. They were not the only people on the way. They met others driving and walking, but of all they saw none interested them so much as two poor people who were moving slowly along the road. They were an old blind fiddler and a little girl.

"Look!" cried Lucy. "I thought at first it was Lisa. Don't you remember Lisa, mamma? the little girl with the organ man that I saw down in the hollow the very first day we came to Rose-land? But it is n't Lisa. Poor little thing! how tired she looks." Martin stopped the carry-all and Mrs. Bodley spoke to the old man, but he did not understand her.

"He is Italian, Ned," said she; "come, let us hear you speak to him."

"My Italian is n't out-door Italian," said he, "but I'll try." So Ned tried, but he did not make out very well. "They are from Naples," he said; "I could make that out. Let's have a concert; we can understand that." So they made signs to the little girl, and she spoke to the old man. It was a pretty sight. The carriage drew up upon the side of the road and the three children and Ned danced to the music of the old violin. The little girl looked pleased enough as they gave her some money, and still more pleased when Lucy took her hand in hers, and then, her eyes filling with tears, kissed the little girl.

"She looked so lonely," she said. Cousin Ned watched the pair move away and then followed the carry-all slowly. He was making poetry, and that evening, when the rest were asleep, he wrote down these lines.

THE WANDERERS.

Poor, tired little girl!
For many a mile and many a day
Her weary feet have dragged their way,
Since last she saw the fishers furl
Their lateen sails in Naples bay.

How oft those little feet
Have pattered along the sandy beach,
Scampering out of the big waves' reach :
And now they ache on the stony street,
As she tries in turn to rest on each.

She is thinking, poor thing,
How once she played with her little pets,
And watched the fishers mend their nets;
And now she tries to dance and sing,
Shaking for pence her castanets.

Poor exiles from a far-off home!
Drifting away from shore to shore,
From town to town, from door to door.
Homeless and friendless they wearily roam,
Till their hungry, wandering days are o'er.

CHAPTER VII.

SALEM.

THE house where the family was to stay in Salem was one where lived a college classmate of Mr. Bodley, — Mr. Bruce, or Ben Bruce, as Mr. Bodley called him. He had a wife and several children, and more than once one or another of the children had been at Roseland visiting the Bodleys. So now the family were returning the visits, and the children on both sides were eagerly looking for each other. The street in which the Bruces lived was a pleasant, shaded street, and as Monday afternoon came to an end the Bruce children were watching in the garden for the Bodley children. They meanwhile were coming into town by Lafayette Street, seeing water on one side and the other, so that it seemed as if they were on a narrow isthmus or neck of land. The children had never been in Salem before and were looking out of the carriage in every direction to see if they could discover the Bruces.

“What if they should live in Mr. Hawthorne’s house!” said Phippy, for the children had read some of Hawthorne’s tales, and heard that he was born in Salem and recently lived there.

“Or in Roger Williams’,” said Lucy. But the matter was soon settled by a turn of the corner, and a discovery of Jack Bruce upon the gate-post at his house. Jack scrambled down in a hurry, and the two families were soon made into one around the tea-table.

“So you’re making a cruise on wheels, Charles,” said Mr. Bruce. “Well, you’ve had a good example before you. Old Tutor Flynt took the trip in 1754, driving in a chair to Portsmouth, when he was eighty years old. He stopped at Ipswich for one place, and

stayed with Parson Rogers. How do you like your tea, Mrs. Bodley ? ”

“ It ’s just right, thank you.”

“ Oh, I don’t mean that ; how do you take it, straight or mixed ? ”

“ Cream only, Mr. Bruce.”

“ Well, Madam Rogers asked Tutor Flynt, and the old gentleman replied that he liked his strong of the tea, strong of the sugar, and strong of the cream.”

“ I see you have n’t lost your interest in antiquities, Ben,” said Mr. Bodley.

“ Can’t. Here in Salem we’re all as old as we can be when we’re born. A few score years more or less does n’t add a great deal. Do you remember my aunt Hepzibah and her cousin May, who lived together, just below us here ? Cousin May was nearly ninety and Aunt Hepzibah was eighty-five. It was lovely to hear those old ladies call each other May and Hepsy. Well, they died a couple of years ago ; but one day I remember they sent up to me to say that their house was on fire. I hurried down and found the old ladies in a peck of trouble. I looked into the east room and found it full of smoke. Something was the matter with the chimney. ‘ The first thing we must do is to move the furniture out of that room,’ said I. ‘ I don’t know,’ said Aunt Hepzibah. ‘ Benjamin, that furniture has n’t been disturbed for forty years, and I don’t think I can have it moved.’ The furniture was moved, but Aunt Hepzibah, I believe, was almost ready to let the house burn down first. However, we have some youths here, eh, Emily ? ” Emily was his oldest daughter, and there was no doubt from her fresh looks that she lived in the Salem of that day and not in the Salem of antiquity.

When supper was over the children played out-of-doors in the garden until it was dark, and then came in and chatted and played games till bed-time. Jack told of a visit they had made in the country a week or two before, when they had seen some sheep washed in the brook for shearing. He told how the men stood up nearly to their waists in the brook, washing the sheep, and how soft and clean the fleece was afterward. Then when the children's bed-time came, Emily Bruce went to the door with the teabell and rang it out-of-doors.

"Why, what is that for?" asked Phippy.

"That is to call the cat," said she, and sure enough in walked puss at the sound of the bell.

"Why, does she really know enough for that?" said Phippy.

"Indeed, she does. She always comes in at night when we ring the bell for her; why, she is so knowing that she came when we wished for her."

"Oh, tell them about it, Emily," said her father, and the children gathered about her.

"Well, you must know that last winter as the children were all sitting by the fire, they began to wish for all sorts of things, and Jack said he would be a fairy, and they could have what they wished for. So Mary wished for a doll, and Tom for a sled, and Harry that it would snow. Jack pretended to give them each what they wanted, and then Susie wished for a cat, for a striped cat she said, that would come when she was called, wherever she might be. So Jack stood up and waved the poker about his head — he said it was a fairy wand — and cried out, 'Striped cat! come in to Susie.' Then he threw open the window, and to be sure a striped cat jumped up on the window sill and into the room and walked straight to Susie. It's true, every word of it."

"Yes," said Susie, "and now she comes when we ring the bell for her, wherever she is."



The Cat and the Fairy.

"Well," said Nathan, "my pig used to come when I whistled to it."

"No wonder, Thanny, when you never went to see your pig without carrying it something good to eat," said his father. But it was bed-time, and the children all gathered about Emily and begged for some songs before they went up-stairs. She knew a good many charming old English ditties, and sang them with a sweet voice; and Mr. Bruce sang "Hearts of Oak," and "Down among the Dead Men," which he gave with a terrible bass voice, and then all the children had their sing in a Mother Goose melody, "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep."

"That's one of the sheep I saw washed," said Jacky.



Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.

Music by CHARLES MOULTON.

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you a-ny wool? Yes, kind sir, three bags full, —

One for my master, one for my dame, But none for the lit - tle boy that lives in the lane.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, with lyrics written below it. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line, which is mostly empty in this system, suggesting a long note or a rest. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment, continuing the melody from the first system. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style.

The next day was as pleasant as Monday, and that was saying a good deal. An east wind blew fresh from the sea and kept the air cool, or the children would have found it rather hot walking about Salem. Mr. Bruce gave up the morning to them, and the little procession moved about the streets from one point to another with eyes wide open for all that they could see. They had a chance once at least to open their mouths also; for as they passed along one of the streets, Mr. Bruce stopped before a low door of an old house, upon either side of which were shop windows filled with all manner of small goods. It would seem as if everything that one could desire, provided only it could be gotten into a quart measure, was to be found in the windows: little toys, hairpins, bits of gingerbread figures, small tin ware, and a jumble of oddly assorted finery and haberdashery, amused the children, who thought they never had seen so crowded a little shop. It was still more crowded when all

the Bruces and Bodleys entered the tiny front room where Sally Bacon presided.

"Well, Miss Bacon," said Mr. Bruce, "here are some friends of mine from Boston, and I could n't let them go away without some Gibaltars and Black-jack."

"Well, well," said the old lady, "to be sure. I should n't wonder;" and she bustled about to get her Gibaltars, which the Bodley children were curious to see.

"They 're gobs of white candy," whispered Jack to Phippy, "and ever so nice."

"You don't remember Mr. Spencer, do you, Mr. Bruce?" said Sally Bacon.

"To be sure I do. Don't I remember that cart without any springs, and the green firkins in which they used to bring round the Gibaltars?"

"Well, now, I declare. And how the old lady used to drive the horse? I can see her now and hear her 'Huddup, huddup!'"

"The Spencers introduced the Gibaltars here," said Mr. Bruce to Mr. Bodley, "a good many years ago. They made them over in Danvers, but brought them to town to sell. It was said that Mr. Spencer was a younger son in a noble English house, but people tell all sorts of stories."

"This is a pretty old house, Miss Bacon, that you 're living in," said Mr. Bodley.

"Just let them walk into your back parlor, will you?" said Mr. Bruce, and the old lady took them into the tiny room back of the shop, where she did her cooking and had her table and all her work. The whole place was as big as a big work-box, and scarcely bigger.

Not far from Sally Bacon's, but on the other side of the way, the

children looked at a curious old house, which Mr. Bruce told them was once lived in by Roger Williams, whom they would one day read about, as an early minister in Salem, who came there a young man, but with notions about religious liberty that were one day to make him famous.



Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"I should like to see the Town Pump," said Lucy.

"Ah, my dear, you will never see that. It was taken down a dozen years or more ago when the tunnel for the railroad was made. But where have you ever heard about the Town Pump?"

"Why, I have read 'Rills from the Town Pump,'" said Lucy, "in 'Twice Told Tales.'"

"Ah, you have got hold of Nat Hawthorne's book, have you? That's a pretty story, and he's a strange man. He has written a good many stories about our Salem. His grandfather was Daniel Hawthorne, a privateers-man in the Revolutionary War. I'll show you the house where Nat was born when we come to it. We'll go first to see the Witch Pins."

"Oh," said Phippy, "I should like that above all things," and so they all marched off to the Court-house. There a clerk brought out a little bottle with a score or so of hard-looking pins, "spiteful-looking," Mrs. Bodley said.

"Will they hop?" asked Phippy. "Why don't they do something? They look like any other pins, except they're not very bright."

"No, they have done all their hopping," said Mr. Bruce. "These are said to be some of the pins that figured in the witch delusions a hundred and fifty years ago. It was a time when the woods were close to the settlements, and Indians in the woods, and people fancied all sorts of evil spirits to be flying back and forth in the dark. Even children grew excited over it, and pretended that pins were stuck into them by persons who were nowhere near them, and a kind of craziness got possession of the community. It was a sad time, a sad time." They did not remain long in the Court-house, but walked slowly through the streets, looking at the quaint houses and the new shops and other buildings that were mixed in with them.

"We are not all living in the last two centuries here," said Mr. Bruce. "See, we are opposite the house in Union Street where Nat Hawthorne was born," and he pointed out the stumpy old house.

“He connects the old and the new for us, and if you will go round the corner with me and walk a little way, you will see our Custom-house at the head of the wharves. Hawthorne was surveyor of the Port a couple of years ago, and used to walk up and down in the Custom-house. It’s a sleepy enough looking place now, but there used to be lively times in Salem.”



Birthplace of Hawthorne.



The Custom-house.

“It was once a great commercial centre, was it not?” said Mr. Bodley.

“Indeed it was. It created the India trade. My father used to tell the story that when our vessels went trading to the East Indies, the heathen there heard so much said about Salem, and spelled the name out, when they could, in such big letters on the

stern of the ships, that they had an idea Salem was an immense country somewhere in the west, and U. S. A. was a little town in it where the ships came from. Our town was built up largely from this trade, but there is little left of it now. Why, as far back as 1799 we had an East India Marine Society, to which all our old sea-captains belonged. They brought back all sorts of curiosities, and in 1825 we built a hall here to hold the museum."

"Oh, I've got a ticket for that," said Nathan, and he pulled out his little leather wallet and showed a dingy ticket of admission. "I've had that ever so long. Uncle Elisha gave it to me, and I've been keeping it."

"Well done!" said Mr. Bruce. "I'll give you a chance to use it, for I'm going to take you to the museum now." They came back, as they were talking, upon Essex Street, and presently stood before the East India Marine Hall. The whole party climbed the staircase, and Lucy started back as she saw or thought she saw some grave looking East India men sitting at the head of the stairs.

"Are they alive?" she whispered.

"No," said Mr. Bruce. "I don't wonder you think so, though, for they are real likenesses, in image shape, of East India merchants whom our sea-captains used to meet."

"What a queer idea to put an image of a sea-captain with them," said Mrs. Bodley, tapping it with her parasol as she spoke.

"No, ma'am, I ain't an image," said the figure suddenly.

"Bless me!" said she, starting back. "Oh, I beg your pardon, but you looked so life-like." A smile seemed to begin to creep over the face of the old man whom Mrs. Bodley had taken for an image.

"Upon my word, Mrs. Bodley," said Mr. Bruce in an undertone, "I think you've made the old captain smile. He's never been

known to smile but three times in his life ; this must be the fourth. No, you did n't quite succeed. That smile did n't get out." The old sea-captain proved to be the custodian of the collection, and he took the children about and showed them the great store of curiosities. These were not only from the East Indies, but many odd relics of early New England days were there. The children looked with wonder at the quaint little old shirt used when Governor Bradford was baptized, and his christening blanket. So old a Governor to have been so small a child ! Then there were rude clothespins made by prisoners confined at Dartmoor ; a contribution box used at Topsfield ; some droll looking fire-dogs representing Continental soldiers ; a fire bucket, and a little packet of tea which Lot Cheever shook out of his shoe after he had been at the Boston Tea-party ; a pewter spoon mould ; but what entranced the children especially was a piece of wood-carving said to have been done by an Italian monk of the fourteenth century. Two hemispheres of the size of an English walnut were crowded with figures carved within them, one hundred and ten figures in all, representing in one Heaven, and in the other the Day of Judgment. The children looked at them through a magnifying glass, while the old sea-captain told off the figures inside like a book.

" Could you do that in a cherry-stone, Nathan ? " asked Mr. Bruce, as they left the hall.

" I never tried carving a cherry-stone," said he.

" Jack makes lovely baskets out of cherry-stones," said little Mary, and before the children left Salem, Jack had carved one for Phippy.

" I want to show you one other house," said Mr. Bruce, " for it is close by, and I think likely the children have heard of the famous

man who was born in it. Did you ever hear of Mr. Prescott, the historian, Phippy ? ”

“ Oh yes,” said she eagerly. “ Was he born here ? ”

“ He was born across the way there,” said Mr. Bruce, pointing to the Reed house.¹

“ There are blinds to the house I see,” said Ned, looking sagacious.



The House where Prescott was born.

“ Don’t joke about Prescott’s blindness,” said Mr. Bruce, “ until you have done as much work with your sound eyes as he has with his nearly closed ones.”

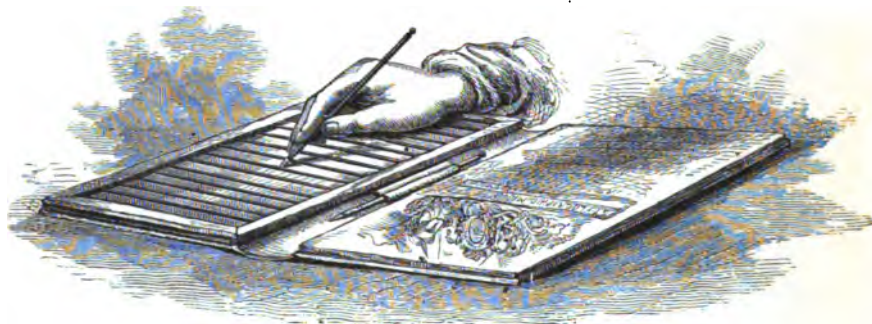
“ Did you ever see his noctograph, Ben ? ” asked Mr. Bodley.

“ No; have you ? ”

“ Yes. I described it to the children once. It looks somewhat

¹ Since taken down to make room for Plummer Hall, occupied by the Salem Athenæum and Essex Institute.

like a portfolio, and measures about ten inches by nine when unopened. When opened, it is something like a school-boy's hinged slate. Sixteen stout brass wires run across the right hand side, to guide the hand in writing. Beneath this is a sheet of paper prepared with a black substance, and under that a sheet of ordinary white paper. Mr. Prescott uses a style, and writes on the black paper so that the marks are pressed through upon the white paper beneath. It must be very provoking when it happens, as it sometimes does, that he forgets to take out the white paper, and keeps writing page after page over the same piece of paper."



Prescott's Noctograph.

"Yes," said Mr. Bruce, "but I suppose he has made patience one of the fine arts."

"I don't know but Mrs. Bruce will need all of her patience," said Mrs. Bodley. "She told us we were to be back by one o'clock."

"To be sure; we must wheel about. The children can't live on Gibaltars and Black-jack."

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AFTERNOON IN MARBI

MRS. BRUCE had a reason for having dinner very willing that the Bodleys should spend the afternoon about Salem, but she had another mind for herself. It was not from Salem, but from Marblehead that she would be a sin and a shame if the family spent the afternoon at Marblehead that very afternoon.

"We will not take your horses, Mr. Bodley," said Mrs. Bruce. "We will take the big wagon, and pack all the Bodleys and B. Now, you need n't say anything about it, for the wagon, and it is to be here at three o'clock. I am going to find how fresh the children were, although they were on their feet all the morning. Mr. Bruce was with Miss Sally Bacon's Gibralters that made the rate, the whole party was bundled into a big wagon, and they were soon bowling down a pleasant one, past some apple orchards."

"It is a lovely drive," said Mrs. Bruce, "the trees are all in bloom. We drove here a month or more ago, and it was very fragrant."

"I wonder if Agnes Surriage did not often walk this way," said Mr. Bruce.



B. 10

"That sounds like the beginning of a story," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Tell it to Mrs. Bodley, Helen," said Mr. Bruce to his wife. "I think she will remember to have heard some of the story before you have finished."

"Most likely, for it is one of our few New England romances. It happened in the colonial days, before the Revolution, when our poor Massachusetts soil was coaxed to bear a society which could hardly flourish very vigorously by the side of the hard-headed and thick-handed working-class. Boston and Cambridge were the centre, and a miniature court gathered about the Governor at Province House. Sir William Shirley was Governor, and Sir Charles Henry



Old Province House.

Frankland, or Sir Harry, as he was called, was Collector of the port of Boston. He was one of Cromwell's descendants, but that did not make him a zealous Puritan. He was a rich, handsome, gallant young fellow, fond of society, and mak-

ing the most of what Boston could give in the luxurious days of the colony. It chanced that Fort Sewall, in Marblehead harbor, was to be repaired, and government had appropriated a large sum of money to be expended upon it. It was part of Sir Harry's business to visit Marblehead and see the old fort, and thither he journeyed in the summer of 1742. Perhaps he traveled with a company of gentlemen; at all events, he probably went down on horseback. At that time Marblehead had many rich men's houses, and people rode back and forth between Boston and Marblehead on pleasure excursions. Beside the houses of the rich merchants — for

the place was a flourishing sea-port — there were little houses, in which lived sailors and fishermen, for at that time a hundred and fifty fishing vessels sailed out of Marblehead harbor, and the port was second only to Boston. Upon the mainland, not far from the fort, was the Fountain Inn, and Sir Harry rode his horse thither and dismounted. Passing into the hall, he saw the figure of a young girl, barefooted and clad as a servant, who was kneeling on the stairs with a bucket of water by her, washing the staircase. He was struck with the beauty of her form, but when she turned, hearing him come in, he was still more astonished at the beauty of her blushing face. ‘Have you no shoes?’ he asked her. But she shook her head; she was too poor to wear shoes. He gave her a silver crown-piece with which to buy her a pair, and went away. But the face of this beautiful maid stayed in his mind, and when, a few weeks later, he returned to Marblehead, he sought out Agnes Surriage. She was as barefooted as ever, and as meanly clad; for she had bought the shoes, indeed, but wore them only on Sunday. Sir Harry was fascinated by her beauty, and made inquiries concerning her. Her parents were good, poor people, who looked upon this English gentleman as a true friend, and gave their consent that he should take Agnes to Boston and have her educated.

“So Agnes Surriage went to live with Sir Harry Frankland, as if he were her guardian and she his ward. He gave her the best education that Boston had to offer, and, as she had a quick mind, she eagerly learned the pretty accomplishments that a girl of that time was wont to have. She danced and sang and read, and played on the harp, I suppose, and cared for flowers; and so year by year she grew witty, beautiful, and good. Her father, meanwhile, had died, and her mother was left poor, with a family of children; but Frank-

land was kind to them, and more than kind to Agnes. She had grown a woman now, and loved Sir Harry with more than a daughter's love. He was an affectionate fellow, but afraid, I suppose, of



Blushing Agnes Surriage.

his noble family in England, and the aristocratic people in Boston; so that he did not make Agnes his wife, as it would be held beneath him to marry the beautiful girl, since she was only a poor fisherman's daughter. But he wanted her always with him, so he built a

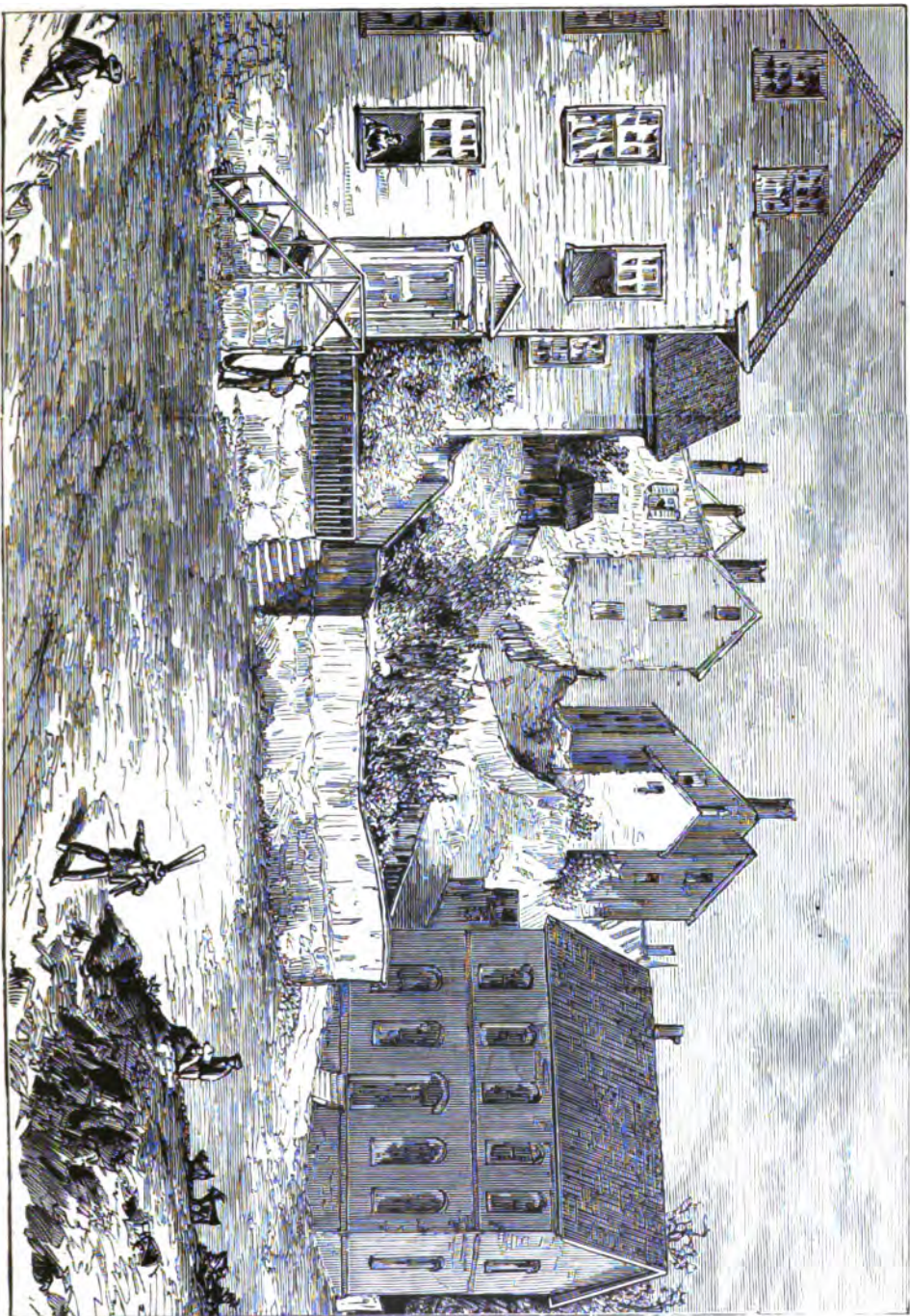
lordly pleasure-house in Hopkinton, about thirty miles from Boston, where a friend of his had gone to live, and there he took Agnes. Together they laid out the gardens and planted trees, and companies of Boston people would come down to visit them.

“There they lived until 1754, when Frankland was called home to England on account of some family business. He took his ward with him, and tried to make her a home among his family friends; but they looked coldly on her, and as soon as the business was over he carried Agnes with him for a tour of Europe, and finally resolved upon making Lisbon his home. At that time Lisbon was the most luxurious capital of Europe. The king was the richest sovereign, and the city was given up to pleasure and soft living.

“It was in the midst of this gayety that the terrible disaster came which our fathers could never speak of without a shudder. On November 1, 1755, All Saints Day, a great festival was holding, and the city was thronged with people. Suddenly, without warning, when the sky was clear and nature seemed at her loveliest, there was a rumbling, a heaving of the earth, and a great quaking. The shock of an earthquake was upon the city; another followed, and another; men and women and children stood frozen with terror; and then great buildings began to totter and to fall with a crash. The sun was darkened; the waves rushed roaring upon the land; and amidst the thunderous falling of buildings and the flames of burning houses thirty thousand people were destroyed. The living were only less dead than the dead. They were buried beneath walls and pillars, or rushing madly about in search of parents, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, and friends. Agnes Surriage was one of the living, and she knew not whether Sir Harry Frankland was living or dead. He had gone out on horseback that morning with a lady

to a great religious celebration in the cathedral. On the way, the shock had come. His horse and his companions were killed. The lady, frantic with terror, and not knowing what she did, seized Sir Harry's arm and bit into it, through coat and all, so that a great wound was made. They were buried beneath a mass of brick and stone. Agnes, meanwhile, had gone in search of Sir Harry, and found him at last in the very peril of death. By her labor and that of men whom she brought to the place, the Englishman was drawn, wounded and bruised, from his living grave, and carried out of the city to a village near by. Here she waited upon him, and he looked upon her as his deliverer. His selfishness and weakness stared at him, and as soon as possible he sent for a priest and took Agnes Surriage to be his honored wife. It was not long before he recovered sufficiently to return to England, and on the ship which bore them they were again married according to the form of the Church of England.

"Agnes had a different position now. She had saved Sir Harry, and she was his wedded wife. So the Frankland family welcomed her to their houses, and her stay in England was very different from what it was before. Frankland afterwards returned to Lisbon as British consul, but again with Lady Frankland came to America. Here, in Boston, he bought a house, said to be the handsomest in the city, and Lady Frankland was received in the society which she had known in her school-girl days. But neither she nor Sir Harry forgot her poor mother and sisters and brothers in Marblehead. They constantly showed kindness to them, receiving them in their home. They went back again to Portugal and to England, and in 1768 Sir Harry died in England. Lady Frankland returned to America, and lived in the Hopkinton mansion until 1775, when the



FRONT STREET, MARBLEHEAD.

outbreak of hostilities brought her to Boston, and finally she went to England, where she died in 1783. Was not that a romantic history for a Marblehead servant-girl?"

"Indeed it was," said Mrs. Bodley; "and I wish we might make a pilgrimage to her house, for here we are, I see, in the town itself."

"I am afraid tradition does not point out the house, though it might easily be here in Front Street somewhere. We will play it is, at any rate."

"Since we are telling stories," said Ned, "I think I can add one which I heard from one of our fellows in college, who lived in Marblehead, though he has moved to Boston now. He told me there were doubts about some parts of the story, but I shan't tell you where the doubts are. A good many years ago two fishing vessels sailed away for a catch, the Betsey and the Active. Captain Ben Ireson, or Flood Ireson, as he was called, was captain of the Betsey, and the two vessels were manned by Marblehead fishermen.

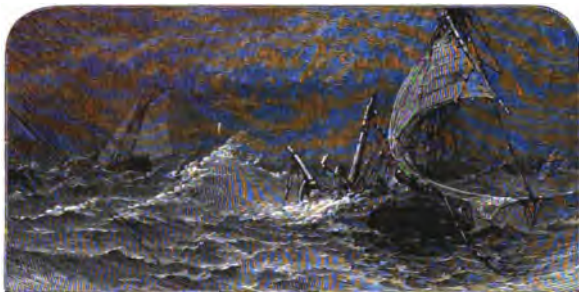
Some time after they were gone, and when their return was looked for, a terrible storm sprang up on the coast, and people went out on the rocks, looking anxiously through the wild tempest for the two vessels; but nothing could



Watching.

be seen of them, and the women could only watch and wait, as they had watched and waited before. Days passed, and at length the Betsey came into port, Captain Flood Ireson bringing her in.

Every one asked if they had seen the *Active*, but no one liked to answer. Little by little it came out that both vessels were in the storm off Cape Cod, and the *Active* was wrecked. They signaled to the *Betsey* to come to their help. Captain Ireson wanted to



In the Storm.

lie by and take the sailors off the wreck, but the men said, 'No, we'll not risk it;' and so they sailed off, leaving the *Active* to her fate. This was Ireson's story, but the sailors, to shield

themselves, laid the blame on him; and the townspeople, women and all, in their rage, seized Flood, tarred and feathered him, and mounting him on a cart pushed and pulled the cart up and down the Marblehead streets, shouting, with their hoarse cries, —

" 'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt, torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt by the women o' Morble'ead!' "

"That sounds like the old lingo of Marblehead," said Mr. Bruce. "They have a queer way of talking here; and it's like the people, too. They're not what they were once; but I remember, when I used to come to see Helen here, I had to look out for my head at first, for the small boys would sing out, 'Let's fire a rahck at 'im;' and it was only when they came to know me better that my head was safe."

"Now, Ben, you know you're hard on Marblehead. Why do we have so many stones here, if not to get rid of them?"

"Well, mine was n't a marblehead," said her husband.

"See!" said Mrs. Bruce, "all the children here are not little

barbarians. Look at that boy caressing his goat! I do not believe he would throw rocks at you, Ben." They all looked at the little fellow on the rocky hill-side, hugging and kissing his kid, and Lucy was eager to jump down and run to speak to him, but the wagon rolled on. They did not leave it, indeed, until they could get out



Flood Ireson's Ride.

and ramble about the wharves. It was delightful to look off upon the cool water and see the boats and sloops sailing along, while children were fishing from the wharves or sailing cock-boats off the rocks.

"There is a good harbor here," said Mr. Bruce, "so far as depth of water goes; but it is unprotected on the east, and a northeasterly

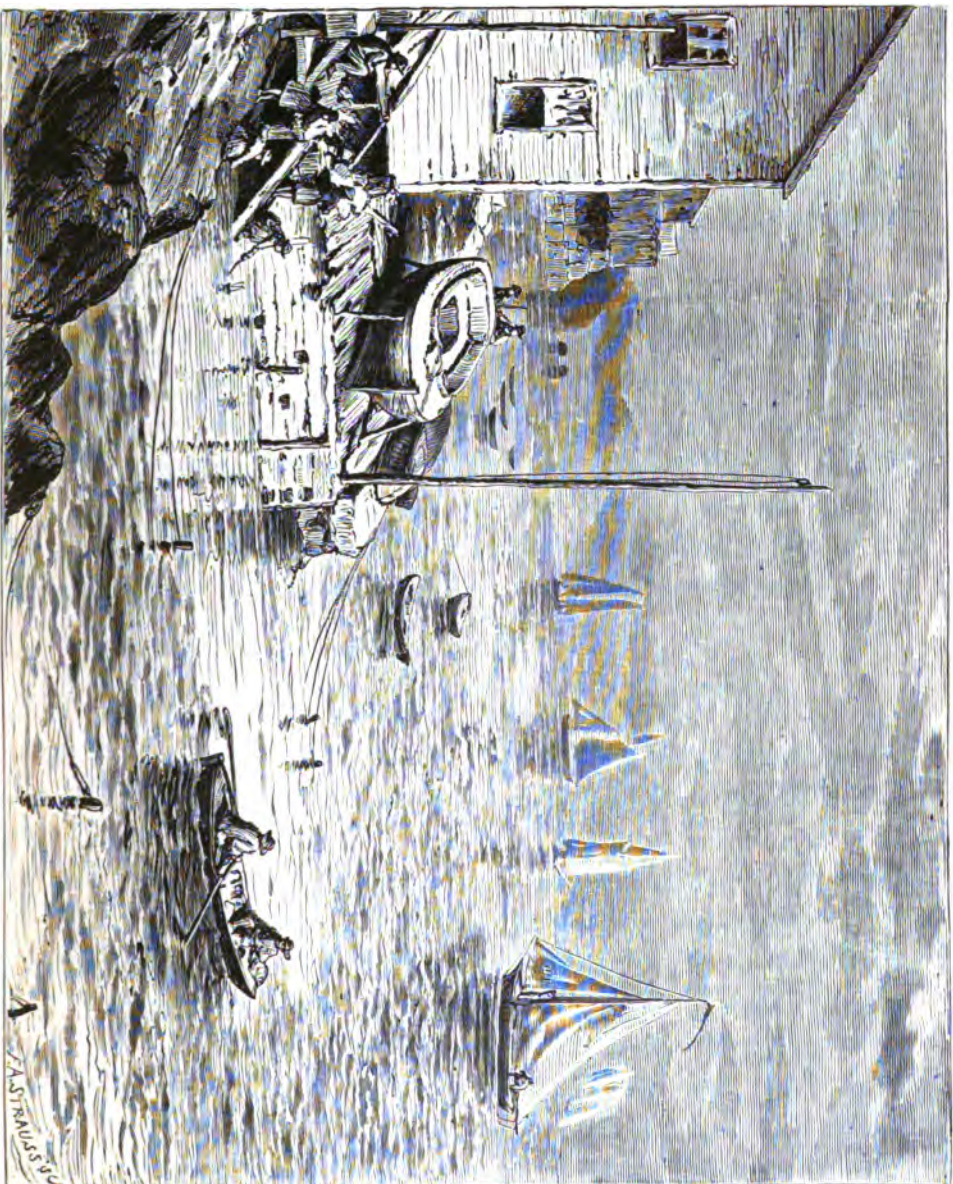
storm will drive vessels in here, when it's lucky if they find a good strip of land to be beached on. It's a fascinating life to look at, and I'm never surprised when boys go to sea, but if they could only go to sea first, I think they'd be cured of their desire sometimes."



A Little Marbleheader.

"I wish I could see a ship building," said Nathan.

"You'll have a chance, Thanny," said his father, "before we get to the end of our journey. I think." The party strolled about the



ON THE WHARVES, MARBLEHEAD.

town, looked at some of the old buildings, not forgetting St. Michael's Church, that was built in 1714, and then, as evening drew near, climbed into the big wagon and drove back to Salem. The Bruces' parlor looked very homelike to the children, so hospitable were their friends, and the company made a pretty large family at the tea-table.

"I cannot get Thacher's Narrative out of my head," said Mr. Bruce. "I have been thinking of it ever since we went to Marblehead, and if you will let me, I will read it to you, for it is not long." He went to his book-shelves and took down Young's "Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, from 1623 to 1636." "It is in this volume," said Mr. Bruce, "and a more simple, pathetic narrative by a plain man—for Thacher was a tailor by trade—I do not think I ever read." So he read aloud:—

ANTHONY THACHER'S NARRATIVE OF HIS SHIPWRECK.

I must turn my drowned pen and shaking hand to indite the story of such sad news as never before this happened in New England.

There was a league of perpetual friendship between my cousin Avery and myself never to forsake each other to the death; but to be partakers of each other's misery or welfare, as also of habitation, in the same place. Now upon our arrival in New England, there was an offer made unto us. My cousin Avery was invited to Marblehead, to be their pastor in due time; there being no church planted there as yet, but a town appointed to set up the trade of fishing. Because many there (the most being fishermen) were something loose and remiss in their behavior, my cousin Avery was

unwilling to go thither ; and so, refusing, we went to Newbury, intending there to sit down. But being solicited so often both by the men of the place, and by the magistrates, and by Mr. Cotton, and most of the ministers, who alleged what a benefit we might be to the people there, and also to the country and Commonwealth, at length we embraced it, and thither consented to go. They of Marblehead forthwith sent a pinnace for us and our goods.

We embarked at Ipswich August 11, 1635, with our families and substance, bound for Marblehead, we being in all twenty-three souls, — namely, eleven in my cousin's family, seven in mine, and one Mr. William Eliot, sometime of New Sarum, and four mariners. The next morning, having commended ourselves to God, with cheerful hearts we hoisted sail. But the Lord suddenly turned our cheerfulness into mourning and lamentations. For on the 14th of this August, 1635, about ten at night, having a fresh gale of wind, our sails, being old and done, were split. The mariners, because that it was night, would not put to new sails, but resolved to cast anchor till the morning. But before daylight it pleased the Lord to send so mighty a storm as the like was never known in New England since the English came, nor in the memory of any of the Indians. It was so furious that our anchor came home. Whereupon the mariners let out more cable, which at last slipped away. Then our sailors knew not what to do ; but we were driven before the wind and waves.

My cousin and I perceived our danger, and solemnly recommended ourselves to God, the Lord of both earth and seas, expecting with every wave to be swallowed up and drenched in the deeps. And as my cousin, his wife, and my tender babes sat comforting and cheering one the other in the Lord against ghastly death,

which every moment stared us in the face and sat triumphing upon each one's forehead, we were by the violence of the waves and fury of the winds (by the Lord's permission) lifted up upon a rock between two high rocks, yet all was one rock. But it raged with the stroke, which came into the pinnacle, so as we were presently up to our middles in water, as we sat. The waves came furiously and violently over us, and against us, but, by reason of the rock's proportion, could not lift us off, but beat her all to pieces. Now look with me upon our distress, and consider of my misery, who beheld the ship broken, the water in her, and violently overwhelming us, my goods and provisions swimming in the seas, my friends almost drowned, and mine own poor children so untimely (if I may so term it without offense) before mine eyes drowned, and ready to be swallowed up and dashed to pieces against the rocks by the merciless waves, and myself ready to accompany them. But I must go on to an end of this woful relation.

In the same room whereas he sat, the master of the pinnacle, not knowing what to do, our foremast was cut down, our mainmast broken in three pieces, the forepart of the pinnacle beat away, our goods swimming about the seas, my children bewailing me as not pitying themselves, and myself bemoaning them, poor souls, whom I had occasioned to such an end in their tender years, whereas they could scarce be sensible of death. And so likewise my cousin, his wife, and his children; and both of us bewailing each other in our Lord and only Saviour Jesus Christ, in whom only we had comfort and cheerfulness; insomuch that, from the greatest to the least of us, there was not one screech or outcry made; but all, as silent sheep, were contentedly resolved to die together lovingly, as since our acquaintance we had lived together friendly.

Now as I was sitting in the cabin room door, with my body in the room, when lo ! one of the sailors, by a wave being washed out of the pinnace, was gotten in again, and coming into the cabin room over my back cried out, "We are all cast away. The Lord have mercy upon us ! I have been washed overboard into the sea, and am gotten in again." His speeches made me look forth. And looking toward the sea, and seeing how we were, I turned myself to my cousin, and the rest, and spake these words : "O cousin, it hath pleased God to cast us here between two rocks, the shore not far from us, for I saw the tops of trees when I looked forth." Whereupon the master of the pinnace, looking up at the scuttle hole of the quarter-deck, went out at it ; but I never saw him afterwards. Then he that had been in the sea went out again by me, and leaped overboard towards the rocks, whom afterwards also I could not see.

Now none were left in the bark, that I knew or saw, but my cousin, his wife and children, myself and mine, and his maid-servant. But my cousin thought I would have fled from him, and said unto me, "O cousin, leave us not, let us die together ;" and reached forth his hand unto me. Then I, letting go my son Peter's hand, took him by the hand, and said, "Cousin, I purpose it not. Whither shall I go ? I am willing and ready here to die with you and my poor children. God be merciful to us and receive us to Himself ;" adding these words, "The Lord is able to keep and deliver us." He replied, saying, "Truth, cousin ; but what his pleasure is we know not. I fear we have been too unthankful for former deliverances. But He hath promised to deliver us from sin and condemnation, and to bring us safe to heaven through the all-sufficient satisfaction of Jesus Christ. This therefore we may challenge

of Him." To which I replying said, "That is all the deliverance I now desire and expect."

Which words I had no sooner spoken, but by a mighty wave I was, with the piece of the bark, washed out upon part of the rock, where the wave left me almost drowned. But recovering my feet, I saw above me, on the rock, my daughter Mary. To whom I had no sooner gotten, but my cousin Avery and his eldest son came to us ; being all four of us washed out by one and the same wave. We went all into a small hole on the top of the rock, whence we called to those in the pinnacle to come unto us, supposing we had been in more safety than they were in. My wife, seeing us there, was crept up into the scuttle of the quarter deck, to come unto us. But presently came another wave, and dashing the pinnacle all to pieces, carried my wife away in the scuttle, as she was, with the greater part of the quarter-deck, unto the shore ; where she was cast safely, but her legs were something bruised. And much timber of the vessel being there also cast, she was some time before she could get away, being washed by the waves. All the rest that were in the bark were drowned in the merciless seas. We four by that wave were clean swept away from off the rock also into the sea ; the Lord, in one instant of time, disposing of fifteen souls of us according to his good pleasure and will.

His pleasure and wonderful great mercy to me was thus. Standing on the rock, as before you heard, with my eldest daughter, my cousin, and his eldest son, looking upon and talking to them in the bark, when as we were by that merciless wave washed off the rock as before you heard, God, in his mercy, caused me to fall, by the stroke of the wave, flat on my face ; for my face was toward the sea. Insomuch, that as I was sliding off the rock into the sea, the

Lord directed my toes into a joint in the rock's side, as also the tops of some of my fingers, with my right hand, by means whereof, the wave leaving me, I remained so, hanging on the rock, only my head above the water ; when on the left hand I espied a board or plank of the pinnacle. And as I was reaching out my left hand to lay hold on it, by another coming over the top of the rock I was washed away from the rock, and by the violence of the waves was driven hither and thither in the seas a great while, and had many dashes against the rocks. At length, past hopes of life, and wearied in body and spirits, I even gave over to nature ; and being ready to receive in the waters of death, I lifted up both my heart and hands to the God of heaven. For note, I had my senses remaining perfect with me all the time that I was under and in water, who at that instant lifted my head above the top of the water, that so I might breathe without any hindrance by the waters. I stood bolt upright, as if I had stood upon my feet ; but I felt no bottom, nor had any footing for to stand upon but the waters.

While I was thus above the water, I saw by me a piece of the mast, as I suppose, about three feet long, which I labored to catch into my arms. But suddenly I was overwhelmed with water, and driven to and fro again, and at last I felt the ground again with my right foot. When immediately, whilst I was thus groveling on my face, I presently, recovering my feet, was in the water up to my breast, and through God's great mercy had my face unto the shore, and not to the sea. I made haste to get out ; but was thrown down on my hands with the waves, and so with safety crept to the dry shore, where, blessing God, I turned about to look for my children and friends, but saw neither, nor any part of the pinnacle, where I left them, as I supposed. But I saw my wife about a butt length

from me, getting herself forth from amongst the timber of the broken bark; but before I could get unto her, she was gotten to the shore. I was in the water, after I was washed from the rock, before I came to the shore, a quarter of an hour at least.

When we were come each to other, we went and sat under the bank. But fear of the seas roaring, and our coldness, would not suffer us there to remain. But we went up into the land, and sat us down under a cedar-tree, which the wind had thrown down, where we sat about an hour, almost dead with cold. But now the storm was broken up, and the wind was calm; but the sea remained rough and fearful to us. My legs were much bruised, and so was my head. Other hurt had I none, neither had I taken in much quantity of water. But my heart would not let me sit still any longer; but I would go to see if any more were gotten to the land in safety, especially hoping to have met with some of my own poor children; but I could find none, neither dead, nor yet living.

You condole with me my miseries, who now began to consider of my losses. Now came to my remembrance the time and manner how and when I last saw and left my children and friends. One was severed from me sitting on the rock at my feet, the other three in the pinnace; my little babe (ah, poor Peter!) sitting in his sister Edith's arms, who to the uttermost of her power sheltered him from the waters; my poor William standing close unto them, all three of them looking ruefully on me on the rock, their very countenances calling unto me to help them; whom I could not go unto, neither could they come at me, neither would the merciless waves afford me space or time to use any means at all either to help them or myself. Oh, I yet see their cheeks, poor silent lambs, pleading pity and help at my hands. Then, on the other side, to consider

the loss of my dear friends, with the spoiling and loss of all our goods and provisions, myself cast upon an unknown land, in a wilderness, I knew not where, nor how to get thence. Then it came to my mind how I had occasioned the death of my children, who caused them to leave their native land, who might have left them there, yea, and might have sent some of them back again, and cost me nothing. These and such like thoughts do press down my heavy heart very much.

But I must let this pass, and will proceed on in the relation of God's goodness unto me in that desolate island on which I was cast. I and my wife were almost naked, both of us, and wet and cold even unto death. I found a snap sack cast on the shore, in which I had a steel, and flint, and powder-horn. Going further, I found a drowned goat; then I found a hat, and my son William's coat, both which I put on. My wife found one of her petticoats, which she put on. I found also two cheeses and some butter, driven ashore. Thus the Lord sent us some clothes to put on, and food to sustain our new lives, which we had lately given unto us, and means also to make fire, for in a horn I had some gunpowder, which, to my own, and since to other men's admiration, was dry. So taking a piece of my wife's neckcloth, which I dried in the sun, I struck fire, and so dried and warmed our wet bodies; and then skinned the goat, and having found a small brass pot, we boiled some of her. Our drink was brackish water. Bread we had none.

There we remained until the Monday following; when, about three of the clock in the afternoon, in a boat that came that way, we went off that desolate island, which I named after my name, Thacher's Woe, and the rock, Avery his Fall, to the end that their fall and loss, and mine own, might be had in perpetual remem-

brance. In the isle lieth buried the body of my cousin's eldest daughter, whom I found dead on the shore. On the Tuesday following, in the afternoon, we arrived at Marblehead.

There was quiet after Mr. Bruce had ended. Somehow the story, though so old, affected them more than if it had come from the evening paper. The older people knew that no evening paper would print so simple and unadorned a tale. In a little while Emily Bruce went to the piano and struck the keys. The children gathered about her. It was a pity that they should go to bed with so sad a story on their minds, and they sang sweet and joyous songs, but they could not be hilarious.

"The sea is terrible," said Mrs. Bodley, and so they all thought.

Years afterward, the children read this poem by Whittier, that was suggested by Thacher's Narrative. They could not read it without remembering the story which they heard Mr. Bruce read from the old chronicles.

THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

When the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and children eight,
Dropping down the river-harbor in the shallop Watch and Wait.

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer morn,
With the newly planted orchards dropping their fruits first born,
And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided creeks between,
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and walnuts green, —
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed ; at nightfall the pleasant land breeze died ;
The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry lights denied,
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied !

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were rock and wood and sand ;
Grimly anxious stood the skipper, with the rudder in his hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round him, weeping sore,
“ Never heed, my little children ! Christ is walking on before
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall be no more.”

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far and wide ;
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the tide.



There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and man's despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and bare,
And, through it all, the murmur of Father Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild waves and the blast,
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it passed,
Alone, of all his household, the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying in the pause of wave and wind :
" All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind ;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find !

" In this night of death I challenge the promise of thy word !
Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears have heard !
Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the grace of Christ our Lord !

" In the baptism of these waters wash white my every sin,
And let me follow up to Thee my household and my kin !
Open the sea-gate of thy heaven and let me enter in ! "

When the Christian sings his death-song, all the listening heavens draw near,
And the angels, leaning over the walls of crystal, hear
How the notes so faint and broken swell to music in God's ear.

The ear of God was open to his servant's last request ;
As the strong wave swept him downward, the sweet hymn upward pressed,
And the soul of Father Avery went, singing, to its rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the rocks of Marblehead ;
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer were read ;
And long, by board and hearthstone, the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers out bound, or scudding from the squall,
With grave and reverent faces the ancient tale recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the Rock of Avery's Fall !

CHAPTER IX.

ALONG THE SHORE TO CAPE ANN.

WHEN Wednesday morning came, the children were really loth to leave their friends, and the Bruces found it so hard to see the Bodleys drive away, that Mr. Bruce suddenly ran off to the queer rookery of a livery-stable that was near by, and ordered a horse and carry-all to be brought round to his door, and while the families were still exchanging adieux, the carriage drove up, and he called out, —

“Come, come, jump in ; we are going to escort the Bodleys out of town ;” and the Bruces tumbled into the carry-all and away went the whole party, the Bruces before, the Bodleys behind, and Ned Adams on horseback riding back and forth from his party to Emily Bruce’s.

“Your road will be in sight of the sea almost all of the way,” said she, and Ned wheeled his horse about, rode gallantly back and recited : —

“She says your road will be in sight of the sea almost all of the way ;” and then he returned for a fresh message.

“You must keep a lookout for some queer blinds in Manchester. They are on a house that looks like a work-box.” Ned carried the report back : —

“You must keep a lookout for some queer blinds in Manchester. They are on a house that looks like a work-box.”

“Ask her how a work-box looks,” said Mr. Bodley, and Ned put the question : —

“Uncle Charles wants to know if you can tell him what a work-box is.”

"Something to make you mend your ways," said she ; and Ned took the words back with him. At Beverly Farms, Mr. Bruce drew to one side, and as the Bodley family came abreast of him, he said : —

"We must turn back here, and sorry I am to say it. You can't miss the road, but if you do, come back to Salem and we'll start you again." The Bodleys waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and gave three cheers to the Bruces, which the Bruces returned vigorously.

"I wonder why people always give three cheers," said Nathan, as they drove on.

"To be sure," said his father ; "or else three times three. We never hear four cheers, or two times three, or seven. I think you are going to be a philosopher, Nathan."

"But why do they ?"

"I am puzzled to say. Perhaps because three is a perfect number ; but so is seven a sacred one. I suspect it's in the nature of things."

"Now, I tell you, Mr. Bodley," said Martin, "I've often thought of that, and I asked Hen once what he thought, and he said, says Hen, 'Why,' says he, 'you cheer once, but that ain't enough ; and you cheer again and your voice goes up, but it only goes half-way ; and then you cheer a third time and you get there.'"

"Hen's the man," said Mr. Bodley. "Depend upon it, he's found it out. I'd like to see that brother of yours, Martin."

"Well, he talks of coming East this summer, and I guess he'll look round for me."

"I shall know him when I see him," said Mr. Bodley.

"He don't look much like me, any way," said Martin.

"I've seen his picture," said Lucy. "He's splendid."

"He's got rings in his ears," said Phippy, who had also seen the picture, and was very much impressed by that.

"That ain't his fault," said Martin; "his eyes hurt him. They're very small."

"Too small for what he wants to see?" asked Nathan.

"Oh, I mean the rings, not his eyes," said Martin, with a chuckle.

"She says it's Great Misery," said Ned Adams, suddenly appearing by the side of the carry-all.

"How you do startle one, Ned," said his aunt. "Great misery to have you leave her?"

"She did n't say that," said Ned. "But that's Great Misery," and he pointed with his whip to an island that lay in full view from the road, for every little while now they caught glimpses of the sea, of ships sailing by, and of rocks and islands.

"Father," said Nathan, "I've been thinking about Anthony Thacher and Mr. Avery, and I don't see why ships don't always get wrecked when a big storm comes, and they are near the coast."

"There are a good many shipwrecks, Thanny, and some are unavoidable, but others come from the ignorance or carelessness or bad habits of the captain and crew. There are many more ships, however, that weather the storms than are wrecked by them, for ships are made or should be made to stand rough water as well as still water. But even when wrecks occur, especially in an old settled country, there are almost always means at hand for saving life. Along our coast from Maine to Florida, there are something like four thousand men, I believe, who make a business of saving the lives and property that are in peril when ships are wrecked, and they have their families who help. Then light-houses are placed in



LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT.

the dangerous places and at the entrance of harbors, and charts and maps are made to point out to sailors where shoals and rocks are. But sometimes a ship gets on the rocks or sand, even when the light-house warns it, and the wreckers, as they are called, are on the lookout for such unfortunate vessels. They build bonfires and throw rockets and lights to direct the men on the ship, and put out through the breakers with life-boats and life-cars and all manner of life-saving apparatus. The life-boat is as near perfection in boat-building as seems possible. It is a mere shell, but so built that it rights itself, and though upset by the waves, if the men in it only cling to the thwarts or sides, they will find themselves sometimes almost untouched by the water, as the boat has turned a complete somersault. The boat is furnished with ropes, and the men have corks to help them float if they get tossed into the water; but the men themselves are the best part of the apparatus, for it is their valor that saves the lives.

“The life-car is a comparatively recent invention. It is a cigar-shaped object, air-tight and water-tight, into which two or three persons can creep and lie closely secured inside. The life-car is towed through the waves by the men in the life-boat, with a rope attached to each end. Thus, one rope being given to the men on board the ship, the life-car can be hauled to the ship, passengers stowed away in it, and then hauled through the waves on to the beach by the other rope, and sent back for another trip, till all the people on board are saved.”



Interior of Life-car.

As Mr. Bodley finished telling about the life-boats and life-cars they drove into the old village of Manchester, and began to look out for the blinds that Emily Bruce wanted them to see. They

were amused at the dumpy square buildings with houses on deck, as Ned said ; they were the work-boxes, and the children guessed that old sea-captains built them, and spent most of their time gazing out of the windows upon the sea. The blinds they discovered. They were nothing but lattice-work blinds, after all, but the children had never seen anything like them.



Hauling the Life-car Ashore.

“They make me think of the blue blinds they have on Cape Cod,” said Mrs. Bodley. “I suppose people thought green was too common, and they would have blue for variety ; and this man, I fancy, thought he would not have the old tiresome slats, and contrived this square lattice blind. But there is generally a reason for common things, and I have no doubt he wishes he had slats.”

The day was so lovely that no one was in a hurry to get to Gloucester, so they turned off from the road and drove by a lane to the Manchester beach, and pattered along on the sand. The children all got out from the carriage and scampered over the hard beach floor. They saw the little sand-pipers running along with their

bare legs, racing over the beach as if they enjoyed it, and they soon followed their example, pulled off their own shoes and stockings, and let the broken waves crawl over their feet. Mr. Bottom enjoyed it too, and when Mr. Bodley ordered his little company back into the carry-all, Ned good-naturedly gave up Mr. Bottom to Nathan, and took Nathan's place in the carry-all.



Along the Shore.

After they left Manchester they had but little sea-view until they came in sight of Gloucester. There they knew nobody. Try as hard as he could, Mr. Bodley could not seem to remember any one who had ever lived in Gloucester.

"We shall have to make some new acquaintance here," said he. "We'll look round and pick out the likeliest person to know."

"I should like him to be an old salt," said Nathan.

"There ought to be plenty of old salts here," said his father, "and after dinner we will climb that hill that overlooks the town,

and get a good view of the place, and pick out an old salt for Nathan." The party put up at a little inn which could just about hold them, and was fortunately empty at the time; and after dinner they all sauntered out to get the view of the town and the old salt, for whom Nathan looked about very hard.

"How old must your salt be?" asked Ned. "I suppose you'll look for him in a cellar."

"No, he'll be outside the door of his house, mending his nets," said Nathan, who was not to be chaffed. The road led off from the Essex road, and climbed a hill, and it was up there that they were pretty sure of finding a good view. They left the road and toiled up the hilly slope, keeping a little way from a steep-roofed house which was there, but as they came by its side, a man stepped out of the door and looked narrowly at them. Mr. Bodley turned aside from his party and spoke to him.

"Good afternoon," said he. "I am taking my family up your hill to show them the view from the top. I hope I'm not trespassing."

"Not a bit of it," said the man. "Hold on a shake, and I'll go with you," and he turned back into the house, but came out presently with a spy-glass in his hand. "There!" said he. "I guess we can see with that. It ain't lost its sight yet, though I can't see quite as well as I used to."

"Then you've used this glass a good while, have n't you?" said Mr. Bodley.

"Well, yes; that glass has cocked its eye at a good many foreign lands and strange craft, and looked out for mackerel schools."

"He's your old salt," whispered Ned to Nathan, with a nudge of his elbow. "He ought to be mending nets, but he is n't."

"Eh, what's that?" said the man, who had not lost his hearing



NATHAN'S OLD SALT, AS HE INTENDED HIM TO BE.

at any rate. "An old salt, young man? I should n't wonder. There isn't much fresh water about me." He had a husky voice that sounded rather angry until one looked in his face, and a way of turning sharp upon one who spoke to him, that came probably from a good many quick orders in his sea-faring life. "I'm shipwrecked up here, my wife tells me, but I don't mind it so much now. I suppose I've got used to being ashore. How old do you think I am?" No one liked to guess. "I'm a historic fellow, I am," he went on. "I was born to the tune of the Declaration, July 4, 1776; could n't have hit it closer if I'd tried."

"Have you always lived in Gloucester?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"When I haven't been on the water. I've been everywhere and caught everything, — Britishers, fish, and fevers."

"Oh, were you in the Revolutionary War?" exclaimed Phippy.

"Well, no, sissy, not exactly. I would have been if I had n't been born on Independence Day, when it was too late for me to do much. But I was in the War of 1812. Father, he was in the Revolutionary War. He was on the Gloucester when she went down, under Captain John Colson. You've heard of her, eh?"

"I don't remember about her," said Mr. Bodley, speaking for the family.

"Don't you, now? Well, I guess you would if you'd had a corposant come to your house."

"A what?"

"A corposant. Why, the Gloucester carried eighteen guns and had a crew of a hundred and thirty men. She was out cruising, and took the Two Friends and a fishing brig, the Spark, and sent 'em into port. But the Gloucester never came back. There were sixty wives here that were made widows, and my mother was one

of 'em; and every one of those sixty widows, and other people too, saw a corposant going about the town and stopping at the houses where the men had lived."

"What is a corposant?" asked Nathan.

"Well, I can't exactly describe it, sonny. It's a ball of light, that's what it is. I've seen 'em many a dark night playing round the rigging."

"Hen's seen one," said Martin.

"Who's Hen, young man?"

"He's my brother. He's a sailor."

"Then he's seen a corposant."

"Was the Gloucester a schooner?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"No, sir. She was a brig, and I've heard tell she was n't built properly, but I don't know. Captain Andrew Robinson built the first schooner, here in Gloucester. They had n't had any schooner before, but he had a notion to build one, and as she went slipping off the stocks into the water when she was launched, somebody called out, 'Oh, how she scoons!' and Captain Robinson, he sings out, 'A schooner let her be.'"

"Well, but what does it mean to scoon?" asked Ned.

"Did n't ye ever skip ducks and drakes on a mill-pond?"

"Yes, plenty of times."

"Well, that's to scoon. That Captain Robinson was a smart fellow. Perhaps ye never heard tell of how he came it over the Indians?" No one looked as if they had heard, but all as if they wanted to, and the old salt went on. "Well; he was a mighty strong fellow, and he always had his wits about him. He was off to the eastward with his sloop and a couple of men, when the Indians surprised him and caught 'em all. They killed the men, but kept

the captain, so 's to kill him slowly like, and have a good time over him : those old savages did n't think it much fun to kill a man off-hand. Captain Robinson had some rum on board his sloop, and the Indians took to drinking. Pretty soon they were all dead drunk except one fellow, who kept awake to look after the prisoner. Captain Robinson lay low and made believe sleep, till all the rest were snoring except the guard. He watched his chance and killed him, but did n't make any noise to wake the rest. Then he made for his sloop, for they had caught him ashore, and set sail, but he had n't been gone long before the Indians woke up and began looking round for Robinson. There he was in his sloop, making all sail, and they took to their canoes and pulled out after him. There was n't much wind, and they came up with the sloop pretty soon and yelled like all get out, thinking they 'd got him this time. But Captain Robinson, he 'd gone and strewed the deck all along with scupper nails, points up."

"What are scupper nails ?"

"They're what are used to fasten leather down round a ship's scuppers, — short, sharp nails, with big, flat heads, so that they can sit cozily and don't tumble over easily. He 'd sprinkled the deck pretty thickly with these nails, and the first lot of savages that jumped over the sloop's side, tomahawk in hand, yelling at him, jumped right on to these scupper nails with their naked feet, and tumbled slap down on the deck, and did n't like that any better, and Captain Robinson, who was a mighty strong fellow, just tackled each fellow — he had shoes on, you see — and pitched him neck and crupper into the sea ; and the rest of the Indians, when they saw their friends coming back so quick and lively, just put their canoes round about and rowed to land as fast as ever they could, and Cap-

tain Robinson sailed away and came back to Gloucester to tell about it."

"When you play Indian again, Nathan," said Ned, "you can put a lot of carpet tacks points up, and see how you like jumping on them."

"The British did something like it," said Mr. Bodley; "for they had crows' feet sown in the streets of Boston just before they evacuated the town, when they were expecting an attack of cavalry. These crows' feet, which were three-pronged irons, would have been bad things for the horses' feet. What a fine view we have from here."

"You may say that," said the old salt. "That's Ten Pound Island down there, and that's Eastern Point over yonder. There's a good pond of fresh water there. You ought to see the harbor, though, when there's a fleet of fishermen in it. It's livelier than it is on the Hudson when they're fishing for shad, and I've been there. Why, they packed about forty thousand barrels of mackerel here last year. They get 'em mostly down to Chaleur, but they get halibut and cod on George's Bank. I can remember when we first went fishing there. 'Tain't more than twenty-five years since there was n't a schooner ever went to that shoal, and now they bring in so many halibut that they have to throw away a good deal in the harbor here; to be sure, they don't throw away much but the poorer sort. But it ain't all plain sailing, going after fish. There was the Princeton, in '51, went down, ten men lost; and the Flirt, the same fall, was lost in Bay St. Lawrence with fourteen men; and the Ocean Queen with eight men. We don't know much about it. They sail away and then they don't come back, and we watch for 'em and they don't come, and then after a while we give up watch-



FISHING SMACKS.

ing for 'em, all but the women. That's Thacher's Island off there, where you see them two light-houses."

"Oh, is that where Parson Avery was wrecked?" asked Nathan.

"When was that?"

"Ever so long ago. When was it, papa?"

"It was in 1635. Yes, Thacher's Island was named from Anthony Thacher, who told that sorrowful story that Mr. Bruce read to us yesterday evening. Can we see Norman's Woe from here?"

"No, sir, it lies off there, round that point of land. Have you been there? Have you seen Rafe's Crack?"

"We are going this afternoon," said Mr. Bodley, "and I think we must start pretty soon, too, if we want to get there. Rafe's Crack did you say?"

"Yes, sir; some folks call it Rafe's Chasm. I like the old name. I'd go with you, but my old bones are rather stiff. Going to walk?"

"Yes, we thought we could keep along the edge of the cliff."

"Well, you can, but it's pretty rough walking. There's a road, if you want to try it."

"Oh, we're good for walking. My children are used to that."

"That's a good idee, sir. It won't do 'em any harm. I don't walk myself very much; sailors don't generally. But just you see that they walk in the way of the Lord, sir. No offense. Take an old sea-captain's word for it."

"Thank you," said Mr. Bodley, smiling and taking the old sa't's hand. "Now we must say good-by, but whom shall I say good by to?"

"Captain Sanderson, sir, at your service."

"I am Mr. Bodley, of Boston, and this is the Bodley family."

"Well, good-by to you, Mr. Bodley, and I wish the Bodley family good luck."

"Good-by!" shouted the children, as they scampered down the hill-side, leaving Captain Sanderson to limp into his little house, where he watched the party through his spy-glass.

It was a long walk to Norman's Woe and Rafe's Chasm, but it was such a wild scene all the way, after they got into the woods and could look off and down upon the sea, that the children were full of excitement. They stood at length upon the cliff and looked off upon the savage rock that rose like a whale's back near the shore, a white line of breakers showing where the ledge united it with the mainland. The waves dashed up upon it, flung high into the air, and from the hollow caves the water rushed out again. There was something singularly weird and untamed about this barren rock, and to the children it was made more terrible by the poem which they had read before they left their home. Mrs. Bodley knew that they would see Norman's Woe, so she had read to them the poem lately written by the poet Longfellow; and now, standing on the cliff, while the sea roared below, Nathan, taking off his cap, recited the poem, gesturing much and pointing now and then at the scene of the mournful disaster, while the rest of the company stood about him in a semicircle.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.



The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,

"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,
Oh say what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light;
Oh say what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

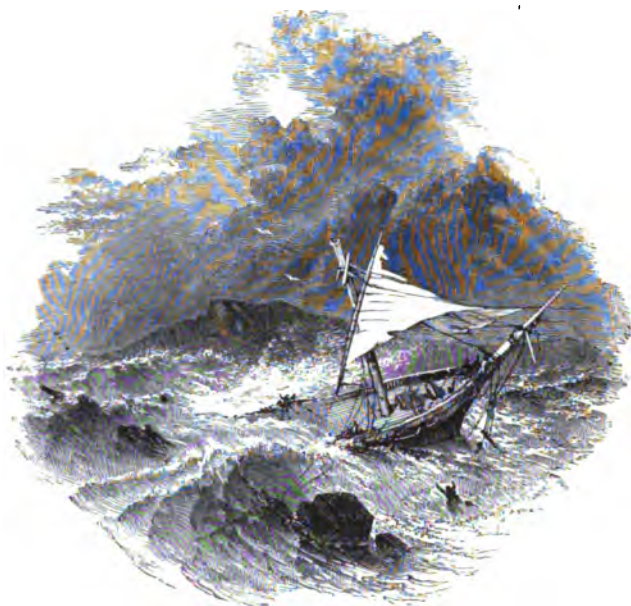
The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;

THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS.

Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho, ho ! the breakers roared !



At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,



To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

"The place is down on the old maps as Norman's Oh, and it is called so in many papers," said Mr. Bodley.

"Norman's Oh, Norman's Woe," said Ned, repeating the words. "Uncle Charles, I have an idea ! That is n't Woe at all, and when they spelled it Oh they were nearer the mark. You know I've been studying Danish a little. Well, island, in the Norse tongue, is Oe, and Norman's Oe is the Norseman's Island."

"You're a little too fast, Ned, like a good many young philologists. Is Norman the Danish or the Norse for Northman or Norseman ?"

"Yes, Norman or Normand."

"But who gave it the name ? If Englishmen, why should they call it by a Norse name ? If Norsemen, who were they, and how came the name to stick to a rock without any Norsemen about to keep it alive ?"

"Could n't the Northmen have named it ?"

"They might have named it anything they chose, but unless they painted the name in big letters on it, I am afraid it would not have held. The Northmen when they came went away again, and no

English people came for six hundred years. The Indians would never have kept the name for them. No, depend upon it, somebody by the name of Norman was wrecked there long ago. Don't you remember that in Thacher's Narrative, which Mr. Bruce read to us, he says he named the island on which he was wrecked Thacher's Woe? So you see they were used to giving that sorrowful name. Now for Rafe's Crack or Rafe's Chasm."

It was not very far from where they stood to the singular fissure in the rocks which bore this name. They drew to the edge of the chasm and looked cautiously over the edge. The crack was not over ten feet in width, but they looked down to a depth of sixty feet or more, and watched the water swirling at the base, rushing two hundred feet into the dark recesses of the ledge. There was a thundering of the sea in that pent-up chamber, and the children were fascinated by the changing colors, from delicate sea-green to the foamy white of the breaking water. It rushed round a great rock that lay at the bottom of the chasm, and every now and then there was quiet and stillness as the water receded from its blow and lay for a moment as if exhausted by its struggle. The rough rocks of the ledge made it easy to have a secure footing, yet they were each half afraid of the place, and all drew a long breath as they left the chasm, walked through the woods to a road, and so by another and a longer path made their way back to Gloucester.

CHAPTER X.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

THURSDAY morning found the Bodleys refreshed by their sleep, though they all declared that they had lain awake half the night listening to the booming of the waves on the beach near by.

"I think there's a storm brewing," said the landlord, "but I don't believe you'll get it before this afternoon."

"Then I'm afraid we must give up the drive round the cape," said Mr. Bodley. "We should like to have driven round by Rockport and Pigeon Cove, but we must make Rowley this afternoon, and I don't care to drive in the rain." There were no very apparent signs of rain yet, but the landlord professed to know a storm was coming by the sound of the waves on the shore. So when breakfast was over the horses were brought and the party started on the road to Essex.

"Papa," said Nathan, who was sitting on the front seat with his father and Martin, and occasionally taking lessons in driving, "this is a pretty good span that I am driving. I think we ought to have names for them."

"They call them Tom and Dick," said Martin.

"Ned's horse ought to be Harry, then," said Mr. Bodley. "But you can name them over again, Nathan, if you don't like their names. What will you call them?"

"I think Time and Tide would be good names," said Mrs. Bodley.

"But they're both going," said Nathan, "and, besides, they stand without tying."

"Oh, I named them so because they are so swift and so prompt."

"I know why," said Phippy. "Time and Tide wait for no man."

"To be sure!"

"Hoh! I did n't know you meant that," said Nathan. Time and Tide trotted steadily over the road. The children played at traveling whist, and Ned was very efficient driving cocks and hens from one side of the road to the other in the most obliging manner and very impartially, for he said he was on both sides of the game. They saw two boys swinging in a birch-tree, and as they drove away from the sea they still could descry glittering white sand, and, as they thought, white sails upon distant blue water; for the whole coast thereabout is broken by marshes, estuaries, and creeks.

"I should n't wonder if we saw some ship-building at Essex," said Mr. Bodley, "or at least the building of schooners and brigs."

"But Essex is n't on the water, is it?" asked Nathan.

"It has a river that flows into the sea, and the boat-building goes on by that. It used to be more famous once than now for building ships."

"I'd like to see a real man-of-war," said Phippy, "like the Royal George or the Great Harry."

"Ah," said Mrs. Bodley, "I suppose you are thinking of the description of the Great Harry, —

"With bows and stem raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that frown
From some old castle looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.'



SWINGING ON A BIRCH.

You will hardly see anything like that at Essex, and the carving-knife at home, made from the wreck of the Royal George, will have to answer."

"Did you ever see a ship built, Martin?" asked Nathan.

"No, I never saw a ship built, but I've helped to build one."



The Great Harry.



Hauling Wood for a Ship.

“ Why, how could you ? ”

“ Oh, I ’ve hauled wood that went to make a ship, I guess, up in the country where I lived.”

“ I should n’t wonder,” said Lucy, “ if we should see in Essex the



The Master and the Builder.

very ship that Martin helped to build.” They were now in sight of the village, and as they drove into the high road and crossed the bridge over the Essex River, sure enough, there were half a dozen vessels in process of building, and it was a lively scene to see the

men hammering and sawing and hoisting and fitting. They drove leisurely along, and when they came to the end of the bridge and near the ship-yards, Mr. Bodley stopped the horses, and all got out to get a nearer view of the work. They saw a couple of men standing together, one much older than the other, and looking at something that the older man held. They drew near curiously, and the pair looked up. It was a model of a vessel which they were examining. They bowed, and Mr. Bodley accosted them.

"Good morning. I am driving with my children through Essex County, and we stopped to see the ship-building. The children have never seen anything of the sort. May we walk about?"

"And welcome," said the man. "Joe, here, will show you about. Joe's my son, and is building that brig over yonder."

"You are a builder, too, are you not?"

"Yes, I've built a good many ships in my day. I build them still, but I like the modeling best, and I do a bit at carving of figure-heads now and then."

"Don't you remember Deacon Drowne?" whispered Phippy to Lucy, for they had been reading Hawthorne's story.

"I carved a figure-head of my daughter once," said the old man proudly. "They say the hair was done first-rate; but here, Joe, you take these folks over to the brig and show them about." They followed Joe and watched with interest all that he could show them. Especially were they curious to see the men caulking the seams. They drove their wedges into the seams and forced them into a still



A Figure-head.

greater width and then pressed the oakum in and drove it farther with mallets and caulking-irons.

"But where are the masts and sails?" asked Nathan.

"Oh," said Joe, "we don't put in the spars till after a vessel is



Caulking the Seams.

launched, and we shan't have a launch here for three or four weeks."

"I wish we could come back this way and see the brig launched," said Nathan.

"Perhaps we shall have a chance to see a ship launched in Newburyport," said his father.

"Likely enough, sir," said Joe. "There's a good deal of build-

ing going on there just now, though not as much as there used to be. Did you come from Boston?"

"We came from Roxbury," said Nathan.

"Well, I should think you could see ships enough there, and see some ship-building in the Navy Yard at Charlestown."

"It's too near, Joe," said Mr. Bodley, smiling. "People never know very much about what is nearest to them. By the way, where is it that Rufus Choate was born? I believe he was born in Essex."

"It was down on an island at the mouth of the river, I believe. I've never been down that way. I'd like to hear Rufus Choate speak. There are lots of Choates down in this part of the county."

"But not many Rufuses. Come, children, we must drive ahead of that storm that's coming up. We're much obliged to you, Joe."

The family all clambered into the carry-all again, and Time and Tide trotted off, bound for Ipswich. But they made one more halt, for not a great way beyond Essex they came upon an old rope-walk where much of the cordage was made that was



The Rope-walk.

used in rigging the craft built in Essex, and as the children had never seen a rope-walk, they all got out once more and went in, and watched the men walking backward and forward weaving the hempen strands.

The drive to Ipswich was a pleasant one, or would have been if the dust had not been blown about furiously, for the storm was drawing nearer, and seemed to drive the carry-all itself. Mr. Bottom frisked along the road, and Time and Tide seemed to feel the electricity in the air, for they put their heads down and Martin had hard work to hold them. A few drops fell as they crossed the stone bridge, and when they drove up to the door of the Agawam House, the rain was beginning to patter fast. It was pleasant to get out of the storm and step into the roomy house. The wind blew through the halls, the doors slammed, and the trees outside tossed heavily about, but they were all under shelter. The horses were stalled, and as the Bodley family had their bags with them, why, they could stay as long as they wanted to.

"We might stay in a worse place," said Ned, looking at the pleasant rooms and noticing on how high a hill the house stood.

"Well, Ned, we shall camp here till to-morrow, I think," said his uncle. Rooms were soon made ready for them, and they sat down to dinner shortly. There happened to be but few people staying then in the house, so that the children could roam about freely. They played games and read their story-books, and wondered why Cousin Ned would shut himself up in his room and refuse to come out. The mystery was solved after tea when Ned turned to their mother, and said, —

"Aunt Sarah, have you thought about home to-day?"

"Not much, Ned, for the best part of my home is here."

"Nurse Young is n't," said Lucy.

"No," said Ned, "nor the revolving clothes-dryer in the garden back of the house. I have been thinking of it to-day, ever since we were in Essex. I could n't help having a feeling of pity for it."

"Why, what's happened?" said Nathan, incredulously.

"Do you want to know? Listen, and I will read the story I have written this afternoon about it." Lucy clapped her hands, and they all listened as Ned read in the twilight, while the storm raged without, the story of

THE HAPPY CLOTHES-DRYER.

In a forest in Maine once stood two pine-trees, side by side. One was tall, straight, and tapered so toward the top that its head was never still, but always trembled in the air. The other was short, not very well formed, indeed, somewhat scraggy, but for all that very good-natured. Tall and Short were their names, and the names fitted them excellently; it was as if they had been given them after they grew up. There had once been a great many pines in this forest, but the lumbermen had come winter after winter and cut them down and dragged them to the river near by, and now there were very few left. Tall and Short often talked over the matter, and wondered when their turn would come.

"Why do they not come to cut us down?" said Tall. "I am fearful lest we stay here always."

"Nonsense," said Short. "That is impossible. What! leave you here! No, depend upon it, Tall, they are waiting for some especially beautiful ship to be built, and then they will cut you

down and send you down the river, to be the mainmast. Do you hear, Tall? The mainmast! you'll be a mainmast yet!"

"It would be terrible to grow old here," said Tall. "I remember an old pine that finally fell to the ground and lay for years crumbling on the earth."

"Aye, aye," said Short, "and shiver my timbers if the ants did not make a nest of his trunk. Messmate! Heh!"

"Well," said Tall, who was used to his friend's way of talking, for Short was always fancying himself at sea.

"I think I heard a Nor'easter last night."

"I felt the wind blowing, too, and it made my head tremble to think what it must be to be sailing over the ocean."

"Aye, aye, my hearty. When the mainsail bellies, and the yards are squared, won't it be fine! I say, do you know what I wish?"

"I can guess."

"I'll tell you first. I wish for you to be the mainmast of the greatest ship, and for me to be the top-gallant yard. Heh! won't that be fine? Then I can see your head.

'Do, my Johnny Boker, do!'

And Short pretended to chanty a sailor's song. The wind blew, and the storm came, and Tall and Short felt the rage about them, but each thought of the blue ocean, and wondered how it would be when they were sailing over it. The spring passed and the summer. The birds came into the branches of the pines and told them again and again of what they had seen on the shore where the waves broke upon the rocks.

"We did not dare fly away from land; it is so wild out there.

Oh, do not leave this safe forest to be tossed on the terrible sea! Stay here, and let us build our nests in you." But Tall waved his head and longed to feel the salt air playing about it, and to be alone with only the stars above and the ocean below; and Short, square and rolling, sang, —

"An' away, my Johnny boy, we're all bound to go!"

The autumn came, and then the cold winter, and again the lumbermen came and had their camp, and this time they cut down the two pines and trimmed their branches, and dragged them to the river.

"The tall one will make a royal fine mast," they said. "We'll send the short one along with it for company."

"Away, you rollin' river,"

sang Short as the two pines, lashed together with many other logs, went driving down the river in the early spring, when the ice broke up.

"Ah, friend," said Tall, "it really has come at last. We shall not grow old and fall and crumble in the forest."

"Belay there!" cried Short; "who's talking of crumbling? I'll stick by you, messmate, and we'll have fine times out on the rolling deep!"

"I hope we shall not be separated," said Tall.

"Trust me for that," said his comrade, cheerily. "I'll stick by you."

But they were separated. They went indeed together to the ship-yard, and Short looked on as he saw Tall shaved and polished and raised to his place as mainmast in the good ship Swiftsure.

"Good-by, old fellow, for a little while," he sung out. "You'll

know me, when I'm a yard. You'll know me by my voice. I'll sing, —

‘ Oh, Reuben was no sailor:
Ranzo, boys, O Ranzo!’ ”

And Short sang the song, chorus and all, and watched his friend, tall and slender and straight as when they were in the forest together, while he now lay flat on his back in the ship-yard. But by and by he was taken too and stripped of his bark and shaved.

“ Come, now, this is something like,” said he. “ Ahoy there, Tall!” but Tall was out of sight and hearing, for the Swiftsure was sailing across the ocean. Short began to feel queerly, for men sawed him and hacked at him and bored holes in him, but he kept on singing, —

“ You hear of Reuben Ranzo,
Ranzo, boys, O Ranzo!”

and wondering what was coming next. For a long while he was in darkness, and was dragged here and there. He took naps to pass away the time, and when he woke up, if it was dark, he'd call out, “ Four bells! I'll turn in again.” But at length it was broad daylight, and he was in the open air. He felt himself handled, and placed upright.

“ Ha!” said he, “ this is something worth while; they're stepping me; I'm a mast! What's this? Yards fastened to me! Well done! I a mast! Ahoy, there, Tall. Perhaps I'm going to be mizzen mast on the Swiftsure!” Short was alive with excitement, but he could not see or hear Tall, though he sang, —

“ Oh Reuben was no sailor:
Ranzo, boys, O Ranzo!”

“ No! what, a mainmast myself? Ha, this must be a sloop. Perhaps it's a yacht, and I shall sail after Tall! It's a yacht!” Short

could scarcely contain himself. He felt himself driven firmly in. He caught a glimpse of blue water below him. He saw ropes, and presently sails stretched on either side.

"All hands on that main brace, now," he cried, exultingly; and presently the wind blew and the sails began to move.

"Bless me!" he cried. "I'd no idea it was like this! Why we go round and round! Why don't the waves rock? But no matter. Hurrah!"

'Aha! I'm bound A W A Y
Across the broad Atlantic!'"

Short's voice rose higher and higher, as the wind blew and the sails filled, and round and round they went. He sang so loud that he did not hear Nathan, who stood by the horse-trough, say, —

"How our new clothes-dryer does spin about. See, Phippy, the sheets and towels and clothes are like so many sails."

"It's a windmill," said Phippy.

"No," said Lucy, "it's a ship like Uncle Elisha's Swiftsure." Short heard the last words, for he had stopped singing a moment, and he was wild with delight.

"Aye, aye," he cried, "I'm here my hearties.

'Oh, do me, Johnny Boker, the wind is blowin' bravely!
Do me, Johnny Boker, do!'"

And round and round he went. He was nothing but a clothes-dryer by the trough? and Tall was on the Swiftsure hundreds of miles away on the great ocean? Hush! don't say that aloud. Hark!

"Oh, Reuben was no sailor:
Ranzo, boys, O Ranzo!"

The children were very much surprised to find themselves in the story at the end. They remembered having that very conversation;

and now to find it in a real story written by Cousin Ned was truly wonderful. So they sat and talked about ships and sailors and shipwrecks, until Mrs. Bodley said it would never do for them to go to bed without some music to charm away the shipwrecks, and as there was a piano in the room, they gathered about it and sang, " Bless you, Burnie Bee : " —



Bless you, Burnie Bee.

Andantino. Music by CHARLES MOULTON.

Bless you, bless you, Burnie Bee! Tell me where my true love be, Be she east, or be she west,

Seek the path that she loves best; Go and whisper in herear That I ever think of her, Tell her all I

have to say Is about our wedding-day; Burnie Bee, no longer stay, Take your wings and fly a-way.

It may have been the pretty song, or it may have been the dying away of the storm that lulled them to sleep. At any rate the children slept soundly all night, and came down merrily to breakfast the next morning, though the rain had not yet ceased. But the sky was lighter, and every one said that it would clear before eleven. And so it did. The clouds broke, the blue sky peeped out, then the sun shone, and now Time and Tide and Mr. Bottom stood at the door. Cousin Ned gave his seat to Nathan, and off started the cavalcade, on their way to Newburyport.

"I suppose I can get dinner at Rowley?" said Mr. Bodley to the landlord of the Agawam, as they were driving away.

"Oh yes," he replied, "you'll get a good dinner at Smith's Tavern. The same family has kept that house for two or three genera-

tions. It's right on Rowley Common." They drove off in fine spirits. The air was sweet and fragrant after the storm, and there was no longer any dust to trouble them. So they bowled along over the road, and were almost sorry to come suddenly upon Rowley Common. There was a quaint old house at the beginning of the Common, with a pretty porch, and the roof sloping behind, almost to the ground. A child was playing in the porch, and Lucy hoped this was Smith's Tavern. But it was not. That was farther along on the side of the Common and bore a sign over the door, "Eagle House."

"This can't be it," said Nathan, as he saw Martin stopping. "This is the Eagle House." But there was no other inn to be seen; and when Nathan asked if they would please direct him to Smith's Tavern, in Rowley, the man who came to the door laughed, and said he rather guessed they were there. It was a quiet, pretty old town. The Common was shaded with trees, and only now and then a wagon passed lazily along.

"You'd hardly think," said the man, with whom Mr. Bodley talked after dinner, "that Rowley was much of a place now, would ye? But we had a big celebration here a few years ago, in '44. We had all the country round here. But that was n't anything to what I saw when I was a boy about as big as this youngster, here," clapping Nathan on the back. "You would n't think this much of a ship-building place, I suppose, eh?"

"Not up here," said Mr. Bodley, laughing; "but I suppose you build down on Rowley River."

"You think we don't build ships here, sir? Well, I remember a ship launch up here on Rowley Common."

"What! did the water ever come up here?"

"No, but Captain Burly did. He was a great man about here. He was born down in that house you passed on the left, just as you came to the Common. He was a mighty smart man. Why, that fellow had command of a merchant vessel before he was twenty-one, and that meant something in those days. It meant that he was a merchant as well as a captain. He carried his cargo to the East Indies and sold it, and bought a cargo and brought it home. It took a good deal to make a captain in those days. Well, he had about the most iron-bound will of any man that was ever born, I guess. He had thirteen children. I knew 'em; stiff, unyielding men and women that knew their minds and could stand up to anybody. I never saw their like, but they bent like reeds before Captain Burly. Captain Burly wanted a ship, and he said he was n't going down to the river to build it. He'd build it by his own door on Rowley Common. People laughed at him, and said they guessed Captain Burly was one too few this time; but the more they said the more he stuck to it. And he built it, sir: he did. I was a little shaver, but I remember it. The people shook their heads, and some said he was Noah building an ark; and others said he was Robinson Crusoe that built his boat and could n't launch it; but the old man knew better. When he was all ready, he went and hired all the oxen in the country round. Yes, sir, he had a hundred yoke of oxen here, and he hitched 'em to the vessel, and by the jumping gingerbread he hauled it down to the water. Pretty much all the country was there to see it. Fact."

"That will do for our ship-building, Thanny," said his father, laughing. "I'm afraid we shan't see any such sight in Newburyport."

"But we shall see a launch?" said the boy.

"I hope so."

CHAPTER XI.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND TOWN.

AFTER dinner on this pleasant Friday afternoon they left Smith's Tavern at Rowley, and drove by quiet roads toward Newburyport. The way led through meadows and by wide farms. They passed an old man sitting under a tree and making arrows for a barefooted boy, who stood by him bow in hand. They crossed the River Parker upon an old stone bridge, and read the inscription upon the stone by its side. Then they climbed the hill and found themselves in old Newbury. Their chief excursion in Newbury was to see the Garrison-house, as it was called; and turning down a lane, they drove, beneath an avenue of trees, to the Pierce farm, a collection of buildings, most conspicuous of which was the old house, built of rubble and brick, with a deep bay or porch two stories high, very different from anything they had seen in any of the houses on their journey.

"There is little doubt that it had something to do with defense," said Mr. Bodley, "though I believe that some say there never was a garrison here, but that powder was stored in the building, perhaps in this part of it. We'll believe all we can of it, and especially the story that there was an explosion here years ago, when the front of the house was blown out in the night, and an old negro woman, who was asleep in her bed, was carried, bed and all, and lodged in an apple-tree near by. We might keep that story to believe when we have decided whether or not the place was a post of defense against the Indians."

It was not very far now to Newburyport, and the children were

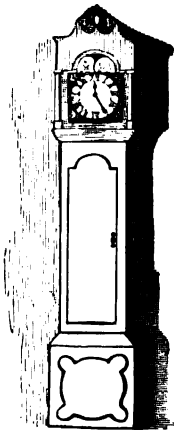


MAKING ARROWS.

half eager to get there, half timid over their expected meeting with Aunt Lucy Sewall. Miss Sewall was not their real aunt, nor was she their mother's aunt. She was an old lady who had been a dear friend of their mother, and so Sarah Bodley when a little girl had always called her Aunt Lucy ; after she was married and had children of her own she told them about Aunt Lucy, and often hoped to take them to see her. She named little Lucy after Aunt Lucy Sewall ; but Aunt Lucy never left her old home now, and the children had never been to Newburyport to see her. So when this excursion was planned, Aunt Lucy had written, begging them to come and stay in her great house. She had room for them all, for Cousin Ned and Martin as well, and Time and Tide and Mr. Bottom could find ample quarters in her stable. She was the only one left of a large family, and lived alone in the family mansion. Somehow the children had heard and talked so much about Miss Sewall and her great house that they were half afraid to go. It was on High Street, and they found that they were already on the street when they were driving through old Newbury. They turned a corner, just as the street did, and saw now that they were upon the side of a hill, and that streets ran down from it to the river ; while on the left, upon the upper slope of the hill, was a succession of great square houses, with orchards and gardens behind them, and lawns sloping down to High Street. The children fell to guessing which house was Aunt Lucy's ; but they were not long left in doubt, for Mr. Bodley told Martin to drive up an avenue, shortly, that led between two of the houses, and halted before a stable. The side door of the house stood open, inviting them ; and Ned dismounted, gave Mr. Bottom to a man, helped the family out of the carry-all, and carried in the bags and parcels which contained the travel-

ing equipment of the party. It was Friday afternoon, and they expected to stay at Miss Sewall's hospitable house until Monday.

The house was quite as grand as the children had fancied. A broad hall led through it, and a broad staircase, of easy ascent and three landings, took them to the chambers they were to occupy. They looked curiously at the wainscoting and the old portraits and the carved balustrades. There were three supports at each stair, and each of the three differed from the others. Upon one of the landings stood a tall clock, and an inscription upon a plate of brass



told how the clock had been given a hundred years before by one chief justice of the Province to another, his successor. But the rooms into which the children were conducted held their wonder most. Phippy and Lucy were to occupy one, Ned and Nathan another, and it was hard to say which was the larger room. A great four-poster stood in each, and old chests of drawers and wardrobes, with brazen claw-feet, held themselves in a dignified manner at the sides of the room, while square, formal chairs looked so solemn that the children only sat cautiously on the edges of

them. What delighted Phippy and Lucy most was an immense fire-place lined with pictured tiles. There were no andirons in it, nor any grate, but a large earthen fire-pot, filled ready for lighting. There was a date on the lintel of the fire-place and Phippy looked at it closely. Her eyes opened wide.

"Mamma!" said she, "just look at this. Why, it says 1511. This house must have been here before the Pilgrims landed." Mrs. Bodley laughed.

"I used to think so too, Phippy, when I was a little girl and came to see Aunt Lucy. I remember standing before this fire-place with my kitten, while the peat burned in the fire-pot, and puzzling myself over the inscription. It is in Dutch, but you can read the figures. Aunt Lucy's father brought it from Holland and had it built into the house. He had taken a fancy to it, and thought he should like it here. The fire in the pot was not enough to warm the room, except when there was but a little chill in the air. We might have liked it if we had been here in the cold storm last night."



A Dutch Fire-place.

When the children were dressed, they all went down the broad staircase again and entered the drawing-room, which was as large as both of the large rooms the children had occupied up-stairs. It was stately, and filled with paintings and old furniture, but the children could see nothing except the tall, venerable lady who came forward to meet them. She wore a cap and a snow-white kerchief, and made a courtesy in a formal, old-fashioned way. It was the remembrance of this courtesy that had led Mrs. Bodley to teach her children the pretty manners, and now Phippy and Lucy dropped their little courtesies, and Miss Sewall smiled with a pleased sense of the little ladies before her. She sat down and called the

children to her. Of course she knew their names, and when she had spoken to each, she let them go ; but Lucy she detained, and drew her to her side.

"So this is my little Lucy," she said, and stroked her hair. Her wrinkled hand was soft, and though she seemed to Lucy very, very old, it was pleasant to nestle by her side. "Sarah," she said to Mrs. Bodley, "the child looks like your grandmother, and not like you or your mother."

"Is it not singular? We have grandmother's portrait at home, and every one remarks on the likeness."

"Your great-grandmother was a very lovely woman, Lucy," said Miss Sewall, and it seemed to Lucy as though the old lady must be very old indeed to have known her great-grandmother.

"Was she living in 1511?" asked Lucy, timidly. Miss Sewall laughed, a gentle, happy laugh.

"No, my dear; what made you think so?" But Lucy hung her head.

"She was thinking of the date on the old Dutch fire-place, I suppose," said her mother. "I told her how much I used to look at the pictures there when I was a child."

"And I too," said Aunt Lucy, "have many a time sat before it on my mother's knee, and had the stories of the tiles told me. Sarah, has Mr. Longfellow any children?"

"Yes, I think he has several."

"I knew it must be so. No one could have written those lines of his 'To a Child,' if he had not known a child in a familiar way;" and, to Lucy's delight, Miss Sewall took her into her lap and began in a low, musical voice half to repeat half to chant the verses:—

“Dear child! how radiant on thy mother’s knee,
 With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,
 Thou gazest at the painted tiles,
 Whose figures grace,
 With many a grotesque form and face,
 The ancient chimney of thy nursery!”



M. H. K. TELL, F. R. S.

The lady with the gay macaw,
 The dancing girl, the grave bashaw
 With bearded lip and chin;
 And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
 Beneath the imperial fan of state,
 The Chinese Mandarin.
 With what a look of proud command
 Thou shakest in thy little hand

The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune!
Thousands of years in Indian seas
That coral grew, by slow degrees,
Until some deadly and wild monsoon
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand!
Those silver bells
Reposed of yore,
As shapeless ore,
Far down in the deep-sunken well
Of darksome mines,
In some obscure and sunless place
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,
Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines!
And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and escape,
The tall ships passed the stormy cape;
For thee in foreign lands remote,
Beneath a burning, tropic clime,
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,
Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,
The fibres of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

"But lo! thy door is left ajar!
Thou hearest footsteps from afar!
And, at the sound,
Thou turnest round
With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one, who, in a foreign land
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise!
And restlessly, impatiently,
Thou strivest, strugglest to be free.
The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison walls to thee;

No more thy mother's smiles,
No more the painted tiles
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,
That won thy little, beating heart before;
Thou strugglest for the open door.

"Through these once solitary halls
Thy pattering footstep falls.
The sound of thy merry voice
Makes the old walls
Jubilant, and they rejoice
With the joy of thy young heart,
O'er the light of whose gladness
No shadows of sadness
From the sombre background of memory start."

"You must learn this and the remainder some day, Lucy. It is well for children to learn good poetry."

"Lucy is an apt learner," said her mother encouragingly, "and I mean that she shall use her memory. I can never thank you enough, Aunt Lucy, for teaching me to learn poetry when I was a child." The maid came in now and announced tea, and they all passed into the dining-room. Like the hall, this too was wainscoted to the ceiling, and the children walked wondering down the floor, for they never had had supper in so fine a room. The table bore old India china, and everything was of the daintiest; while old Miss Sewall, sitting at the head of the table with wax candles before her ready to be lighted when the dusk came on, was still to their eyes the most marvelous sight of all — she was so very, very old.

"So you are making a tour of Essex County, Mr. Bodley," she said, as with trembling hands she poured the tea. "I think you will not find it an easy matter to exhaust the county."

"Indeed I should not, Miss Sewall. I am only giving the chil-

dren an outside glimpse of it. When they are older, and read of so much in history and biography that had its beginning here, I hope they will remember something of their journey. I think there must have been a good deal of Essex in this house and in this room."

"Yes, Newburyport is not what it was before the fire and before the embargo. When I was a young girl here in my father's house, there was quite as good living here as in Boston. I like to see these fresh young faces about me at the table; but I was once young, and we had company in this old dining-room that will never be seen in Newburyport again."

"Were not the Tracys Newburyport people?"

"Yes, the Tracys and the Marquands and Tristram Dalton and many another. There was money enough here then. They tell the story of Nat Tracy, that he could ride from Newburyport to Virginia and sleep every night in his own house; and Tristram Dalton, who was the first Senator of the United States from Massachusetts, had a coach lined with satin and drawn by six white horses in which he made his wedding calls."

"You even had a lord here, had you not?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"Oh yes, we had Lord Timothy Dexter. After tea I will show a picture of him and of his house to the children." When they went back to the drawing-room, Miss Sewall found a homely print representing Lord Timothy Dexter's house with the statues standing on the gate and fence-posts, and one of Lord Timothy himself and his little dog. Dexter had died in 1806, but Miss Sewall remembered him well. She had often seen him in the streets, and she had heard the common talk about him. He was a man who was bred a leather-dresser, and in that occupation saved considerable money,



AUNT LUCY'S REMEMBRANCE OF A DINNER-PARTY.

which he increased by speculating in Continental paper money. He bought great quantities of it when no one believed it ever would be redeemed. But government assumed it, and Dexter became a very rich man. At that time Newburyport was perhaps, next to Boston, the most important city in New England, and Dexter went there to live. He bought a fine house, and made a great deal of the garden there. But he was an ignorant man, and a very silly, though cunning one. He thought that appearances made men great, and he began to style himself Lord Timothy Dexter. He spent a great deal of money in adorning his house; he bought books which he could not understand, and pictures which he did not love. He painted his house and gilded it, and put little fantastic houses on the roof, crowned with little brass balls, until it was, as people said, "as fine as a fiddle;" and upon pillars along the front of his garden he placed wooden images which bore the names of eminent men: there were figures of Indian chiefs, military generals, philosophers, politicians, statesmen; upon an arch in front of the house stood General Washington, with Jefferson on his left and Adams on his right, both with their hats off in honor of Washington. He had a statue of himself upon a column, and the inscription upon it read, "I am Lord of the East, Lord of the West, and the greatest Philosopher in the Western World."

He increased his wealth in curious ways. It seemed to people as if whatever he touched turned to gold, and that even his mistakes were more successful in bringing him wealth than other people's caution and wisdom. Some wag advised him to ship a cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies. It would appear as if one might as well send a ship-load of ice to the Esquimaux. But when the vessel reached the West Indies the captain, who was a quick-witted

man, took off the covers, fitted handles to them, and sold them for skimmers in sugar-making, while the pans themselves he sold for ladles. A rigger of one of his vessels called upon him for a large quantity of stay stuff; and Dexter, knowing no better, it was said, sent out and bought up all the whalebone in the country about. People laughed at him for his stupidity, but soon it turned out that nobody could get any whalebone except of Dexter, and he sold it all for such prices as he chose to ask.

He kept a great number of clocks and watches about his house, and spent a good deal of time winding them and regulating them. He named them all with special names, and talked to them as if they were alive, threatening to sell them if they did not behave well. Once he wrote a book called "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones," and as he said he never could punctuate to please people, he filled the last page with an assortment of commas, periods, semicolons and other marks, and told people to take their choice, and punctuate to suit themselves. Everybody laughed at him. The boys and girls went into his garden and ate his fruit, and cried, "Long live Lord Dexter;" and the idle men about town were not unwilling to drink his wine and eat his dinners, and laugh at him behind his back. After all, though he made money easily, he found out, as others have, that money could buy good things to eat, but not real respect.

The children heard the stories about Lord Dexter and many others that Miss Sewall told, and then left the older people below while they went up-stairs to sleep in their great rooms.

The next day was Saturday, and after breakfast they took a stroll through the town. They went down one of the streets that left High Street, and found themselves by the Merrimac River, among



THE SHIP LAUNCH.

the wharves and the ship-yards. There, to the joy of the whole party, they found a launch was just to take place. A great crowd had gathered in the ship-yard, and the fences were covered with men and boys who had clambered upon them. A track of timbers ran down to the water, under the ship, on either side of her keel. The ship did not rest directly on the track, but on what were called bilgeways, which were to carry her down the track at the proper moment. The ship was kept in position by blocks, and men stood with axes on either side, waiting to knock away the support. The word was soon given for this, and they began their work, but before the last block was struck the ship began to move. "There she goes!" everybody cried; the men jumped to one side and the ship coming down on the bilgeways, began to move down the track, first slowly, then faster and faster till she struck the water and threw it up about her. The crowd all cheered, and Nathan grew red in the face, he was so excited.

"Isn't that the grandest sight you ever saw?" he asked his father.

"There certainly are few grander, and I never miss a launch if I can help it. Just think how many years that beautiful ship may be sailing over the waters, carrying people from one place to another, and bringing us beautiful and useful things from England and France and Germany and Italy."

"I'd like to go in her," said Nathan.

"Well, I hope some day you may, and may see foreign cities and countries; but to see Europe well you ought to learn all about the place you live in in America first. I should be sorry to have you care more about London than Boston, though you would see vastly greater wonders there than at home. But now we will see some

more of Newburyport." Their walk brought them to a plain meeting-house, the First Presbyterian Church.

"Do you see that house on the left-hand side as you look down the street, at the side of the church?" asked Mr. Bodley. "That was where George Whitefield died, and in this church he was buried."

"Who was he?" asked Phippy.

"He was a very wonderful preacher whose home was in England, but who crossed the Atlantic a great many times to preach here in America. Thousands flocked to hear him, and some have said that there has never been since the apostles a man who changed the lives of so many men by his preaching. He died here in 1770. We'll see if we can't get into the church, for I have something to show you there." They tried the house next to the church and found that the sexton was not there; but the sexton's wife was there, and taking the key, let them into the building.

"Come first into the gallery," said Mr. Bodley, and they all followed him, wondering what was to be seen there. He took them all into one corner, and then said, —

"Now you must all stay here, while Phippy and I go to the other side. Come, Phippy." She followed her father to the farthest corner of the other gallery, so that they were as far as they possibly could get from the rest.

"Now, Nathan," Mr. Bodley called out, loudly, "stand with your head close to the corner of the two walls and see what you can hear." Then he whispered to Phippy, "Phippy, put your mouth to this corner and speak gently to Nathan." Phippy turned about, and stood much wondering, as she had been told.

"What shall I say to him, papa?" she asked.

"Why, I heard Phippy speak," shouted Nathan, much excited.

"Very well," cried his father; "now do you speak to Phippy;" and Phippy put her ear to the corner and heard Nathan say, after a pause, —

"Hallo, Phippy, how do you do?"

"Did you hear me?" shouted Nathan.

"Yes, indeed."

"Why, I did n't speak any louder than this;" but how loudly he spoke Phippy could not possibly tell, for she could hear nothing. Then the others tried, and the children ran back and forth, amusing themselves with this Whispering Gallery.

"There, Nathan," said his father, "you have read of the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's in London, but this is nearly as fine, so you see you need only to go to Newburyport to hear Phippy when she whispers. It will not be necessary to take the ship we just saw and sail to London."

"Is this the church that Whitefield preached in?" asked Ned, as they went down-stairs.

"Yes, here is the monument erected to his memory, and I think I have heard that he was buried here."

"Buried under the church?"

"Yes, sir," said the sexton's wife, who had some keys in her hand, and led them to the pulpit, where she pointed at the tablet, on which they read that the remains of Rev. George Whitefield lay under that spot. "Would you like to see the remains, sir?"

"See the remains!" exclaimed Ned; "you don't mean to say that you have the coffin in a vault here, and one can go down into the vault?"

"Yes, sir;" and the woman proceeded to lift up a trap-door and

going down a pair of stairs, she lighted a gas-light there. Ned followed her curiously, — there was room only for one or two, — but came up presently. There was a card upon the inner side of the trap-door, with the words on it

“PLEASE REMEMBER THE SEXTON.”

Ned fumbled in his pocket for a piece of silver and handed it without a word to the woman. He motioned the rest away and whispered to his uncle, —

“It says ‘Remember the Sexton,’ but I wish I could ‘Forget the Remains.’ Uncle, this is an abomination.” But he would not tell the children what he had seen. He only kept muttering, as they left the church, “To think of it in a Christian city!”

CHAPTER XII.

A FRIEND NOT AT HOME.

THERE still remained one afternoon before Sunday, and Mr. Bodley asked at the dinner-table how far it was to Amesbury.

“I think it is an easy drive of five or six miles,” said Miss Sewall. “What takes you to Amesbury, Mr. Bodley?”

“This is our pilgrimage, you know, and I don’t think our excursion would be quite complete without a visit to a Poet’s home. The children have learned much of Mr. Longfellow’s and Mr. Whittier’s poetry, and I want to take them to see Mr. Whittier’s house, and

perhaps Mr. Whittier himself. I think he will welcome us. You know he is a Friend.

"Is he your friend?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, and yours; he is the friend of all whom he can help in any way. But those people call themselves Friends whom the world calls Quakers. There used to be a good many in this part of the country."

"And very excellent people they were," said Miss Sewall. "Some of my father's best associates were Friends. I have never met Mr. Whittier, but I should not be afraid to."



John Greenleaf Whittier.

"That is a high compliment to pay a poet," laughed Mr. Bodley. "I think it means a great deal."

"Essex County is both the home and the field of poets," said Miss Sewall. "I suppose because it is so old a part of the country and because the sea washes it. Traditions grow up and adventures occur that make fine subjects for poets."

"Yes, and people sail away from these seaport towns and bring back stories of other places, so that the outside world comes in to feed the imagination."

"In my younger days," said Aunt Lucy, "when Newburyport was more of a place than it now is, we depended a great deal on what came in by the ships. I remember — to be sure it was not such a very great while ago — when anthracite coal was introduced here. One of our captains came back from Philadelphia and brought for ballast about thirty tons of coal. He told the merchant that they used this to burn in Pennsylvania, and the merchant carried it home to his wife, and asked her to try it.

“ ‘Impossible!’ said she; ‘these are nothing but black stones: they can’t burn.’ But to please her husband, the next morning she made up a good wood fire, and when there was a bed of hot cinders she put a few pieces of coal on top. When the merchant came home at noon, she took him into the kitchen, triumphantly.

“ ‘There!’ said she, ‘did I not tell you so? Look at that wonderful stone that was to burn!’ Sure enough, all that could be seen was that the coal was a little white where it had rested on the cinders. The husband saw the captain after dinner and told him of their experiment. ‘Oh,’ said the captain, ‘you can’t burn it in that way; you must burn it in a grate,’ and he explained how it was used. So back went the merchant to his wife and told his story.

“ ‘But we have no grate,’ said she. ‘The nearest thing is a gridiron. I’ll try that if you say so;’ and so they made up a hot fire and put the coals on a gridiron and tried to broil them. But it was of no use, and the merchant grew tired of his experiment by that time. There was an old cellar which he wanted to fill, so he had all the coal carted from his ship and dumped into the cellar, covered with earth and planted with grass seed. There it is now, but just where the spot is I believe nobody knows.”

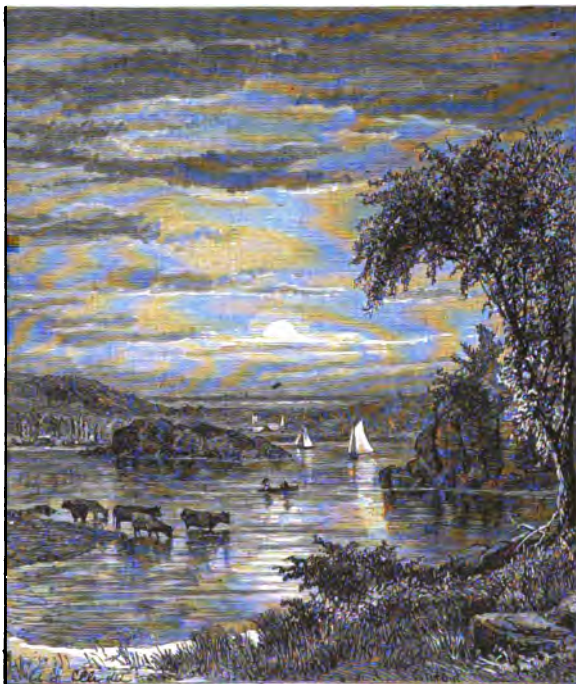
“Some day,” said Ned, “I suppose the coal will be dug up by chance, and people will think they have discovered a coal mine.”

When dinner was over the horses were brought to the door and the party drove along High Street, making their way to the river. They passed Lord Timothy Dexter’s house, on the left; but the statues had long since disappeared, and there was nothing of all the old ornaments left except a great gilt eagle upon the top of the house. They came to the chain bridge which carried them across

the Merrimac River, and then the road passed along the bank of that beautiful stream.

"There ought to be a castle on that hill," said Ned, "so as to make the scene picturesque."

"I should n't object to a ruined castle," said Mr. Bodley, "but a castle is very apt to mean robbery of some sort; and I think cattle in a stream and children in the house yard make the best accompaniment to a landscape. Some of these farms have been held by the families owning them ever since the day when the first settlers bought the land of the Indians. There is one such place, a few miles from New-



The Merrimac.

buryport, called Indian Hill Farm, which Major Benjamin Perley Poore has made lovely, filling the house with all manner of Indian and colonial curiosities, and building so many quaint additions to the original house that it comes as near, probably, to Ned's idea of a picturesque castle as anything about here. Perhaps on Monday, if we have time, we will stop there." They jogged along the road, and at length, turning off from the river road,

climbed the hill upon which Amesbury stands. They inquired of a little boy if he could tell them where Mr. Whittier lived.

"Yes, sir; he lives right here."

"But I mean," said Mr. Bodley, "in what house."

"Right here, sir," said the boy, pointing to the house before which the carriage was standing.

"What! this plain house?" said Mr. Bodley, a little disappointed. "It does not look much like a poet's house." And truly it was plain and unpretending enough.

"But we mustn't stand staring at it," he added. "I think I will get out and ask Mr. Whittier if he would like to see three children and their parents." He went to the door and rang, but when the bell was answered, to the great disappointment of all, the poet was not at home. The attendant saw the eager faces of the children in the carriage and said:—

"I am sure Mr. Whittier will be disappointed. Perhaps the children would like to see the room where Mr. Whittier writes his poems." This was kind, and if they could not see the bird,—the wood-thrush of Essex,—they could at least see the nest. So they all left the carriage and Mr. Bottom, and went up-stairs into Mr. Whittier's room.

"He is oftener in the house in winter," they were told. "Then, with a bright fire, the room is very pleasant; but in the summer Mr. Whittier is much away." They lingered about the place, but they could not bring the poet back, and must needs return to their carry-all and Mr. Bottom. They drove by a round-about way home, by pleasant roads, and whenever they met a tall gray man, the children would be very certain it was the poet.

"I am sorry we did not see him," said Mrs. Bodley.

“So am I,” said Mr. Bodley. “It is pleasant to see old houses and churches and ships and gardens and garrison-houses ; but after all, the best sight is a living man, when he is one who loves his fellow-men. I suppose one reason why all the old things we have seen on our trip have interested us is, that once just such living men have been in them, and



The Post in his Study in Winter.

because they lived such honest lives that a great nation has grown up from small seeds which they helped to plant.”

They spoke again of this when they were sitting after tea with Aunt Lucy.

“There is a quaint bit of writing,” said she, “by an old ancestor of mine, the first Judge Sewall, who wrote the “New Heaven upon the New Earth,” in 1697, in answer to objections that it was impossible for people to subsist here. My mother taught it to me, and her mother taught it to her. I am the last of the family, and I think I shall have to teach it to my little Lucy here. You shall learn it to-morrow, child, but I will repeat it first.” So Aunt Lucy, with her little godchild in her lap, recited the old-fashioned prediction : —

“As long as Plum Island shall faithfully keep the commanded Post ; Notwithstanding the hectoring words and hard Blows of the proud and boisterous Ocean ; As long as any Salmon or Sturgeon

shall swim in the streams of the *Merrimack*, or any Perch or Pickeril in *Crane Pond*; As long as the Sea Fowl shall know the Time of their coming, and not neglect seasonably to visit the Places of their Acquaintance; As long as any Cattel shall be fed with the Grass growing in the Meadows, which do humbly bow themselves before Turkie Hill; As long as any Sheep shall walk upon Old-Town Hills, and shall from thence pleasantly look down upon the River *Parker*, and the fruitful *Marishes* lying beneath; As long as any free and harmless Doves shall find a White Oak or other Tree within the Township, to perch, or feed, or build a careless Nest upon, and shall voluntarily present themselves to perform the office of Gleaners after Barley-Harvest; As long as *Nature* shall not grow Old and dote, but shall constantly remember to give the rows of Indian Corn their education, by Pairs; so long shall Christians be born there; and being first made meet, shall from thence be Translated to be made partakers of the Inheritance of the Saints in Light. Now, seeing the Inhabitants of Newbury, and of New England, upon the due Observance of their Tenure, may expect that their Rich and gracious LORD will continue and confirm them in the possession of these invaluable Privileges: *Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with Reverence and godly Fear, For our God is a consuming Fire.* Hebrews xii. 28, 29." Aunt Lucy's voice waxed eloquent as she recited the prophecy and its application, until she brought out "Hebrews xii. 28, 29" so vigorously that she herself gave a little laugh.

"It is years since I said it," she explained; "but when I learned it, I had before me the old text, and from the way it looked never could help associating Hebrews xii. 28, 29 with fire. My brother Henry used to scream those last words, and I said them as loud as I dared to."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DAY OF REST.

"I THINK Time and Tide and Mr. Bottom will be glad that Sunday has come," said Phippy the next morning.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Sewall. "They shall have a good rest, and we will take ours by going to church. We don't know what horses know about God, but we know for ourselves that rest does not mean only going to sleep. When we are told that there remaineth a rest for the people of God, we know that the rest is from anxiety and trouble and all the worries that come to us. So our day of rest is a day when we can live for a little while at least among pure and holy things, and it is a great help to this if we go to church and worship God."

The children listened, though they did not quite understand; but they were happy to take hold of their father's or mother's and Aunt Lucy's hand and walk by their side to the old church where Aunt Lucy was wont to go.

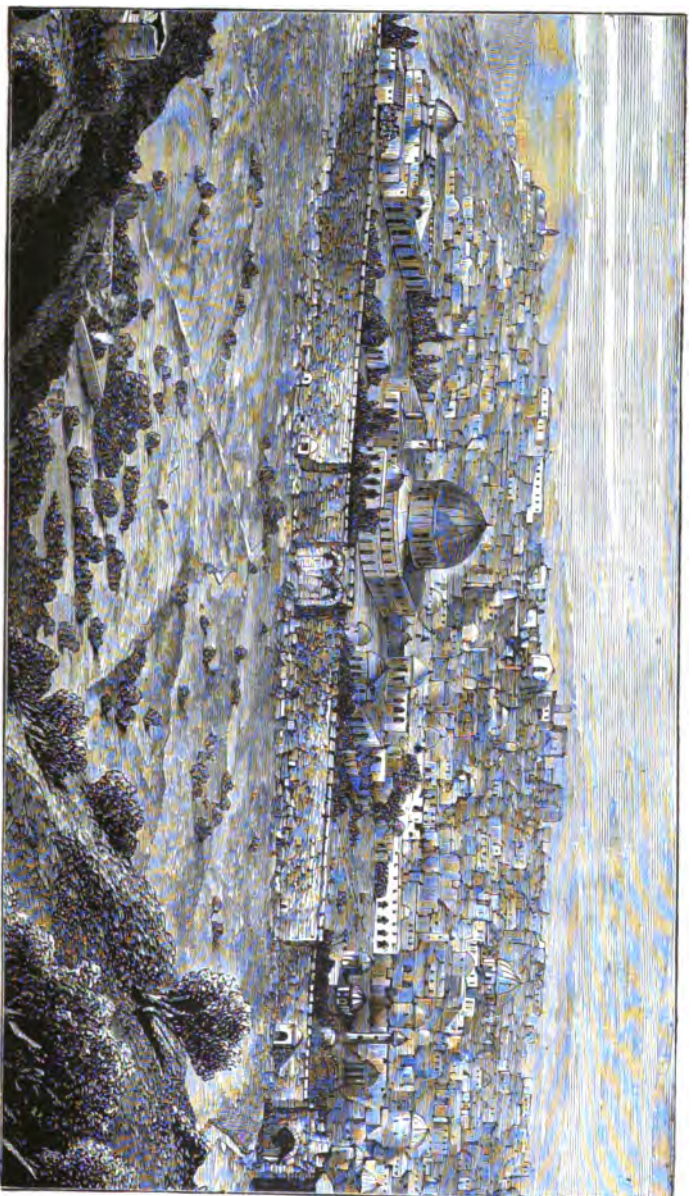
"How funny it seems to be going to church on Fourth of July," said Nathan.

"It would be a very good way of spending a part of every Fourth of July," said his father; "then perhaps we should remember better that it was not the Declaration of Independence that made us a nation, but God, who led our fathers to America long before that. I hope the minister will let us sing 'America' in church to the old tune of 'God save the King.'" The organ was playing that very tune as they went in, and soon the choir stood up to sing the hymn. The minister had not forgotten that it was the Fourth, and it really

looked too as if he had expected three more children to hear him this day, when he gave out his text from St. Luke ii. 51: "And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them; but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart." And this is the sermon that the minister preached: —

In our country, national holidays, like the Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday, are celebrated all over the land. In the cities shops are closed, and for a few hours the streets are unusually full of people, walking about and enjoying themselves in different ways; perhaps listening to orations, when they are reminded of the War of Independence, by which the country became a new nation. But in the small towns and villages also the days are celebrated in much the same way. The same kind of oration is given, and the people gather in the town hall or church, to hear the Declaration of Independence, or Washington's Farewell Address read. Usually, too, the minister offers prayer for the country, and devout men are reminded that the liberties which we enjoy are the gift of God.

Our oldest national holiday points back to a time less than a hundred years distant; but in Judæa, when our Lord was living, men were keeping a holiday, and had always kept it, which was nearly fifteen hundred years old. Fifteen hundred years before the Saviour appeared, the Jewish people had been delivered from their bondage in Egypt, and, under the lead of Moses, had gone up into Palestine, where they settled down and became a nation: under the lead of Moses, indeed, but really, as they well knew, led by the hand of God Himself, who called them His people, and chose to keep them separate from the rest of the world, giving them a



JERUSALEM.

special charge, and watching over them as a father cares for a dear child. They had led a grievous life in Egypt, and He wished them to remember always their deliverance from it, and that He had delivered them. Therefore He bade them keep, just before harvest-time, the Feast of Passover in remembrance of the day when they came out of Egypt; for on that day God smote the Egyptians with death, but *passed over* the houses in which the children of Israel lived.

They kept this feast ever after: when they were traveling through the wilderness, they kept it; and when they were established in the land which God gave them, they kept it there. It was a national feast, but it was also a religious one; and when the people served God most, doubtless they made the festival a time of peculiar thanksgiving; when they were corrupt, and forgot Him, they neglected the feast, or perhaps made it an occasion of sport and rioting. The festival was different, however, from ours, in this, that all the people, except the sick, the feeble, the children, and others who could not well travel, kept Passover Day, not where they happened to live, but in the city of Jerusalem, *the* city of the nation, where the Temple was in which they thought God especially dwelt. The time of the feast was just before harvest, and every one counted on going. It was the first of the three great Pilgrimage Festivals, as they are called,—the first after the winter, during which time no traveling was done. Thus there would be unusual bustle and excitement. People traveled in companies. Those who lived in one village knew how long it would take them to go up to Jerusalem; and as they must be there on a certain day, they would all start together, men and women, and children of twelve years and upward. They would move forward on the road

to Jerusalem, and soon would be joined by the people living in another village ; then by those in another ; and so, as the caravans drew nearer to Jerusalem, there would be a great crowd, all going in the same direction, camping at night in tents, or under the open sky, the people of each village probably keeping pretty much together.

Then, when they reached Jerusalem, houses would be open for their reception, the city would be crowded with a great mass of people, all bent on the same errand of a week's holiday, in which they worshiped at the Temple, and met with one another, greeting friends, and making merry. The city, too, overflowed its walls into the country about, and tents were pitched in the fields and valleys, and on hill-slopes ; so that the city and neighborhood must have presented a lively scene during the week in which the festival was held, and a confusing one too, when the week was over, and people went back to their various homes, — crowds starting at once on the high roads, and parties dropping off, day by day, as they came to their villages.

Every year, when this feast was held at Jerusalem, there were some who came up for the first time, — for children did not go until they had reached the age of twelve years ; and the first journey to Jerusalem, to keep the Passover, was a great event in life ; it seemed to make a boy think to himself, — Now I am a man ; I am one of the people, and I go up with the people to keep the great festival of the nation to which I belong.

Twelve years, then, after the birth of the child Jesus, at Bethlehem, he went up with his parents from Nazareth, where they were living, to Jerusalem, to keep the Passover. While there, they may have abode in one of the houses of the city, which were hospitably

thrown open during the feast, to receive strangers ; or they may even have encamped outside of the city, for it was the warm April time. Doubtless the week was spent by them in daily visits to the Temple, for worship. Thither went the devout, and about the sacred precincts gathered all who made the festival a holy one, and not merely a time of general mirth. Besides the Temple service, there were other reasons for resorting thither, — chief, that in the courts about the building the rabbis, or doctors of the law, were wont to sit and instruct people in the Scriptures. These were men whose occupation was to study the Law and the Prophets, and all the commentaries which men before them had made on these books ; and then they taught the people, answering their questions, and explaining to them what they were accustomed to hear read from the Bible. At such a time as this, many who came to Jerusalem no doubt took the opportunity to go into the schools and hear the famous doctors.

But when the feast was over, the people who had come up from the country made ready to return to their homes, for the busy season was before them. Out of the gates all day long streamed the great procession of men, women, children, and beasts, moving off, some by one road some by another, but all of one district going the same way, and those who had been separated during the feast coming together again, and making a large, confused company. The way at first led along through narrow defiles, and the great mass moving out of the city was full of disorder and hurry, — parties getting separated, beasts of burden losing their owners, and the way lively with the shouts and calls and bustle. .

However, all at such times looked forward to the first night's camping place for an opportunity to collect scattered companies,

and put affairs in order for the long journey home. Then those who had become separated from their friends in the confusion sought them out; neighbors banded together, and parties were made up for mutual comfort and aid. So it was that Joseph and Mary, traveling, most likely, with others from Nazareth, sought at evening for the child Jesus, who had somehow been out of their sight. They came upon one and another of their kinsfolk and neighbors, and the company in which they were to travel gradually settled down together; but still he was missing, whom they had brought up to the feast for the first time. One or another had seen him, but it had been in Jerusalem; they had not seen him since the company started.

We may think that much of the night was thus spent by the parents in their inquiry, growing uneasy as their search was in vain. At length they turned back from their neighbors and friends. It was plain that he was not in the camp; he could not be in advance, and they determined to go back to Jerusalem. On the way thither they were continually meeting fresh companies of people coming from the city. All day long the road was blocked by them, and they carefully scanned every face, and asked of all whom they met. But he was not among these; and so at last they reached Jerusalem, perhaps at night-fall, more anxious and troubled, to seek him in that overcrowded, bustling city.

On the morrow, the third day of his absence, they renewed their search, if indeed it had been interrupted at all. They went where they thought he would naturally be found, — in the Temple; to which surely he went often during that festival; in which, too, he stood, when the paschal lamb was offered up in sacrifice, and the people knew not that the youth by them was himself the Lamb that

was to be led to sacrifice, — the last great offering of which this and all former ones were the heralds. They went into one of the schools by the Temple, where sat the doctors, learned men, for the instruction of all devout people.

There, in the midst of the grave rabbis, they found him whom they had so long and anxiously sought. They did not speak at first: others, perhaps, were there also, alike astonished at what they heard and saw. It was not a new thing indeed for youth to resort to these teachers; but here was one, who was not like all pupils. He listened to the words of the doctors; he asked them questions, as other pupils did; and they in turn asked him questions, to discover what he knew, and so to teach him. But all, doctors and pupils and hearers, were astonished at his words. The questions which he asked, the answers which he gave, showed that he had knowledge of sacred things such as belonged not to the scholars who came there. Others stumbled over the words of divine truth, and hesitated at the threshold of wisdom; but he spake as one who was entering the open door, and walked in the light that came from the Holy of Holies.

In this assembly we may think that the child Jesus did not see the people, nor Joseph and Mary amongst them, but was intent on the great things of heavenly wisdom. He would learn, he would grow in knowledge of God, and thus he would speak with those who had been intrusted with God's word. And now, from the bystanders, Mary, the wondering mother, spoke to him. She could not forget her anxious search, though she heard him thus speaking, and saw his face intent, and in a mother's troubled voice, she said, — "My child, why hast thou thus dealt with us? See, thy father and I have been in great sorrow seeking thee." Then he

turned to her, looking, it may be, with wondering face, that she should not have known what was to him the absorbing thought and purpose, and said, — “Why sought ye me? knew ye not that I must needs be in my Father’s house?”

What did he mean? none present knew; and yet when he had said it, he joined Joseph and Mary, and left the Temple and the doctors, to go back with them to the village of Nazareth. There he abode in quiet, thinking of the things which he had spoken about and heard in the Temple: obedient, too, to those whom he had suffered to lead him away from that place which he had called his Father’s house. He grew with his years, and each year found him more beautiful in the sight of those around him; and One was looking down from heaven, who saw him as men could not.

“In my Father’s house:” these words Mary said over to herself, and pondered them. What did they mean? Little by little she learned their meaning. She had spoken to him of Joseph as of his father; but she came to know that he who was in the Temple, absorbed in divine things, at that moment was hearing a voice other than hers, which made all earthly parentage of no account. To him, though men heard it not, there was a voice speaking, which said, “Thou art my Son;” and in his heart there was a response, “My Father, I have come to do Thy will.”

In the afternoon Aunt Lucy kept her room, but the rest of the family went out for a walk, and as they walked toward the country, they came upon an old burying-ground separated by the road.

“Let us go in here,” said Phippy; and so they sauntered by the graves, reading the inscriptions on the stones, until they came near the top of a little hill by a wild cherry-tree and looked off upon the

lovely meadows that lay below them. The older people watched the sweet landscape, while the children wandered about. Suddenly Ned called out:—

“Why, look here! Uncle Charles, here are some of your relations;” and standing before a stone he read the inscription: ,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

REV. JOHN BODDILY

FIRST MEMBER OF THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THIS TOWN

BORN IN ENGLAND

EDUCATED AT LADY HUNTINGDON'S COLLEGE

THIS CHURCH WAS FOUNDED THAT YEAR

HE WAS AN AFFECTIONATE EVANGELICAL PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL

DIED NOV. 4, A. D. 1802 AGED 47 YEARS

THE CHURCH ERECT THIS MARBLE.

And near by was the stone of Sarah, his wife, who had died only three years before the time when the children were reading her stone.

“Don't you suppose these were Bodleys?” asked Ned.

“I've found my long lost grandfather!” exclaimed Phippy, hopping up and down.

“Really,” said Mr. Bodley, “I never heard of them before. We must ask Aunt Lucy when we go home.”

Aunt Lucy said, “To be sure, Reverend John Boddily was a very dear friend of my father's. I have his miniature, which I will show you;” and she produced a delicate little painting on ivory, showing a refined and simple face. “I remember him well,” said she, “and this is a good likeness. The family is nearly all dead now. His

wife died, nearly eighty years old, three years ago. They had a son Benjamin, but he died early in the century; he was married, but his wife died, and their only child is a son who is living now, very quietly, about forty years old. I have heard that other members of the family in England spell their name as you do."

"Well, some children call us the Bodilies," said Phippy, to whom this was a grievance of her school-days.

"Let them call you so, child," said Aunt Lucy. "Tell them that there never was a better man than Reverend John Boddily."

"I know something," said Lucy, timidly.

"Well, you may say it, my dear," said Miss Sewall.

"Oh, it is n't a hymn," said Lucy. "It's a piece of news."

"Do tell it, Lucy!" cried the children. She looked roguish, and then ran out of the room, coming back presently with something hidden in her frock. She went to her Cousin Ned, put her arm round his neck and whispered in his ear, and then gave him a kiss.

"Don't you look," she whispered, and ran back to her place.

"Why, what does all this mean?" asked Aunt Lucy. Lucy drew her head down and whispered to her.

"It's Cousin Ned's birthday."

"Oh, that's it, is it. But may n't I tell Cousin Ned?"

"Oh, he knows. You must n't peek, Cousin Ned."

"I know," said Phippy. "Lucy's been making something for him."

"I really must look," said Ned; "I'm afraid it will fly away." So he peeked again, and then he showed a pretty paper-weight which Lucy had made for him out of a stone, covering it with a picture.

"Lucy brought it from Boston with her," said Mrs. Bodley, "so

as to be sure and have it when Ned's birthday came, if it should happen to come while we were away."

"Why, is this Cousin Ned's birthday?" said Nathan. "So it is. I forgot all about it."

"So did I," said Phippy; "but I won't next year."

The present gave Ned a great deal of pleasure, and on the journey home he composed these little lines, which he wrote on the bottom of his paper weight:—

MY CHERUB.



GOLDEN hair and rosy lips,
Two little wings with scarlet tips;
His hands thrust out, his eyes bent down,
A little blue sash his only gown;
Straight to my table the angel flew,
And blessed my year begun anew.
"What is thy name, sweet cherub-child?"
"Lucy's Love" his little eye smiled;
"Lucy's Grace," said his laughing face.

"Then say with me, that cheerin' time,
 And best the wine of my new year.
 When the owl went into his den,
 And not my room the fumes went.
 Welcome all with my warm eyes,
 And answer my knee, cheerin' time.
 We'll live together, you and I,
 And all my merry company.—
 Flowers and children, and and beans,
 Cakes, apples, honey, and
 Let the big world wag its head sideways.
 We know what the little world says.
 Their message in their blue-robed joy.
 My little brother-in-law,
 With his golden hair and rosy lip,
 His little wings will make him tip!"

And is this the end of the Bodley's cruise on wheels? Oh no; but it is all that we can tell about it. The next day they bade good-by to Aunt Lucy, and started off in high spirits to drive by the turnpike through Rowley and Topsfield, Danvers, Peabody, and so to Lynn. They made a two days' journey of it, and reached Roseland Tuesday night. They found everything much as they had left it. Nurse Young had seen to that. There was a stranger, too, who stood in the barn, watching the carry-all drive up.

"Why, there 's Hen!" exclaimed Martin.

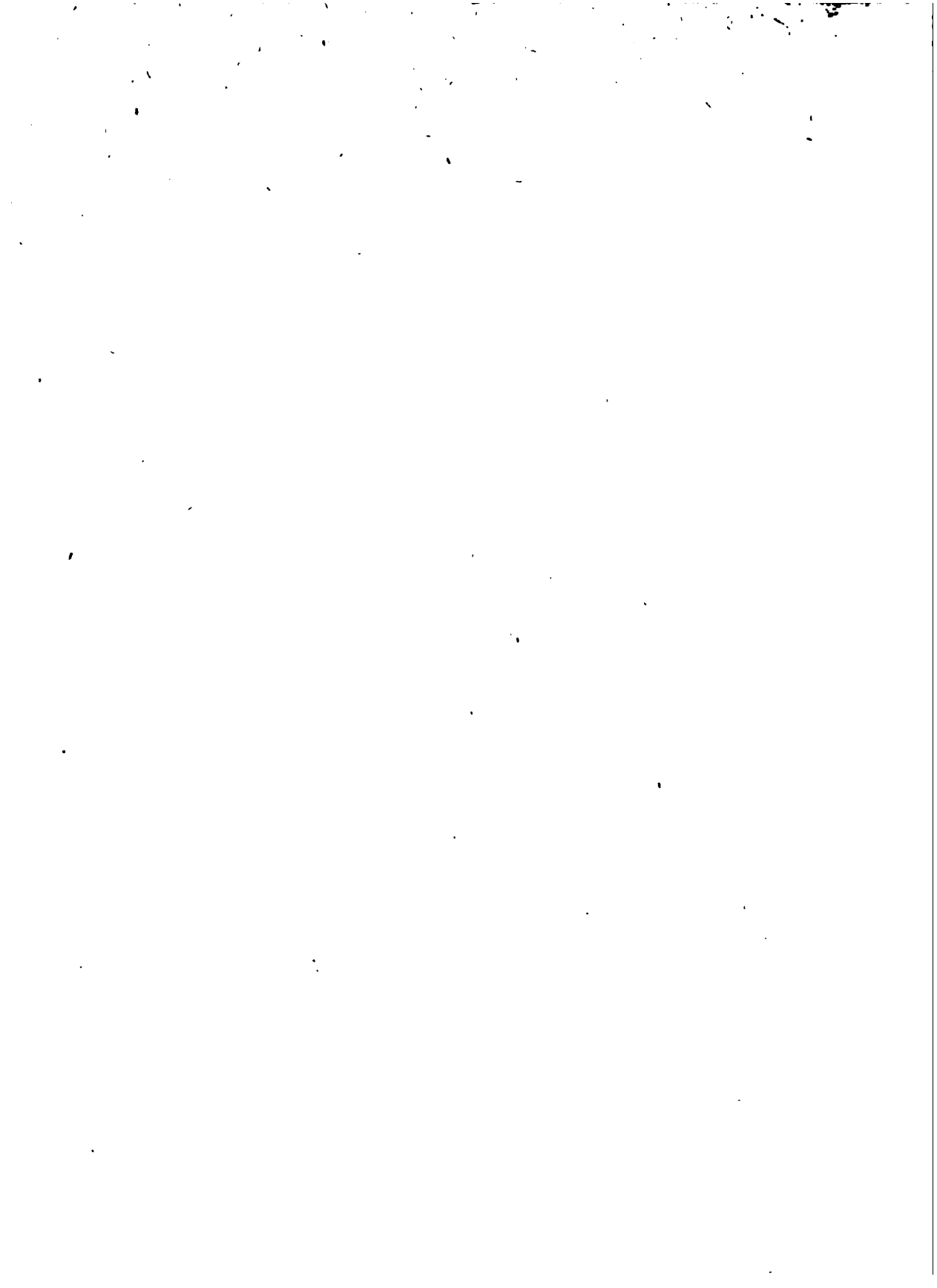
"Is it possible!" said Mr. Bodley. "At last we've seen Hen."

“Then stay with me, thou cherub dear,
And bless the whole of my new year.
When the dull world has gone to sleep,
And into my room the fairies peep,
Welcome all with thy brown eyes,
And shower thy kisses, cherub-wise.
We ’ll live together, you and I,
And all my merry company,—
Flowers and children, bird and beast,
Little, littler, littlest, least !
Let the big world wag its head sideways,
We know what the little world says.
Then blessings on thee, blue-robed joy,
My little benediction-boy,
With thy golden hair and rosy lips,
Thy little wings with scarlet tips !”

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THE BODLEYS AFOOT.



To
THE MEMORY OF
THE BEST OF PARENTS.



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CONQUEST OF NEW MEXICO.

THE BODLEYS AFOOT.

CHAPTER I.

HEN.



It was late one Tuesday afternoon in July that the Bodley family drove up Warren Street in Roxbury, on their way home after a journey of a hundred miles or so which they had taken the week past. Martin, the hired man, was driving Time and Tide, the span that waited for no man, and the carryall was well filled with Mrs. Bodley, Phippy, and Lucy on the back seat, Mr. Bodley, Nathan, and Martin on the front seat, while Cousin Ned Adams was caracoling about, as he called it, on Mr. Bottom, the family horse.

"There don't seem to be many changes about here, father, since we left," said Nathan, looking about as if he expected to see blocks

of houses lining the pleasant road.

"It seems as if we had been gone a year," said Phippy. "I tell you what, let's play we are coming home from California. We've been round the Horn, and are now beating up the coast. Pretty

soon we shall see Minot's Ledge Light-house. Nathan, you must call out, Land ho! when you see the gate. We'll play the lamp over it is Minot's Ledge. Oh, how high the waves are dashing!" and Phippy bounced up and down on the seat. "There's great A, little I!"

"To be sure," said Mrs. Bodley, "there is Mr. Lemick; we can't be far from home." For their next neighbor was a farmer, who had the funny name of Ai Lemick. At this moment, as they came near the avenue which led to the house, a dog trotted past the gate and stood in the road.

"Oh, there's Nep," said Nathan. "Papa, do let me get out," and as the horses were checked, Nathan scrambled out of the carryall, and rushed after the dog. Nep set up a great barking and wagging of his tail. He had plainly come down the avenue into the road to watch for the family. Nathan did not get into the carryall again, but chased up the field by the side of the avenue. There was a row of cherry-trees in the field; the cherries had not been quite ripe when the children had set out on their journey; but a week had done wonders, and now the cherries gleamed red and dark among the leaves, waiting to be eaten. The carryall drove along the avenue, and presently the barn came in sight. A man stood in the open doorway, watching them.

"Why, there's Hen!" exclaimed Martin.

"What! your brother Hen?" asked Mrs. Bodley, "who has been everywhere and seen everything?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Martin, proudly. "That's him. I'd know him a mile off."

"He isn't so very big," said Lucy, who had been eyeing him hard. "Phippy, do you see his ear-rings?" she whispered, for Martin had told them that Hen wore ear-rings. Hen was a sailor.



MISS Demeanor, the awful example.

"I think I do," she whispered back. "No, they're curls. Lucy, he wears curls."

"At last we've seen Hen," laughed Mr. Bodley, as the house shut the barn from sight, and they drove round the two locust-trees, drawing up before the door. The family, with its bags and parcels, walked up the steps, and were welcomed by Nurse Young, who stood in the doorway. Ned had ridden Mr. Bottom to the stable, and Nathan had gone in that direction with Nep. Phippy and Lucy chattered fast as they went up-stairs to their room.

"How cool it is," said Lucy, "and isn't it good to see Nurse Young again? Dear me, I don't think I like going away very much; I mean I like coming home best."

"Yes," said Phippy; "and won't our children be glad to see us? Lucy, we never once wrote to them while we were gone. I'll tell you,—we meant to surprise them. I hope they are sitting up for us. Dear me, dear me, Miss Demeanor hasn't got over the sulks yet. Lucy, don't you think she's stayed here long enough? Let's put her in a drawer," and with that Phippy pulled the pin out of a picture which had been hanging by her dolls' house, as a warning to her dolls should they ever lose their temper, and hastily put the picture into her dolls' bureau drawer. "It is really too bad that they should have had that awful example to look at, all the while we've been gone." Yes, there were Phippy's dolls where she had left them, all sitting in a row on a little bench, looking very patient and very weary.

"They shall start on a journey to-morrow," said Phippy, with decision. But while they were discussing where the children should go, the bell rang for tea, and they went down-stairs again. Nathan was talking eagerly as they entered the room.

— “But he got away before Hen reached the ship,” were the first words they heard.

“What got away, Nathan?” asked Lucy.

“It was a monkey, — a real live monkey, — and Hen said he would have given it to me if he had kept it.”

“I have no doubt of it, Nathan,” said his cousin. “If Hen had succeeded in getting that monkey here, he would have given it to the first boy he met.”

“Did he have ear-rings?” asked Phippy.

“Monkeys don’t wear ear-rings.”

“I mean Hen.”

“Oh, yes. Hen wears ear-rings, and he has curly hair, Phippy,” said Ned; “and he’s got a chest out in Martin’s tool room, — a regular sailor’s chest.”

“He’ll sleep in the hammock, I suppose,” said Nathan. “I asked him, and he said he had slept in trees; he could bunk ’most anywhere.”

“He might swing his hammock from the clothes-dryer,” suggested Ned, “and then he could fancy he was at sea when the wind filled the sails.”

“I hope he’ll stay all summer,” said Phippy, “for I know he has ever so many things to show us.” The children were so impatient that they could scarcely wait for tea to be over before they started off to get a good look at Hen. He was sitting in the doorway of the wood-shed drinking tea out of a bowl, which he held in both hands.

“That’s a good dish of tea,” he said, as he set it down. His back was turned to the children, and they had not spoken. They looked at each other, and wondered whom he spoke to. Hen

wiped his mouth with his sleeve, and went on repeating, "A good dish of tea. Martin's in luck. After all, a fellow might do worse."

"He's soliloquizing," whispered Phippy, who had lately found that word and liked the looks of it.

"Hey!" said Hen, who turned round at this and caught sight of a boy and two girls behind him. "Oho! you're Nathan and Phippy and Lucy, ain't you? I've seen Nathan before." He got up at this and stepped down upon the garden walk, where he could get a good view of them. The children had an equally good opportunity to see Hen, who gave his trousers a little hitch and stood eying them. He was a short, thick-set fellow, with bushy hair, ending in little curls, and his round, good-humored face was bronzed with exposure.

"I'm an old salt," said he, finally, with a twinkle in his eye.

"We saw an old salt in Gloucester," said Phippy. "His name was Captain Sanderson."

"What, not Cap'n Iry Sanderson? Want to know. I made a voyage with him once. I remember now, he was a Gloucester man. You just ask him if he wa'n't at Panamá in '50."

"Let's write to him," said Phippy, eagerly.

"Come to think of it," said Hen, "Cap'n Iry wa'n't a Gloucester man. He was from the Cape, — from Hyannis Port."

"Oh, was he?" said Nathan. "That's where we came from. At least, father did, and my Uncle Elisha lives there now. We went down there last year. I should n't wonder if we went again this year. We go 'most every year."

"Do ye now?" said Hen, looking up at the weather-cock on the barn. "Want to know. Never was in Panamá, were ye?"

"No," said Nathan, "not yet. But we've been to Newburyport."

"I've got a tortoise-shell basket out in my chest that I got in Panamá," continued Hen. "Want to see it?"

"Oh, yes," they all cried, and trooped after Hen as he walked off with a short, rolling gait toward the barn. Ned came out of the house just then, and joined the children. Hen turned his back to the rest when he opened his chest, and seemed to fumble round in it with his eyes shut, till at length he shut the lid, locked it, and started out to the door with something in his hand.

"It's rather dark in there," said he. "We'll come out by the barn-door. There, now, that's the sort of thing they make in Panamá," and he took off some paper and cloth coverings, and displayed a pretty basket of tortoise-shell."

"Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Like it, do you? Well, you may have it."

"Oh, but Hen!"

"Take it," said Hen. "Come to think of it, I got it for you."

"What, really?"

"Well, about the same as really," said Hen, flinching a little as Lucy fixed her delighted eyes on him. "Now I just wish I had a dove-flower for you."

"There's mama!" said Lucy, running to meet Mrs. Bodley. "Mama, see what Hen has given me, — a tortoise-shell basket."

"You see, ma'am," said Hen, ducking himself at Mrs. Bodley, "I just pick up things where I go, and drop 'em round afterward. This came from Panamá."

"I should like to go to Panamá," said Mrs. Bodley; "and I think the first thing I should ask to see would be El Espiritu Santo."

"You're right there, ma'am," said Hen, giving himself a hearty slap. "I was just saying, I wish'd I'd ha' brought one along with me."



EL ESPIRITO SANTO — DOVE-FLOWER.

"I think we could have made the bulbs grow. I have seen the flower in green-houses."

"What is it like?" asked Phippy.

"It is an orchid, Phippy, and the bulbs grow on the surface of the ground, — bright green in color and several inches in length. The leaves spring from the point of the bulb and are a few inches wide, but sometimes three or four feet in length. But the most beautiful part is the flower, which is of pearly waxen white, nearly circular. Within the flower nestles the perfect image of a little dove, — its very head and bill and wings appearing as in a real dove."

"Oh, how lovely it must be!" said Lucy.

"You would n't like to live there, though," said Hen, shaking his head. "Why, for seven months in the year — from May to January — it's just one steady pour of rain."

"What, not just the whole time, every minute?" said Phippy.

"Well, you could n't count much between the drops; and then when January came, you'd just put your umbrellas away till May



Panama Water-Carrier.

again. Then, if you want water, you have to get it of the carrier."

"When he brings the newspaper?" said Lucy.

Hen laughed. "No, the water-carrier on his little donkey."

"Were you ever in South America?" asked Ned.

"South America! Well, I should think so. There is n't much of South America I have n't seen."

"Have you been up the Amazon?"

"Well, not exactly up the Amazon; but I've been up the Guayas."

"Why, where's that?"

"Not know the Guayas!" said Hen, eying Ned with surprise.

"You've heard of Ecuador, have n't you?"

"Yes."

"And of Quito?"

"Yes."

"Well, Quito's a sea-port, is n't it?" and Hen turned half round and winked a prodigious wink at Martin.

"Look here," said Ned, "this is n't a geography lesson. I'll tell you all I know about Quito, and you can tell me the rest. Quito is the capital of Ecuador, and is five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Go on."

"Oh, we have n't got to Quito yet," said Hen, picking up a stick and beginning to whittle. "You have to go to Guayaquil first. You see, as you go up the coast from Panamá, there is n't a decent harbor till you get to the Guayas. It's a queer river, something like a tadpole,—very big and broad at the mouth and wiggly at the tail. If you should try to go up the middle of the stream you could n't do it, not without a tug, not in a long while, for the

current there runs eight knots an hour or more ; but along by the banks it is n't so bad. It's about fifty miles up to Guayaquil. Say, did you ever eat a pine-apple, Nathan ?”

“ Of course I have.”

“ No, you have n't either, unless you've been to South America. Don't I remember that first pine-apple I ate ! I bought it of an Indian woman on a balsa.”

“ What's a balsa ?”

“ Oh, you wait. I want to eat that pine-apple over again. Say, Mrs. Bodley, how do you cut your pine-apples for tea ?”

“ We don't cut them,” said she, smiling, “ but take a fork and pry out the pips.”

“ Well, now, I guess you've been to South America. I did n't suppose you knew how to open a pine-apple ; but I tell you what it is n't the same thing. Pries open pretty hard, sometimes, does n't it ? Thought so. And rather stringy ? Just so. Now that pine-apple I ate in Guayaquil was ripe, and it just fell to pieces when I pulled at it. I suppose there was a quart of syrup in it.”

“ Oh, Hen !”

“ Fact, Martin. I did n't measure, for I had n't any quart measure with me, but I guess a quart's about the measure of Hen Simpson, and he only ate one pine-apple that day. Huup !” and Hen



Indian Fruit-Seller.

threw his head back and tried to imagine himself eating his pineapple again.

"But what is a balsa, Hen?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

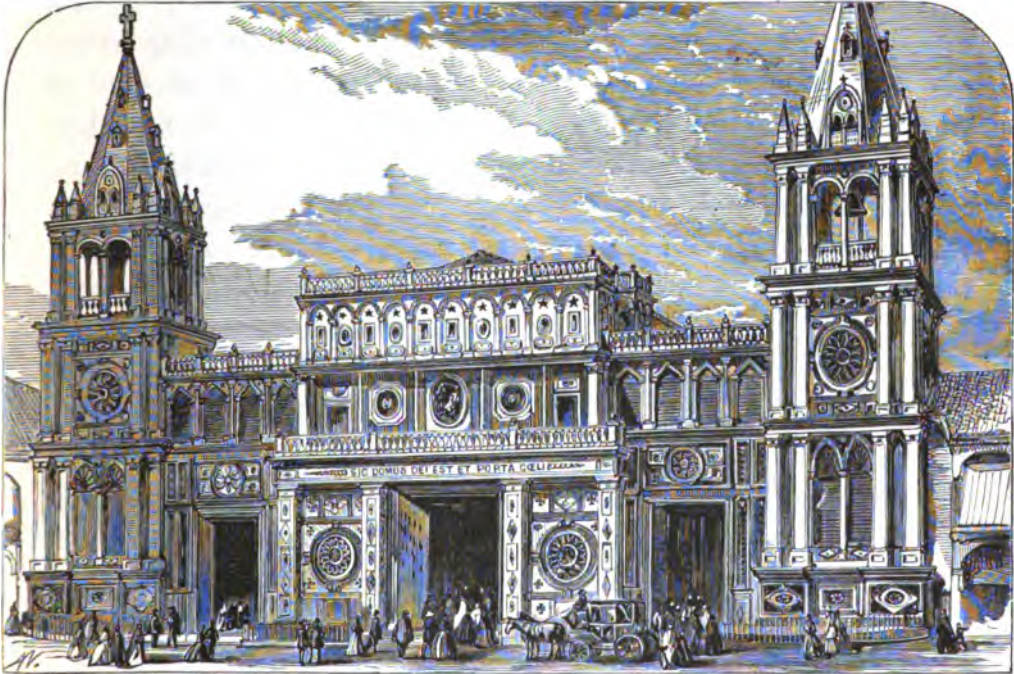
"They're rafts, built of balsa wood, and you see them all along the shore of the river. People live on 'em often in little huts, it's so convenient, you see. There's the water all round 'em, and you



The Malecon, Guayaquil

don't have any pumping to do, and don't have to keep any bath-tub. You can't drink the water, because it's got some salt in it; but some of the balsas are water balsas; they have big jars set in them for carrying water to the city. I d' know but I'd 'bout as lieve stay on one of the balsas as live in the city. 'Tis n't like one of our cities. It's a dirty old town, at least a good deal of it is. The Malecon's a pretty fine street, though; but it would look queer to

you. People live perpendicularly there. You go along the street, and they're all shops on the first story. Suppose you want some washing done. You send it up-stairs to the second story, where the work-people live; and then, perhaps, you go up one story higher to



Cathedral at Guayaquil

call on some rich man who lives at the top; but they don't build much above two or three stories. The best time to see the town is the evening, when it's all lighted up, and people are selling things in the streets as well as in the shops. Mr. Bodley could get a Pan-amá hat there, ma'am, for a hundred and fifty dollars."

"A hundred and fifty dollars!"

"Fact, ma'am. There are some cheaper ones, I believe. Why,

I've seen Panamá hats there so fine that you could fold one of 'em up like paper and put it in an envelope. The Indians make them. They're a queer set of little fellows, — short, stubby, but mighty tough. They think nothing of carrying letters or packages to Quito, two hundred miles or so away, and they go just about as quick as a man could go on horseback. They carry bundles on their backs, and hold them on by straps across their foreheads; and off they go on a dog-trot, which they keep up for miles. I don't see how they do it, and they don't eat much, either; just keep chewing on the leaf of the cacao plant, — that's what we get our chocolate from. They all wear tall white hats, like old beavers, with the nap brushed the wrong way. There are some handsome buildings in Guayaquil, and a big cathedral; but I tell you what's the finest thing I saw there."

"What was that?" asked Ned, as Hen stopped whittling, and laid his knife down.

"Well, we were at anchor in the river, and I was doing nothing in particular, — just whittling or something, — facing about so," and Hen faced southeast, "when the clouds suddenly parted like a curtain, and there right before me, towering up twenty-one thousand feet and shining white with snow, was Chimborazo. I tell ye, I never saw that sight but once, and I never saw another like it."

"Did you go to Lima?" asked Mrs. Bodley. "I think I should like to see Peru."

"Yes, ma'am; I went to Lima."

"Did you see Pizarro's grave?"

"Well, not exactly his grave, but I saw the old fellow himself. He's tucked away on a shelf down in the vault of the cathedral."



A STREET IN LIMA.

"Another Whitefield!" groaned Ned. "Tell us about the living Pizarro, Aunt Sarah. I want to forget the sexton."

"Your Uncle Charles can tell you better than I: here he comes."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Bodley, who was strolling toward the group. "Is this the Hen I've heard so much about?"

"Yes, sir," said Hen, getting up on his short legs, and holding out his hand to Mr. Bodley. "I reckon I'm Hen."

"Martin tells a good many stories about you, Hen. You've been everywhere, have n't you? and seen everything? and never got lost?"

"Well, I came pretty near being lost once in St. Petersburg. Ever been there?"

"Yes, I was there once."

"Oh, you have, have you?" and Hen spoke a little more cautiously. "Let's see, what was the name of that hotel near the statue of Peter the Great?"

"I don't remember."

"Oh, don't you? Well, no matter. The name's not worth much, — ends in *ski*, probably; every other word in Russia ends in *ski*. Well, I got to St. Petersburg a little before dark, and I went to that hotel. After I'd had supper, I went out to take a look round the town. I'm not much on walking, but I must have gone some way, when I thought I'd ride. There was one of those queer droskys standing by, and I got in, and just waved my hand all round in a promiscuous kind of way, as much as to say, Go anywhere you want to, only show me the town. The driver he was a right smart sort of fellow, I guess, and knew what I wanted, and he drove and drove till it was nigh midnight. I saw considerable of the town in the dark, and every once in a while the driver he'd get down and

come and look at me ; and I'd point down the next street, and he'd get up and go again. After a while, I thought it was about time to go to bed, but, d'ye see, I could n't for the life of me recollect the name of the hotel. Can't think of it now, you know. The driver he stopped, and came and looked at me again. I did n't know a great deal of Russian, and he did n't know any English. I pointed down a street, thinking it looked something like the street the hotel was on ; but he shook his head. He jabbered away in high Russian, and I gave him a piece of my mind in straight Yankee, but it did n't do any good. All of a sudden I had an idea. I got out of his old drosky, and climbing up on the shafts sat on his horse and struck an attitude like the statue of Peter the Great. The fellow threw up his hands, and hustled me into his cab, and drove like mad. In about five minutes we were in front of my hotel. That's what I call the language of nature."

"A very useful language to learn," laughed Mr. Bodley, "but it does n't go very far."

"I've often wondered," said Mrs. Bodley, "how people made out as well as they did in talking with the Indians when they first landed in America."

"There were very few things that they wanted to ask or to say, and then some of the first comers here were men trained in the study of language, so that it was not all guess-work when they talked with the Indians."

"They used object lessons, too," said Ned. "Don't you remember how that Yankee sailor undertook to teach English and learn Chinese at the same time ? He agreed with a Chinaman to exchange lessons with him, so he took his umbrella and shook it at the Chinaman and screamed, 'English, amberill ; what's the Chinese for that ?' "

"That was Jim Ludlow," said Hen, who was whittling again.
"Jim was a smart fellow."

"What was the Chinaman's name, Hen?" asked Ned.

"Yung, I guess," said Hen. "They're most of 'em Yung.
There was a baker's shop in Honolulu with the sign, —

" 'Yung and Mung,
Bakers from Canton.
Good people all,
Come in and buy
Of Yung and Mung
Good cake and pie.' "

"But you have n't told us about Pizarro, father," said Nathan.
"Mother said you would."

"Did she? Well, I always keep your mother's promises. Had she told you anything about him before I came?"

"Hen said he saw him in Lima."

"How old are you, Hen?"

"Oh, Nathan means I saw his mummy in the cathedral crypt."

"Well, if Hen had seen Pizarro alive, he would have been say three hundred and fifty years old. It was in 1530, on the 28th of December, that Pizarro set sail from Panamá to take possession of Peru, which the King of Spain had agreed to give him. In those days the kings in Europe acted on the principle of 'findings-havings,' and whoever found a new country which had not been explored before, took possession of it in the name of his king. Pizarro had already made a voyage to Peru, and then had gone home to tell the King of Spain about it; the King told Pizarro he should be governor if he would take possession and give a portion of the treasures he found to him. You see they did this without saying

anything first to the people who already lived in Peru. Pizarro sailed with three small ships, carrying one hundred and eighty-three men and thirty-seven horses, and landed his forces on the shore of the Bay of San Mateo. Here he seized upon a town, and took so much treasure that he resolved to send back his plunder and get more men and more horses. He waited seven months for his reinforcements, and it turned out that the delay was of advantage to him, for though many of his men sickened and died, a fierce civil war was going on in Peru, by which thousands upon thousands were falling in battle. It is said there were ten or eleven millions of people in Peru at that time, though it is hard to get at the truth, and you would think Pizarro very rash to go against them with so few men. But the secret of his strength lay in three things: he had guns, and the Peruvians had none; he had horses, and there was not a horse in all Peru; and his little army was made up of men who belonged to the most warlike nation then on the globe, while the Peruvians were a pastoral people chiefly, who lived with their flocks and herds and tilled the ground. The Spaniards had conquered Mexico and Central America before this, but though the countries were so near, scarcely any communication existed between them and Peru, so that the Peruvians knew very little about the strange bearded men who had landed on their coasts, and hardly knew whether they were friends or enemies. The chief ruler of the Peruvians was called the Inca, and at this time Atahuallpa was the Inca of Peru. He had just been victorious over some Peruvian enemies, and was in his camp, when messengers came from Pizarro. Pizarro had been two years in the country, — but on the sea-coast, where he had built a town as the first step toward occupying and governing the country. Now he was marching in the uplands with

his little army toward Atahualpa's camp. Throughout the whole length of the land there had been built a wonderful road, sometimes fourteen thousand feet above the sea, and stretching so far that if it were in Europe it would reach across the whole country from Calais to Constantinople. The road was broad enough for three carriages to drive abreast, — though at this time there was not a wheeled vehicle in Peru, — and in some places the bed of concrete of which the road was constructed was eighty feet thick. Along this road Pizarro marched until he came to the town of Cassamarca, not far from Atahualpa's camp; and here he took up his quarters. There was a stone fortress and a great square here, and he waited for Atahualpa, who was coming toward him with five or six thousand men. The Inca was held in great honor by his subjects, who even regarded him, it is said, as descended from the gods. As the advance guard came up toward the great square where Pizarro and his soldiers stood, three hundred Indians brushed the path over which the Inca was to be borne. Then came three corps of dancers and singers; then a body of Peruvians in golden armor, wearing crowns of gold and silver, and in the midst of them the Inca himself was borne in a litter adorned with paroquets' plumes of all colors, and plated with silver and gold. The litter was borne on the shoulders of his chiefs, and behind came more troops, glittering with silver and gold. The procession halted in the middle of the square; and now Pizarro and the Inca were before each other. Vicente de Valverde, the priest of the expedition, came forward with a crucifix in one hand and prayer-book in the other, and made a little speech to the Inca, in which he told him that he must believe the Catholic faith and acknowledge the emperor, Charles the Fifth, as his sovereign, with Pizarro for the governor of the country.

"The Inca asked for the book which the priest held and declared to be the authority for what he had been saying about religion. It was clasped, and he could not at first open it. The priest offered to help him, but the Inca took this as an insult, struck him on the arm, then broke the book open, turned over a few leaves, and threw it from him upon the ground. At the same time he said something to his people. His action, which the Spaniards were watching intently, was interpreted as hostile, and Pizarro, who knew that the fate of his little army depended on the promptness with which he acted, gave a signal; the trumpet sounded, the cannon were fired, and the cavalry rushed out of their quarters, while Pizarro himself and four men sprang upon the Inca, who was still in his litter, borne aloft by his chiefs. The Spaniard uttered his war-cry, and his men fell upon the Inca's body-guard. These were unarmed, and the victory was an easy one; while the soldiers, driving the army of the Peruvians before them, committed a terrible slaughter. Not a Spaniard was injured, save Pizarro, who had a slight wound in his hand, while two thousand dead bodies of Indians lay in the great square."

"And what became of the Inca?"

"He was carefully kept, and the Spaniards were perplexed to know what to do with him; but finally they heard, or pretended they heard, that he had secretly sent word to an army to advance and rescue him, so they put him to death."

"And what became of Pizarro?"

"Pizarro himself was assassinated nine years afterward in Lima, which he had built. The Spaniards had quarreled, and though they had introduced many new laws and forms of government into the country, they did little to help the people themselves.

There was violence everywhere, and great waste of the treasures which had been heaped up. The splendid roads were not kept in repair, and the great buildings built by the Incas have fallen into ruins."

"Saw the spot in the palace where Pizarro fell," said Hen; "they can't get the stains out. But the Inca and all his people could n't have been much, to judge from the Indians I saw."

"Three hundred years of poverty and superstition have not helped them any," said Mr. Bodley. "But come, Sarah; come, children, it is time you were all in the house. You have traveled all the way from Peabody to South America to-day, and these little pussies must take one more journey, and that's to the Land of Nod."

"That is a magical journey," said Mrs. Bodley. "They will only have to shut their eyes and wish themselves there."

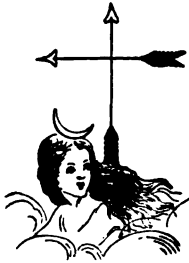
The moon was shining brightly as Lucy and Phippy went up to bed, and Nurse Young came in to help them.

"Don't let's have a lamp," said Phippy. "We'll go to bed by moonlight. What a big moon it is."

"It is n't afraid, like a little moon," said Nurse Young; and then she said the verses: —



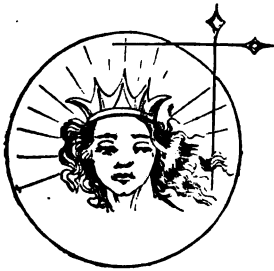
Lima Indian and Child.



"The little Moon
Came out too soon,
And in her fright
Looked thin and white.



"The stars then shone,
And every one
Twinkled and winked,
And laughed and blinked.



"The great Sun now
Rolled forth in might,
And drove them all
Quite out of sight."

"So, Lucy, while you are fast asleep, the great sun will be rolling and rolling up the sky until it is time for you to wake, and then he will roll above the edge and drive the little stars all away."

"And till he comes, perhaps, I shall get a ride in the moon, Nurse Young," said Lucy. "Mama taught me a poem when we were gone, — some verses about the moon. Just wait till I'm in bed, and I will say them to you." Nurse Young looked on while Lucy undressed herself and watched the little girl lay her clothes one by one by themselves in an orderly way and hang her little stockings over the rung of her chair, and set the shoes, toes pointing outward, in front of the chair. Lucy had been taught to be very methodical, and she was, besides, orderly by nature. She knelt down at Nurse Young's side and then clambered into bed. The old nurse took her seat right in the path of the moon, while the little girl sat up and repeated the poem her mother had taught her of—



SISSY'S RIDE IN THE MOON.

SISSY'S RIDE IN THE MOON.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

What if I climbed the mountain tall,
And could see the moon close by?
My papa says it is not so small
As it looks, 'way off in the sky.

Maybe it comes so near, up there,
That it touches the mountain side;
And what if it has a door somewhere?
Then I'd get in and ride.

Away I'd go, 'way up in the sky,
To the house of the angels, where
All the dear little babies that die
With the white, white angels are.

And then I would coax our Baby May
Into the moon with me,
And we'd sail away, and sail away,
As happy as we could be.

We would reach our hands out either side,
And gather the stars close by;
And, after a while, the moon would slide
To the other edge of the sky.

Soon as it reached the mountain there,
We would both get out of the moon,
And call papa, who would know just where
To come, and would find us soon.

And then he would see little Baby May,
And would take her upon his arm,
And hold my hand, and we'd walk away
Down the hill to papa's farm.

Then mama would see us coming, I know,
And run to the gate and say,
"Why, little Sissy! where did you go?"
And then she would see little May, —

And then she would laugh, — Oh, it makes me cry,
To think how glad she would be!
She would say, "Who has been 'way up in the sky
To get my baby for me?"

"It was little Sissy," papa would say,
"She went in the moon to-night,
And found little May, and coaxed her away
From the angels all so white."

Then mama would kiss me, and call me good,
And we'd all go in at the door,
And have some supper; and May never would
Go up in the sky any more.

"Why, Nurse Young, you're crying!" exclaimed Phippy.

"Was I, dear child? I was thinking of my little sister." Poor Nurse Young! her little sister she had not seen for sixty years.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROSELAND AND SANTA FÉ RAILROAD.

HEN was a real addition to the little company at Roseland. He had suddenly dropped upon them with his chest; and how long he was to stay or where he was to go next were equally a mystery. The children suddenly took a great interest in their geography les-

sons. To study about Nicaragua, and then go out and talk with a man who had been there, was next to going there themselves. They dropped their old plays, and began to imagine themselves going to all sorts of remote places. Roseland received new names, and for a while Mrs. Bodley found it difficult to remember, when Nathan said he was going to Lima, whether it was the Hollow or Back of the Barn that he meant. One day a gentle rain was falling, and the children were all out in the barn. Hen was whittling as usual, and occasionally talking to himself, — a habit which he had, and which the children never had met outside of their story-books.

"Yes, I suppose I could," he began to say, as if no one were present, and he took a general survey of the barn-floor. "No grading required, no tunneling, rolling-stock some trouble, but guess we could get round it some way." He looked up at the sky. It promised to rain steadily for an indefinitely long time. "I say, Nathan, want to make a railroad?"

"Oh, do let's!" cried Phippy, who was tired of playing in the carryall. "We can take the back seat out for a car," and she began pulling the cushion off.

"Oh, we'll have a real railroad," said Hen, "rails and all. Martin, what's all that moulding for I saw up in the shed?"

"It's some the carpenters left when they were at work here last year."

"Well, we won't hurt it any. I guess Mrs. Bodley will let us play with it."

"I'll ask her," said Phippy, who ran into the house, and soon came back with permission. The children stood by wondering, while Hen took the strips of moulding, which were of unequal

length looked at them critically, and then laid them aside while he got a broom and began to sweep a long path on the barn-floor.

"This here is the railroad embankment I'm making," said he. "I've got a gang of men at work. Here, Nathan, Phippy, Lucy, —just you take hold and make this embankment."



Real Tunneling.

"I tell you what," said Phippy, "let's have a tunnel. We can make a tunnel out of hay."

"Well, now, I tell you," said Hen, "this road winds a little. It's got to go to Santa Fé, there by the cow-stall, and it'll have to go through the Rocky Mountains. I'll detach you three to make a tunnel here where I mark it off," and he chalked a line on the barn floor at either end of the proposed tunnel. "You won't have to do much blasting, and you won't get your hands pounded drilling a hole for the powder. I'm going to get some chairs."

"Take the kitchen chairs," cried Phippy, as Hen left the barn. Martin helped them occasionally with a great pair of shears which he used for cutting grass about the flower-beds. With it he

clipped the hay about the roof and sides of the tunnel as they extended the hole, so as to leave a pretty regular, smooth surface. It was slow work tunneling, and the children were glad to rest when Hen came back.

"But where are your chairs?" asked Phippy.

"Here they are," said Hen, showing some tin clamps which he held. "You see we're going to lay our rails on sleepers, and we want the chairs to hold 'em in place. Now we'll make the sleepers." So he got out some smooth strips of wood half an inch thick and an inch wide, which he found in Martin's work-room. The children stood looking on.

"Is it going to be broad-gauge or narrow-gauge?" asked Martin.

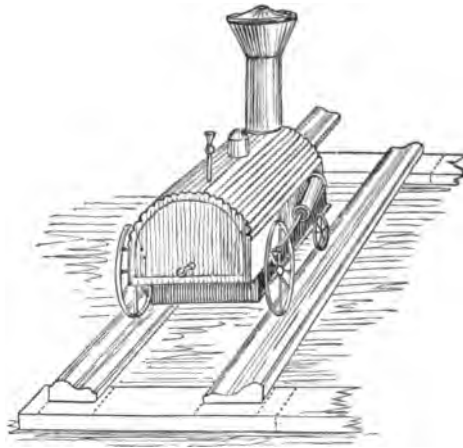
"Well, that depends on our rolling-stock. Have you got a box, Nathan, that we could rig up for a locomotive?"

"Why, I've got a tin locomotive. I'll go and get it this very minute," and he ran off eagerly.

"It can go," explained Lucy. "All you have to do is to wind it up."

"The very thing we want," said Hen, as Nathan came back triumphantly with his locomotive. "This is the General Scott, and is going to run on the Roseland and Santa Fé Railroad. Now we'll make the railroad." Hen

laid two strips of moulding down and placed the little locomotive on them. "There! now we've got the width," and he measured carefully the necessary length of the sleepers.



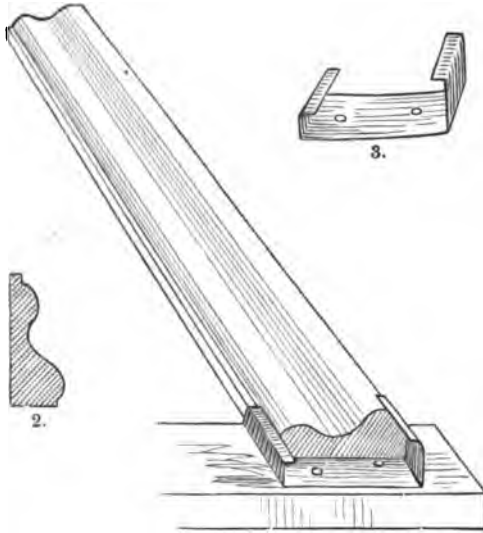
General Scott.

"What makes you call them sleepers?" asked Nathan.

"Oh, that's because they lie on the bed of the railroad, I suppose. They always call them sleepers. You see we don't

want to nail our rails upon the sleepers, because we may want to take the track up; but we'll fasten the chairs to sleepers and let the rails sit in the chairs, — so fashion."

The children were so interested in watching Hen that at first they did not care to go back to the tunnel; but pretty soon they found he was only cutting out a great many sleepers for the railroad; so



1. Rail in chair on sleeper. 1.
2. Cross-section of rail. 3. Chair.

they dug at the tunnel with great zest until the dinner-bell called them into the house. They chattered busily about their railroad as they ate their dinner.

"Did Hen triangulate the barn-floor first?" asked Ned.

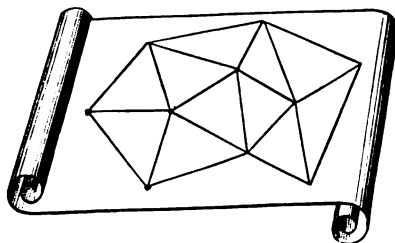
"Yes," said Nathan. "He did it with a broom."

"That's a queer kind of a level," laughed Ned. "What is triangulating, Nathan?"

"You will have to show Nathan, Ned," said his aunt. Ned took all the dinner knives he could find within reach before the dessert was brought on, and made a succession of triangles on the tablecloth.

"You see, children," he began, with a gesture, "I could divide

all this table into a lot of triangles, and then if I knew how large each triangle was I could add them all together, and tell you how large the table was ; now it is easy to tell how large each triangle is if I know the length of one side, and can measure the angles which the side makes with the point at the end of the two lines. Here," and he jumped up and brought a picture which he remembered of two men firing at a target ; " you see each of these



A Plan of Triangulation.



Triangle made by Two Men and a Target.

fellows are aiming at the target. If we drew a line between them and one from each to the target, we should have a triangle ; and the lines to the target would follow the direction the guns take. If I knew how far it was from one man to the other, I could tell how far it was to the target by measuring the angles made by the direction of the guns and the line drawn between the two men. So

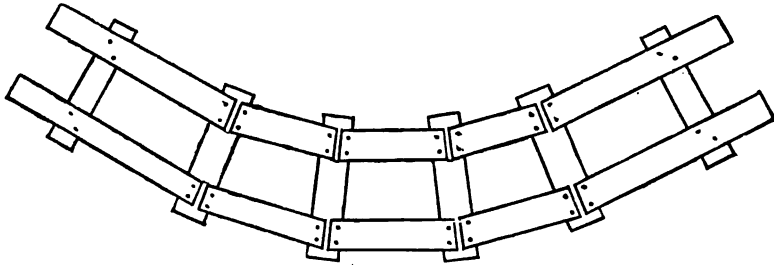
you see I should n't have to take a foot-rule or a yard-stick and measure all the way to the target. Then I could make a map of that triangle, and go to the target and take another observation, and so on. I hope my lecture is clear?"

"Not very," said Mrs. Bodley, smiling; "but it is not altogether easy to explain it to the children."

"Are you going to have a switch on your railroad?" asked Ned, who had no wish to try any more explanation.

"It will go without a switch," said Phippy. "You need n't make fun of our railroad."

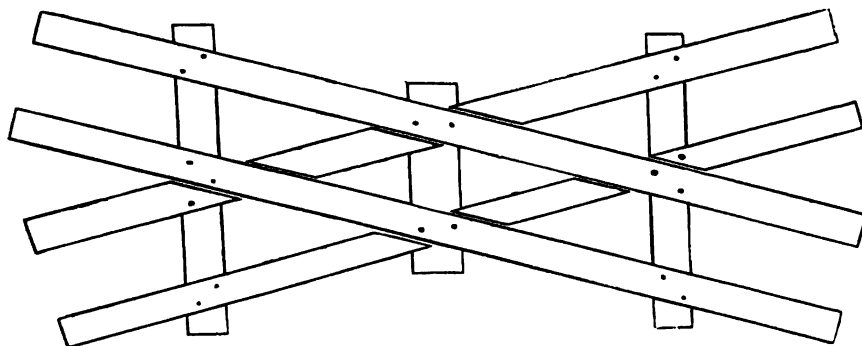
But they did have a switch. First, however, Hen made a curve.



The Curve.

He cut a number of short pieces of rail not square across, but slanting, so that the inner and outer sides were unequal in length. He cut some cross-ties, and nailed the pieces of rail with brads upon the cross-ties so that the curve could be taken up as one piece; and he took care to leave the two ends projecting far enough from the cross-ties to enable them to slip into chairs. Then he made a frog or crossing. He took four rails and laid them across each other in the form of a double X. Where the rails crossed each other he cut notches, — in the upper part of the lower rails, in the lower part of the upper rails, — so that when the rails were again laid across, the

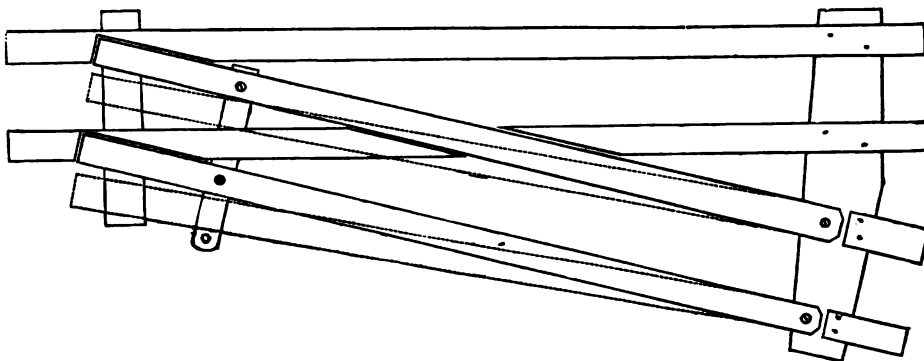
tops were perfectly level. In order to make this crossing firm, he cut two long cross-ties, one for each end, and a short tie for the middle, and nailed the rails down upon these; so now he could take up the frog too, and handle that as a single piece. Now he was ready to make a switch, but that was the most difficult and the longest work of all. Hen took a section of the regular track, and made the switch to play from that. First, he cut a cross-tie of double the length, so as to give room for another track to be laid on



The Frog, or Crossing.

it by the side of the regular track, and he made it also of double the width. The regular track was nailed firmly to this tie at one end, and to an ordinary cross-tie at the other; then he laid the other rails on slanting, so as to branch off from the regular track; and where they touched the long and broad cross-tie, he screwed them upon the tie, setting the screws so that the rails could move back and forth. This done, he cut notches in both pairs of rails, where they intersected, — as in the case of the frog, — but he made the notches broader, so as to allow the rails to play back and forth. The ends of the movable rails he fastened to a small tie which passed under the fixed rails, and he cut the ends where they met the

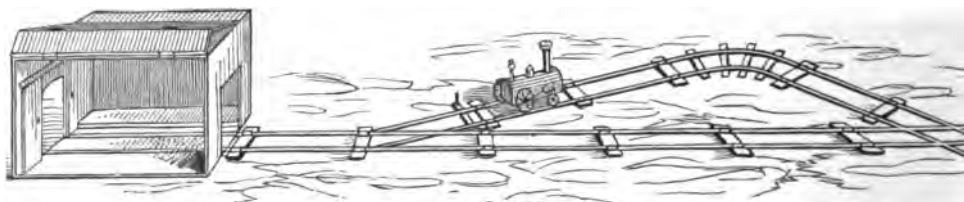
fixed rails, so that the wheels of the locomotive would pass freely



The Switch.

from one set of rails to the other. Then he set a peg in the end of the tie for a signal rod, with which to move the switch. Now they had a switch, and with this they could switch off a train from the regular track, so as to allow another train to pass, and could make it cross the track again on the frog.

The track and curve and frog and switch now being made, and in sections so that they could all be taken to pieces, what they needed

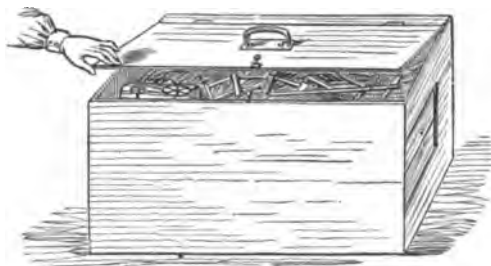


The Dépôt of the Roseland and Santa Fé Railroad.

next was a dépôt, — and for this Hen took a case which had been used for packing, and the wood of which was just the thickness of the sleepers. It was about eighteen inches long and fifteen inches

in breadth and depth. It had a cover, loosely nailed on, and this he removed without injuring it, and set the box on one side. This side was to be the floor of the dépôt. In each end he cut a square door-way, and fitted sliding doors, kept in place by cleats above and below, which could be opened and shut. A pair of rails was nailed upon the floor of the dépôt, and as the floor was of the thickness of the sleepers, it was plain that the track just fitted, and a train could run right through the dépôt without jolting. There was a platform by the side of the rails in the dépôt for the passengers to get out upon. The cover of the box Hen cut lengthwise into two pieces, — one about two and a half inches wide. This he hinged

to the top of the box, and then hinged the broad piece to it. By thus doing he could make a sort of slanting roof, and yet could shut up the whole dépôt at night. More than that, he found an old trunk-handle, which he fast-



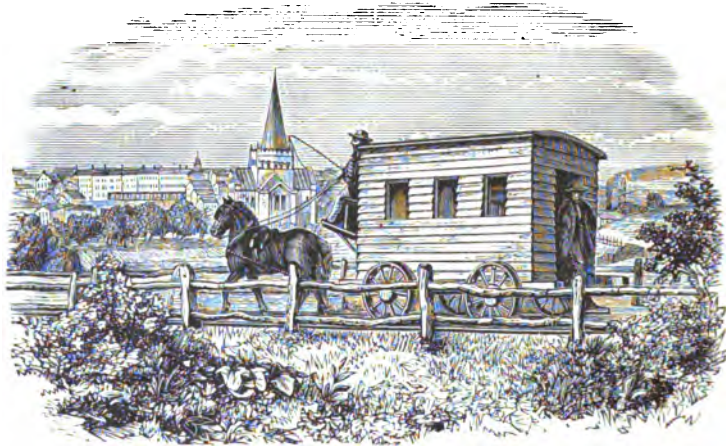
The Movable Railroad.

ened to the lid, and put a hasp on, and thus made of the dépôt a box in which could be packed the rails, switch, frog, and curve, and thus the entire Roseland and Santa Fé Railroad could at any time be packed up and carried from the barn to the house, — a great convenience, which few railroads enjoy.

It must not be supposed that Hen, with Martin to help him, built the railroad all in one day. It was the work of several days, and indeed the tunnel was not finished first, for the children could only work upon it at such times as they were not superintending the construction of the railroad. Nathan had a train of tin cars which he

could attach to the locomotive, and he actually was able, after winding up the locomotive, to see it start from the station, travel across the plains of the barn floor, run into the Rocky Mountain tunnel of the hay-mow, where Lucy stood as switch tender, and come out at the other end at Santa Fé, a roughly built town near the cow-stall.

The children reported every day in the house how they were getting on ; and when the railroad was complete, they led their father



First Railroad Car.

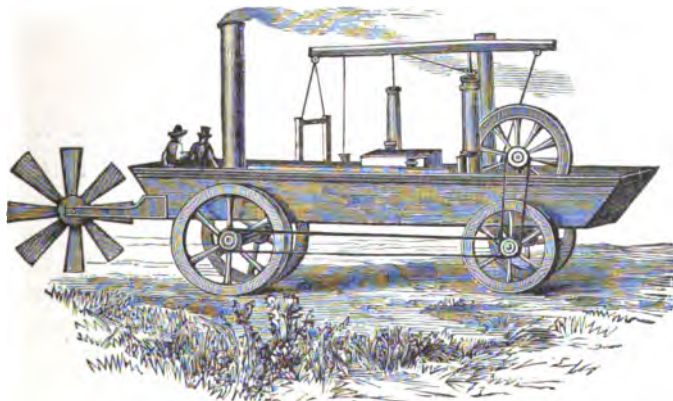
and mother out to see it. Ned had already helped in building it. The little locomotive was wound up, and made the through journey, while every one looked on and clapped.

“ Well done ! ” said Mr. Bodley. “ Why, Nathan, I remember, when I was your age going to Quincy and being shown the railroad used there for hauling granite. The railroad is there still, I believe. It was in 1827 when I was there, and it was thought very wonderful, but the cars were drawn by horses. They had not yet learned to use steam on railroads. They had got as far as rails,

and had found they made it lighter work for the horses; but when they began to make railroads, they tried all sorts of ways for making the wheels fit the tracks. They thought the wheels would slip round, so they made cog wheels; then they made the rails convex, like the iron rod that this barn door rolls over, and the wheels they made concave, to fit the tracks. It was in 1825 that the first train of passenger cars in England was drawn by a locomotive, and then they only went six miles an hour."

"I wonder they have n't tried to run steam locomotives on the roads, without rails," said Ned.

"They have tried, and still are trying to, but with no great success. The first road engine so tried was made by Oliver Evans, of



Oliver Evans's Road Engine.

Philadelphia, and a curious looking thing it was. Then they tried, too, to send cars over railroads by means of sails, but that did not succeed. Do you ever expect to see a real railroad running to Santa Fé, Hen?"

"Yes, sir, I do; and it won't require much grading, a good deal of the way, when it is built."

"Why, have you been there?"

"Been there! I went there with Kearny."

"Did you indeed make that march across the plains with Kearny?"

"Aye, sir, I was one of the army that took New Mexico," and Hen laughed. They waited, and he went on: "It makes me laugh to think how easily we took New Mexico. Why, Mr. Bodley, near as I can remember, we did n't fire a shot at anybody. Once or twice we thought we were coming upon some Mexicans, but they always got out of our way."

"It was in '46, was n't it?"

"It was the thirtieth of June, '46, that we left Fort Leavenworth. I remember the day well, because it was my birthday. We struck the prairie the second day, and I never want to see a prettier sight than we saw that day. The grass was as high as our horses' backs, and every time the wind blew across it, that grass would bend and catch the light, as if it was the sea itself; but it was a different thing when we got on the real prairies, a few days afterward. None of your high grass there, only short stubby grass, or wild sage, or some dry, bushy plant. Then we'd come across buffalo wallows, where the buffaloes had been rolling over, like Nep here; they seemed to be very fond of it, and they'd carry off lots of mud. I saw a good many buffaloes, and of all ridiculous looking animals, when they're running! They're all head and horns, sort o' tad-pole animals, and they go loping along, like a ship in a heavy sea, first bows up, then stern. The Indians have a harder time shooting them with bows and arrows than we did with pistols, but I guess their horses are more used to it. We used to hunt 'em, but I think we'd about as lieve not had any about us, they drew the wolves so.

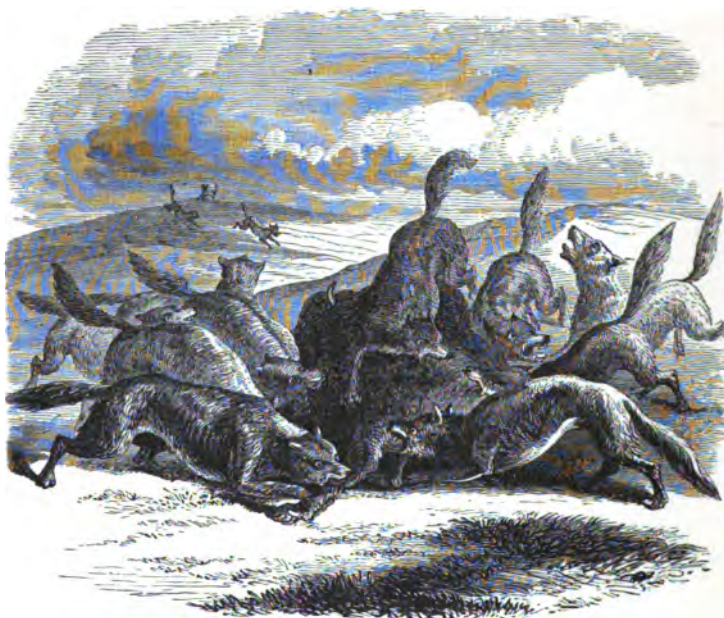
Every night in camp we'd have those beasts sitting on their haunches all night, and howling in the most dismal manner. They're cowardly brutes; but let 'em find a carcass, and you'd think them mighty brave. The way they'd pitch into a dead buffalo or horse! Why, Captain Fisher had to leave a sick horse be-



Buffalo Hunting.

hind one morning, and he felt so badly about it, that an hour afterward he sent back me and another man to put him out of misery; and when we got there, all we found was a few bones and a pack of snarling wolves. We struck the Arkansas at Walnut Creek, and had plenty of water and grass and wood till we got to Bent's Fort, about six hundred miles from Leavenworth; and there we took

leave of good times, and began to get in among the mountains. There was hardly a speck of wood on those big mountains, and the ponds were all brackish. We got to Lower Moro about the middle of August, and began to see what sort of a people we'd been sent out to fight. The town did n't have anything but mud huts, and those were about half underground, and the Mexicans were all in



A Pack of Wolves breakfasting on a Buffalo.

rag and dirt. Upper Moro was a little bigger place. We got there the next day, and it makes me laugh now to think how we took possession of it. The General sent for the mayor, or alcaid, as they called him, and told him to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Of course he took it; there was n't anything else to do. Then the General made a little speech through the inter-

preter, telling them that they must behave themselves, and he'd take care of them. We went through that business at every little town we came to. It's a wonder to me, and always was, why those Mexicans did n't stop us when we went through Pecos Pass. A mere handful of men could have held that place, but those Mexicans were poor sort of sticks, anyway, and we marched into Santa Fé without firing a shot. Almost everybody had run away, and those that stayed were badly frightened ; but General Kearny took possession, and made a long speech to them ; and as Santa Fé was the capital, why he felt as though he had taken New Mexico, and he let off his guns, and we all thought we'd done a fine thing. Well, we'd marched nigh a thousand miles, and that was something."

"I'd like to have gone !" exclaimed Nathan.

"Wait till you've walked a hundred miles, Thanny," said his cousin Ned.

NOTE. For the practical directions for building a railroad, the author is indebted to a paper published several years ago in *The Riverside Magazine for Young People*, by Mr. Austin Abbott.

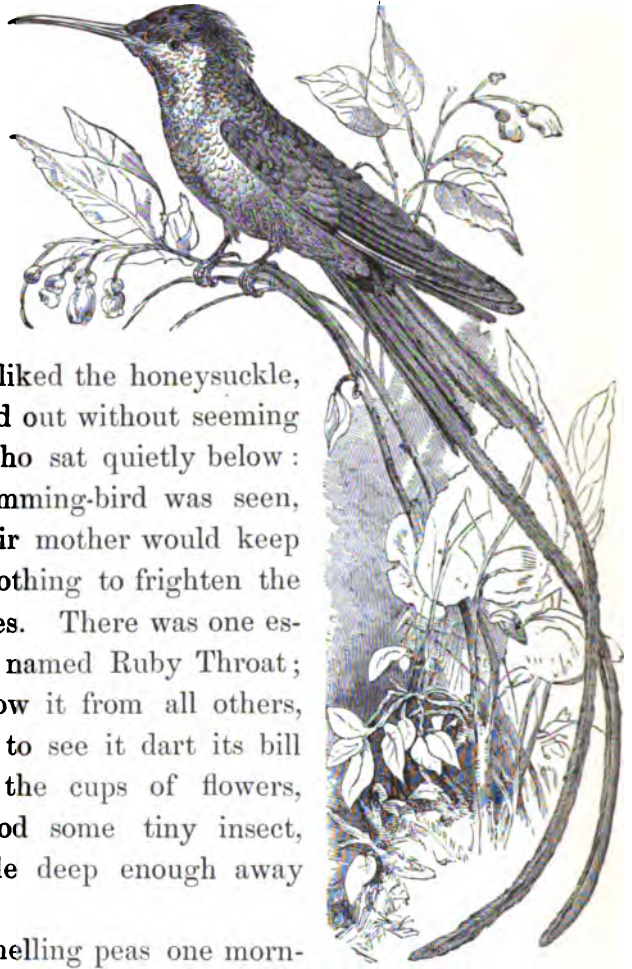
CHAPTER III.

PHIPPY'S MENAGERIE.

THE little library in the house at Roseland had a glass door which opened upon a grassy bank. Two or three steps conducted one out of the house upon the grass, and the steps themselves made a pleasant seat for the children. Mrs. Bodley often sat there with them, and sometimes even in the morning would bring her work there,

such as shelling peas, for instance, and sit on the steps while the children sat with her or played about. A trellis formed an arbor over the steps, and a profusion of honeysuckle grew over it, so that the open door-way was a great resort for humming-birds, who liked the honeysuckle, and would dart in and out without seeming to mind the people who sat quietly below: for, whenever a humming-bird was seen, the children and their mother would keep very quiet, and do nothing to frighten the flashing little beauties. There was one especially, which they named Ruby Throat; they learned to know it from all others, and watched for it, to see it dart its bill like lightning into the cups of flowers, bringing out for food some tiny insect, which could not hide deep enough away from Ruby Throat.

Mrs. Bodley was shelling peas one morning in August, while Ruby Throat was darting about, and the two girls were helping Nathan put up his tent on the bank, near the library window. The peas fell with a pleasant thud upon the tin pan, and Lucy was drawn by the sound to her mother's side.



Ruby Throat.

"I should like to help you, mama," she said. "Nathan is going to have a store in his tent, but they won't need me much till they get the things on the counter, and then they will want me to come and buy."

"I hope Nathan will not have the fortune I had in my store, when I was a little girl."

"Why, did you keep a store?"

"Very much such a one as Nathan means to keep, but unfortunately I had some real buyers. We lived in the city, and I thought it would be a fine thing to have a store in the window of the dining-room, so I used the window-seat for a counter, and spread my wares on it, besides putting some on the window sash for better display. I remember I had two or three cats made out of black cloth, with bead eyes and horse-hair whiskers. They hung in a row, and looked so like real cats that people stopped to look at them. Then I had some old slate pencils in a tumbler, and one seed-cake, which I had been keeping for several weeks. But my most precious possession was a pair of scales, — a pair of tin scales which had been given me, and stood on the counter. They made my store look like a real store. The window was not very high above the sidewalk, and it was quite easy for people passing by to look in. The window was closed, but I thought if anybody wanted to buy, it would be very easy for him to rap on the window and I would open it. Sure enough, a big boy came and stood in front of it, and then rapped on the window, and made signs for me to open it.

"How much is them scales?" said he, pointing to the scales. You see he was not a boy who had been taught to speak correctly. I had not intended to sell the scales, they were for weighing the seed-cake; but I suddenly thought, 'Why not sell them? They're

worth all the rest of the things put together.' So I said, trying to look as much like a shopkeeper as possible, —

“ ‘ Well, you may have those scales for ten cents.’

“ ‘ All right,’ said the big boy. ‘ Hand ’em over,’ and he put his hand in his pocket. I was about to wrap them in some paper and tie a string about the bundle, for I had provided myself with some, but the big boy said, —

“ ‘ Never mind the paper, ma’am,’ and I felt so grand at being called ‘ ma’am ’ that I handed my precious scales to the big boy immediately. He put a cent in my hand.

“ ‘ You can charge me the rest,’ said he ; ‘ I live just round the corner, and have n’t got any more money with me.’ He was just going away, when I said, ‘ Anything more to-day, sir ? Would n’t you like one of these cats ? They’re only a cent apiece.’

“ ‘ Well, you may put me up one,’ he said, but he was in a great hurry to be off. I gave him a cat, and shut the window triumphantly. There ! I had sold the scales and a cat. Nobody could say that I did not know how to keep store. I put the cent in a little box which I had provided, and jingled it when my father came into the room.

“ ‘ I’ve made eleven cents by my store this morning, father,’ said I, proudly, and I showed him my cent. ‘ The other ten are charged.’

“ ‘ Whom are they charged to ? ’ he asked.

“ ‘ To a big boy who lives round the corner.’

“ ‘ What is his name ? ’ I stopped jingling my box. I never had seen the boy before, and Lucy, my dear, I never saw him again.”

“ Oh, mama ! and you lost your beautiful tin scales ? Now tell me about the well.”

"Why, Lucy, you have heard that small story, till I should think you could repeat it yourself."

"Tell me about it, please."

"The well was made of a large oyster keg. I dug a hole in the ground and buried the keg, filling in all about it with earth, so that one could see nothing but the rim of the well. Then I took a shingle and split it in two, and bored a hole in each piece with an old bodkin, and it took me a very long time, I can assure you; but when it was done, and I had thrust a round stick through the holes, and buried the ends of the shingles on each side of the well, I was very proud indeed, for now I had a well and a windlass. I wound a string about the windlass, and hung a bottle on the string for a bucket. I took a hoop, too, and bent it over the well, and trained a cypress vine over it, so that my well was quite pretty and very useful, for I used to water my garden from it. To be sure, I had to bring all the water first from the house and fill the well, but it was very fine to lower the bucket and bring it up full of water; I think the bucket must have held at least three thimbles full." Just then Phippy and Nathan came running from the tent.



The Well.

"Lucy!" cried Phippy, "I have a splendid secret, but I'll tell mama too, because she knows how to keep a secret. We're not going to have a store in the tent, we're going to have a menagerie. A tent's the very place for a menagerie, and we're going to get cousin Ned to help us, and Nathan says the tent's his, but I may have the menagerie! Won't it be splendid?"

"But what sort of animals are you going to have?" asked Lucy, who was a little afraid of tigers and such things.

"Oh, we'll have a programme, and everything will be down on that. Would you like to be a wild animal or a visitor, or will you be one of the managers? I think I will take the tickets at the door."

"I think I should like to be a visitor," said Lucy; "but if you want me to, I can show off some of the animals, if they're not very wild."

"Well, you may. You may show off the sacred Hindû cow. I thought of that, and Nathan thought of the young Bengal tigers. We'll have it just as soon as we can get our programmes printed."

All this sounded very mysterious, and Phippy's menagerie grew and grew until everybody about the place had something to do with it, and there was some doubt if they would find visitors enough; but by arranging the different parts of the exhibition, so as not to use up more than one or two children at a time, they managed pretty well. It was decided not to have all the show at once in the tent, and to have people walk round and look at the animals, but to show the different sights by turn, and to combine with the menagerie what Ned, who was the showman, called a Great Moral and Pictorial Exhibition. The children were busy printing programmes with pen and ink, but they found so many new animals before the exhibition day came that no two programmes were alike, and, after all, Ned had to be reminded of some of the sights which he came near leaving out. They had a great placard pinned upon the tent, with the words on it, —

PHIPPY'S MENAGERIE.

GREAT MORAL AND PICTORIAL EXHIBITION OF WILD, TAME, AND STUFFED ANIMALS.

Admission	Two Pins.
Family Tickets, admitting five	Ten Pins.

Nobody was allowed to go into the tent, — that is, nobody except Nathan and Phippy and Lucy and Cousin Ned and Hen and Martin, — yes, and Mrs. Bodley went in once, I believe, but nobody else. The exhibition was put off from day to day, and everybody's curiosity was excited to the highest pitch when the dinner-bell was rung for five minutes one August afternoon, and that was the sign that the great show was to begin. Every one who was not in the tent or behind it was in front ; Mr. and Mrs. Bodley and the servants and Martin and one or two neighbors. Ned Adams was the showman, and he stood on a soap-box at the door of the tent.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he began, when Phippy rushed out of the tent.

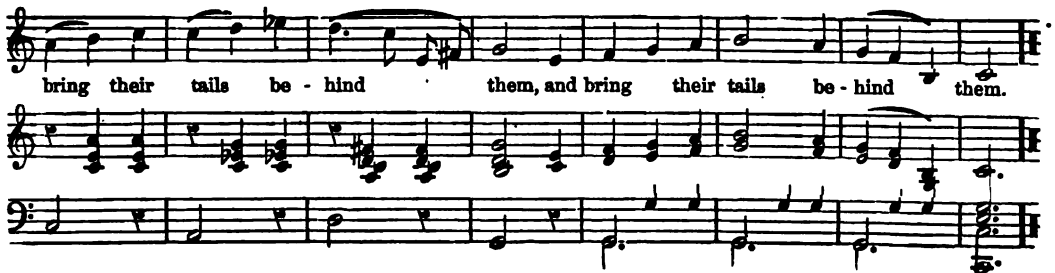
“Stop, all of you,” she cried, throwing up her hands. “We’ve forgotten to take the tickets.” The tickets had all been sold long ago, Mr. Bodley buying an entire Family Ticket for himself, but no one had remembered to take them. So Phippy ran about and collected the tickets, and then rushed into the tent again.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” began Ned once more, “the tickets having now been taken, the show will begin. Any one who is dissatisfied with the show when it is over can have his or her ticket refunded, or he or she can go away now ; but we can’t have any disturbance while the show is going on. The performances will begin with music, and the Invisible Band will sing the appropriate song of “Little Bo-Peep.” So, inside the tent, three little voices struck up the song and sang it through.



Little Bo-peep.





The audience clapped the band, and Ned once more got up on the soap-box.

"We regret exceedingly," he said, "that Little Bo-peep having lost her sheep, it is impossible for us to exhibit them, but we have great pleasure in introducing, —

THE SACRED COW OF THE GANGES,

which has been obtained at the cost of great courage upon the part of an intrepid child." Hereupon, Lucy marched round from behind the tent, leading the family cow. Lucy was dressed with a turban and a long India shawl wound about her, and stood patting the cow, which looked on in a mild wonder.

"This cow," continued Ned, "was a great mystery, for no one could be found who had ever seen it; but one day a child, hearing it low, went into the barn where it was kept, and by simply holding out a wisp of hay, attracted the cow to herself. Ever since, the cow has followed the maiden wherever she went. That maiden is before you. She cannot speak a word of English, but the cow understands her perfectly. I beg to add that this maiden, when she discovered the cow, was dressed simply in the dress of an ordinary child. The infatuation of the cow for her had nothing to do with her gorgeous apparel. We had hoped to show you the Lamb that

followed Mary, but we have been unable to find Mary. We are disappointed, also, at not being able to secure the Strasburg Stork, but we are happy to announce a lecture upon storks, including that Remarkable Instance of Motherly Instinct, which will now be given by Mrs. Charles Bodley." There had been loud whispers for

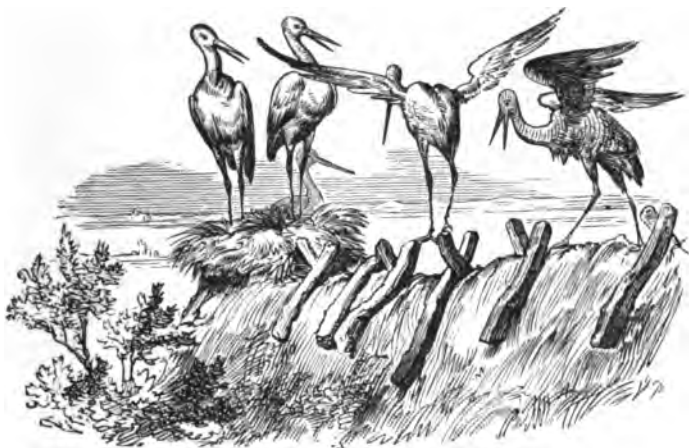


The Intrepid Child coaxing the Cow.

"mother," before Ned had concluded, and Mrs. Bodley had gone into the tent. Lucy led her cow into the audience, and sat herself on the grass, while the tent flap was flung aside, and Mrs. Bod-

ley was seen sitting in a camp chair at the entrance. She smiled as the audience clapped, and gave her little lecture as follows : —

“ If you should take a walk or drive through the streets of Strasburg, and should chance to look up to the curious roofs of the houses, with their four or five rows of odd, eye-shaped windows projecting from them, you would notice that many of the chimneys were covered on the top with a sort of bedding of straw, and per-



Storks on a Roof.

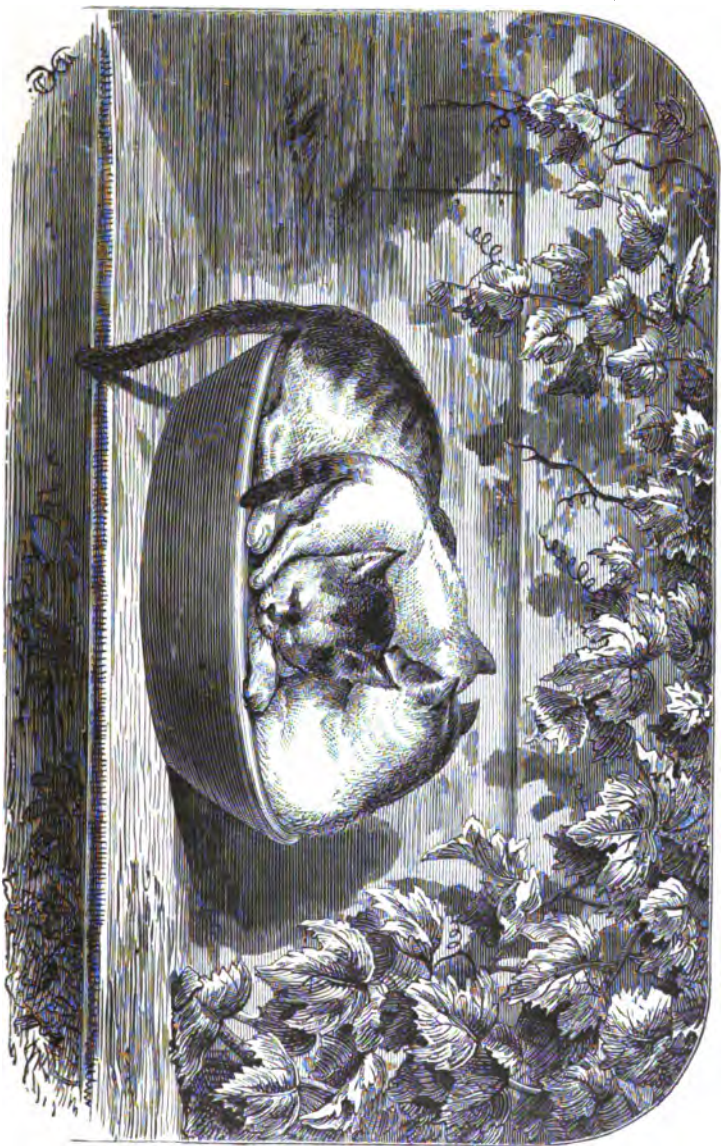
haps upon this you would see a great bird, with a long bill and short tail, mounted on two long, thin legs. He would be standing so very still that you would think it must be one of the curious ornaments that the people in Europe put upon their houses. But if you look long enough, you will see him stretch out a pair of enormous wings, throw back his head upon his body, and rise slowly and majestically into the air ; he would not fly very far, however, before he would alight in the street where there has been a market, seize a fish that has been thrown into the gutter, and fly back with it to his nest.

This is the famous Stork, — a bird which is not found in America or in England, but is common on the Continent, especially in the large cities, being fond of the society of man. The Stork is a bird of most excellent character. He is a pattern of goodness to his parents,



Storks in Flight.

and to his children. He never forgets a kindness, and is so useful that the people in Holland make false chimneys to their houses, so that the storks may find places enough for their nests ; and in German cities they put a kind of frame upon their chimneys, so that the storks may find it more convenient. Once, in Strasburg, a chimney took fire. Upon this chimney was a nest, in which were four young storks not yet able to fly. Think of the despair of the Stork mother, as the smoke enveloped her poor little ones, and the heat threatened to roast them alive ! They were too young for her to carry them away in her beak, — that would strangle them ; and to throw them out of their nests would only break their little necks. The mother instinct taught her what to do. She flew back and forth over the nest, flapping her great wings over it, and so making a current of air in which the young could breathe. But, alas ! a great quantity of soot all on fire began to fall, and now they



THE BABY TIGERS

would certainly be burnt alive. No, — the good mother extended her great wings over the nest, and allowed the burning soot to fall upon herself. It had burnt one wing nearly away when the people below came with ladders, and saved the nest and the four little birds and the good mother. They took care of her, but she was always infirm; she could fly no more, and for many years she used to go about from house to house, and the people would feed her. The children would often stand on the porch and watch the poor old stork eat what was set before her."



The Strasburg Stork.

Mrs. Bodley's lecture was over, and she was allowed to take her place once more in the audience, while Ned consulted his programme to see what the next piece was to be.

"Royal Bengal Tigers," he read, and then announced: "The audience will keep perfectly still while three baby Bengal tigers are exhibited at the door of the tent. Their keeper will be by them,

and every precaution will be taken to prevent them from doing any harm." Thereupon Nathan appeared bearing an earthenware dish, and three small pussy cats crowded into it. "These tigers," continued the showman, "were found in the jungles of India by the celebrated Captain Henry, who has travelled all round the known globe. He was with Christopher Columbus when he discovered America, and is the only white man who has ever hung his hat on the North Pole. This celebrated traveller has been with difficulty persuaded to attach himself to the Great Moral and Pictorial Exhibition, but I am happy to state that he has consented to appear on this occasion only, when he will fan himself with a fan made of ostrich feathers from a bird shot by himself in the heart of Africa." Nathan and Phippy eagerly pulled aside the flaps of the tent, and there was discovered Hen, dressed in full Arab costume, sitting upon an ottoman, and calmly fanning himself with an ostrich fan. Everybody applauded, and Hen, quite unabashed, bowed gravely, and kept on fanning.

"May I be allowed to ask the celebrated Captain a question?" said Mr. Bodley to the showman.

"Certainly, sir, if you will address him in the Arabic tongue."

"I've got some gum arabic in the house," said Nathan, as his father hesitated.

"That will do, Nathan. It will make him stick to his subject. But you need n't get it. I am sure so great a traveller has learned by this time to speak our language. I want to ask you, Captain, if you ever rode an ostrich?" Hen stopped fanning, looked at Mr. Bodley a moment, and then said, —

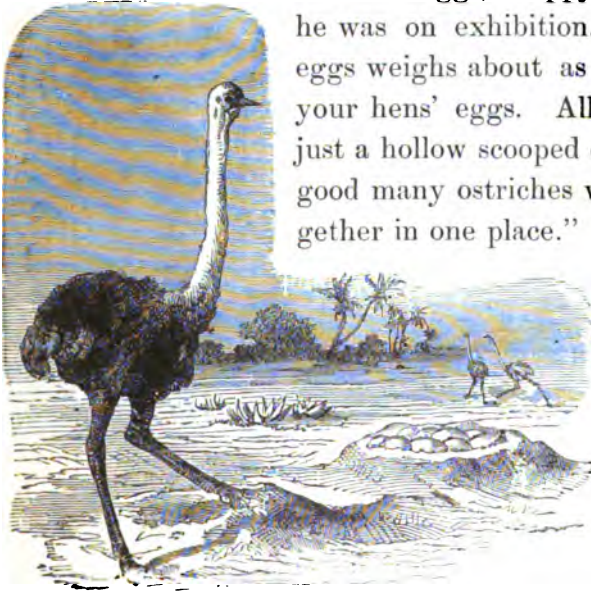
"This here is an exhibition?"

"It's a great moral exhibition," said Ned, shaking his head at Hen.

"Then I did. I rode the bird that I am now swinging before me," and he went on with his fanning. Presently he resumed. "We went at about the rate of a mile a minute. I had to hold on to the bird's neck to keep from falling off, but he did n't run very far."

"Did you see his eggs?" asked Phippy.

"Yes, I saw his and hers. Ostriches take care of their eggs together. The mother lays them, but the father helps sit on them at night. In the daytime the sun keeps them warm. You should see their eggs, Phippy," said Hen, forgetting he was on exhibition. "Why, one of their eggs weighs about as much as two dozen of your hens' eggs. All the nest they have is just a hollow scooped out in the sand; and a good many ostriches will club their eggs together in one place."



Ostriches and Eggs

"Did you raise your ostrich out of an egg?" asked Lucy.

"Did n't the showman say I shot this ostrich?"

"But that's mama's fan. It belonged to grandmama."

"Oh, it did, did it?" and Hen looked hard at the fan. "Come to remember, it was n't this fan. The last ostrich hunt I was on I came near getting the worst of it. I was off with Tippoo, — Tippoo was another Arab," — and Hen half shut his eyes and looked

at Ned ; “ we were on horseback, and we came upon a family of ostriches, — a male and two females and several young ones. We wounded one of the females, when one of the males turned about as fierce as a fighting-cock, and kicked Tippoo’s horse so hard that the horse threw Tippoo. At that what does the ostrich do but rush



Hen and Tippoo Hunting Ostriches.

at Tippoo and kick him. An ostrich does n’t kick backwards, like a horse, but forwards, and it’s no joke to be kicked by one. Tippoo was knocked dumb, and if I had n’t rushed up, I don’t know what would have happened.”

“ Did you kill the rest ? ”

“ No, we did n’t stop that day to kill any more.”

“ We have one more interesting curiosity to show you,” said the

showman, "and if you will be patient a few minutes, you shall see a famous person whom you have often read about. In order to make the time pass till then I will recite the appropriate and zoölogical rhyme of—

THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO.

BY EDWARD LEAR.

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,

"Good gracious! how you hop!

Over the fields and the water, too,

As if you never would stop!

My life is a bore in this nasty pond,

And I long to go out in the world beyond!

I wish I could hop like you!"

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

"Please give me a ride on your back!"

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

"I would sit quite still and say nothing but 'quack,'

The whole of the long day through!

And we'd go to the Dee and the Jelly Bo Lee,

Over the land and over the sea;

Please take me a ride! Oh, do!"

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,

"This requires a little reflection;

Perhaps on the whole it might bring me luck,

And there seems but one objection,—

Which is, if you'll let me speak so bold,

Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,

And would probably give me the rheu-

Matiz!" said the Kangaroo.

Said the Duck, "As I sat on the rocks,

I have thought of all that completely,

THE BODLEYS AFOOT.

And I bought four pairs of worsted socks,
Which fit my web-feet neatly.
And to keep out the cold I've bought a cloak,
And every day a cigar I'll smoke,
All to follow my own dear true
Love of a Kangaroo!"

Said the Kangaroo, "I'm ready!
All in the moonlight pale;
But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady,
And quite at the end of my tail!"
So away they went with a hop and a bound,
And they hopped the whole world three times round;



"So away they went with a hop and a bound."

And who so happy, — Oh, who?
As the Duck and the Kangaroo.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

They all laughed heartily over Ned's song, and so interested had the people in the tent become in it, that Ned suddenly turned and discovered them at the opening.

"Why, there she is now," he exclaimed; "Little Red Riding Hood, before she was eaten up by her grandmother. Ladies and gentlemen, the exhibition will close with this scene. We have no wish to exhibit the grandmother, nor to show Little Red Riding Hood after that painful incident. You behold the unsuspecting maiden just about entering the cottage. You must imagine the doorway and the door-step, but we thought it would be more agreeable to you if we showed you the maiden, and let you imagine the rest, than if we showed you simply the door-step and doorway, and let you imagine the maiden. Ladies and gentlemen, the show is over." Ned got down from his soap-box, the flaps of the tent fell, and the little audience moved away.

CHAPTER IV.

JOG ON, JOG ON.

At the time when this story was going on, Ned Adams was a Sophomore at college, but his vacations were spent at his Uncle Bodley's. When the summer was over this year, a few weeks after Phippy's Menagerie had been exhibited, he went back to college, and now he was in the Junior class. Whether it was that he was growing too fast, for he seemed an inch or two taller every vacation, or that he was using his eyes too much at night, it suddenly fell out, in the spring following, that he had to give up study except

as he was read to by a friend, and he spent a great deal of time exploring the mountains, that shut in the little village where his college was. His long legs seemed made for climbing, and his short letters to Roseland, telling of his mountain jaunts, filled Nathan Bodley's mind with a strong desire to emulate his cousin. There were no mountains near Roseland, and he begged his father to let him join his cousin at college, and climb the mountains with him. Indeed, Ned himself had written, asking to have Nathan come.

"I could sleep on his lounge, you know, papa," Nathan explained, "and board at the Starvation Club." Nathan himself was shooting up rapidly. He was tall for his years, and his parents were not sorry that his school vacation was soon to come. "Ned could hear me say my Latin, too," he urged. "He's in college, and there must be quantities of Latin about there which I could pick up easily. I shall be ready for college in two years, and I think it would be a good plan for me to go a little before and see what it's like." Nathan stopped, and tried to think of some more reasons. "It would be good for the girls to learn to do without me," he continued.

"You horrid boy," said Phippy. "You know I'm almost as good as a boy to play with. I've heard you say so, and Ned has men to play with at college. Why, Nathan, haven't you heard him talking about the men in his class? Only think of it, there are men in Cousin Ned's class at college."

"Here's one of them now," said a voice; and the children, turning about, saw their cousin standing before them with a knapsack on his back. They rushed at him tumultuously.

"What brings you home at this time, Ned?" asked his uncle, "and in this rig."

"Why, you see, I got off from some examinations; Prex said I might make them up next year, and he advised me to come homè, where I should n't be tempted to look into a book. It's only four weeks to the end of the term, so I walked home."

"Walked home?"

"Yes. Brightly, who's a Senior, was coming home; it was senior vacation, you know, and he proposed to me to walk. We walked to Charlemont the first day, over the mountain, then, to Athol; the next day to Shirley, where we stayed with the Shakers; and I just left Brightly in Cambridge." Nathan looked at his cousin's legs in admiration.

"Oh, I'd just like to do that!" he said, drawing a long breath.

"Now, Uncle Charles, why can't Nathan go off with me? I'd take good care of him, and I'm good for nothing but to walk. We could have a jolly time."

"Where would you walk to?"

"Oh, we'd walk to New York. I planned it all out as I came along."

"It's a good month for walking," said Mr. Bodley, thinking it over. "June is a good month, though October would be better."

"But the term begins again in September," said Ned.

"Well, we'll think about it. You don't want to start to-night." Mr. Bodley had, in fact, already thought of some such plan, and had talked it over with his wife, but had said nothing to Nathan about it. He had a good deal of confidence in Ned Adams, and though a long tramp would be pretty hard for Nathan, especially at first, they would never at any time be very far from the railway, and if necessary could get on the train and ride. Nathan was beginning to be a little pale, and his father thought a fortnight or so

of out-of-door tramping would bring back the color to his cheeks. So he was not very long in making up his mind, and he told Nathan that he and Ned might make their plans for a walk from Boston to New York.

"There are quicker ways of getting there," said he, "but there is no pleasanter way, unless indeed you were to go on horseback. You can play that there are no railways or steamboats, and you are going over the old stage route. There used to be more than one stage route to New York, but I believe they all went through Hartford, and there you can visit your Aunt Martha."

"I should like to go again to Aunt Martha's," said Nathan. "I remember I went once when I was a little boy, and Cousin Ned was there, and he made me a cart, with wheels cut off from round birch logs."

"Why, it was only three or four years ago, Nathan," said Phippy, — "when you were a little boy, indeed!" but Nathan pretended not to hear her. Great preparations were made for this excursion, which Ned superintended with evident zest.

"He must have a blue shirt, Aunt Sarah, and a black, flowing neck-tie, to give him style, and he can wear his soft crush hat. I'll get him a knapsack like mine." Ned made very careful inquiry into Nathan's shoes. "You want a shoe for walking," he said, "with a good square sole that you can spread your foot flat on; and you don't want a double sole, but a good thick single sole, that will be elastic, and yet won't let the wet through easily. I think the Oxford tie is the best for walking; and I would n't wear woolen socks, they're too warm, but good stout cotton ones, or silk and woolen mixed, that will be soft and stout at the same time." The knapsack which Ned procured for Nathan was like his own. It was

a pack-saddle, as he called it: a light wooden frame, padded where it was set upon the back, and with padded bent wood hooks, to hang it over the shoulders. It required no straps to keep it in place, but simply hung by its own weight; and Ned took care, when he had it fitted to Nathan's shoulders, to hang upon it the weight which he would carry, so that when fully packed the saddle would hang with the least possible drag to it. The clothes to be carried were placed in a waterproof bag, and this bag was strapped tightly to the outside of the saddle. In this way there was no binding of the arms or waist, but the weighted saddle was easily hung upon the shoulders, and easily slipped off at any time.

"That's a handy contrivance," said Hen, who turned it over and over. "Now the Indians pass a strap across their foreheads, and carry the weight on their backs."

"I remember my first fishing excursion," said Mr. Bodley, "when I put the pork and bread in a grain bag, and fastened it with ropes to my shoulders and across my breast. How those ropes did cut me! What are you going to take in your knapsack, Nathan?"

"Oh, only another flannel shirt for a change, and two or three pairs of socks, and a toothbrush and one or two handkerchiefs, and a night gown, and a pair of slippers. Mother's going to send a bag of clothes to Aunt Martha's, so that we can dress like young Christians, she says, when we get there."

"Nathan does n't need a brush or comb," explained Ned, trying to pull Nathan's hair, which, like his own, had been cropped close, fighting cut.

"What shall you do if you get wet through? You can change your shirt, but not your trousers."

"We can go to bed," said Ned. "I've often done that, and sent

my clothes down to the kitchen fire to be dried. I've got a housewife in my knapsack, — so that I can mend rips and tears."

"Won't you wish you had me, though!" said Phippy.

"Pooh! Cousin Ned can sew first-rate," said Nathan.

"Oh, yes," said Ned; "I can sew over and over. I sewed my trousers so once when they got torn, and I sewed them so tight that I could n't get into them. But I can't hemstich, Phip. I suppose you can."

"Oh, much you know," said Phippy. "I should like to be by when you thread your needle, and make a knot. Tell me, Cousin Ned, don't you take hold of the thread with both hands, and tie a knot as if there was a bundle to tie up? I don't believe you can roll the knot between your thumb and forefinger."

"You're right there, Phippy. I never could do more than make a bunch that way."

"Now, Ned," said his uncle, the morning they were to start, "you're an old walker, and won't mind the tramp. I know you mean to take good care of Nathan, but you must remember that he is only a boy, who has had no experience like this. You're not walking for a wager. Stop whenever you think he has gone far enough. Try to arrange your walk so as to spend the night comfortably. Go to a good tavern when you can, but you will sometimes find the farmers' houses more comfortable. Take your meals regularly, and stop at anything interesting on the way. I don't need to give you cautions about walking directly after eating, about drinking when heated, and all that, for if I did n't think you knew about those matters, I should n't trust Nathan with you. Make your tramp a pleasure, not a task, and don't be too proud to get into a railway-train or a wagon when you are tired and still wish to travel further."

They decided not to start until after an early dinner, as they meant to take a short walk only the first day. It was a lovely June day, the wind was blowing freshly, and if they could have such days all the while they were gone they certainly could not ask for better. Nathan had dressed himself in his walking costume, and was sauntering about all the morning, taking care of himself lest he should get too tired before he started. His mother laughed at him.

"You will get more tired doing nothing, Thanny, than if you were about some ordinary task. Here, we'll celebrate your departure by some 'ice-cream.'" So she got out the freezer, and Nathan made his hands black with the lead as he turned the handle for what seemed to him half an hour. But the morning finally dragged itself away, dinner was over, and the boys were getting ready to start, when an ominous thunder-cloud in the west dismayed them.

"I don't much mind being caught in a rain," said Ned, "but I hate to start in a storm." The cloud grew thicker and blacker.

"You will have to wait till the storm is over," said Mr. Bodley; "but I don't believe it will last long. You'll have plenty of time to get to Dedham if you don't start for an hour yet."

"Shall you keep a diary, Nathan?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, yes, I've got a little book, and mean to set down just what we do each day."

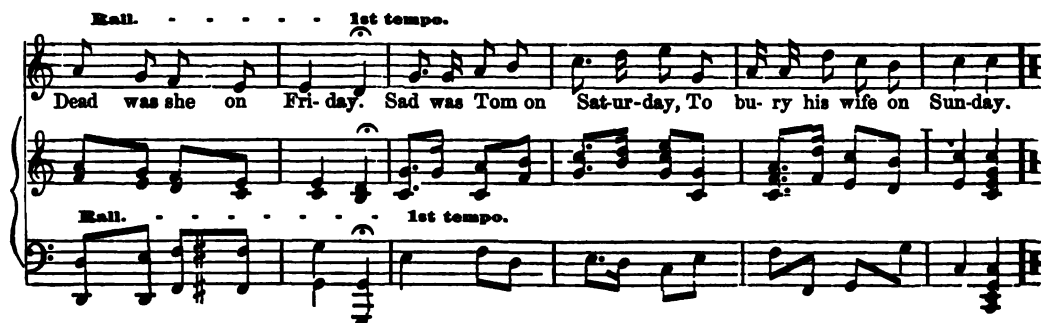
"It will be about as brief as Tom of Islington, I guess," said his mother, and she sang the week-long history of—



Tom, Tom of Islington.

Tom, Tom of Is - ling ton, Mar-ried a wife on Sun-day, Brought her home on Mon - day,

Hired a house on Tues-day, Fed her well on Wednes-day, Sick she was on Thurs-day,



The children joined in the song, but Nathan looked a little injured.

"Now, mother," said he, "you know I mean to write good long letters home."

"Did you ever hear of my letter to your mother, Nathan, which I wrote from Aunt Martha's?" asked Ned. "I was told to write her a letter once when I was there. I must have been about seven years old. An enormous sheet of foolscap was given me, and I said all I could think of in about ten lines; then, to fill out the sheet, I went to the book-case, and found a book with a good long table of contents, — it was the Writings of Hannah More; I remember just how it looked, — and I copied that table of contents, and made a respectably long letter to Aunt Sarah."

"I remember that letter," laughed his aunt, "and I often wondered if you discovered that ingenious way of filling a letter all by yourself. But, see, the rain is stopping." They were all in the front hall by the open door, watching the storm. "Nathan, if your heart fails you, you can unpack your knapsack, and I will put away your things." But Nathan was busy tightening the straps which held his bundle in place upon the pack-saddle. The rain now ceased, the sun came out brightly, and the two boys stood on their feet to start.

"We'll go exactly at four o'clock," said Ned, holding his watch in his hand. "It wants five minutes of the hour, and in that time you must all bid us good-by."

"I'm going to throw a slipper after you for luck," said Phippy; and she began hopping about on one foot, holding the slipper of the other in her hand. The clock struck four.

"Good-by," they cried, and started down the steps, while Phippy's slipper came flying after them. Nep was the last to bid them good-by, for he bounded down the avenue, and followed them to the gate. They turned and waved their hats, then passed up the road, and were hidden from the sight of the group in the door-way.

"I hope Nathan won't repent," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Not he," said Mr. Bodley. "He's not the boy for that, but he will limp a little before he gets home."

"Come, Lucy," said Phippy, "let's go out and see Hen."

"No. I'm going up to tell Nurse Young about it," said Lucy; for Nurse Young was herself now ill in bed, and Lucy spent a good deal of her time running up-stairs to tell her old nurse what was going on below.

And now we will follow the fortunes of Nathan Bodley and Ned Adams on their walk from Boston to New York. They were, to be sure, already three miles on their way when they started, for the mile-stone near the gate said, "Boston, 3 m."

"We'll go by Dale Street to the turnpike," said Ned, as they walked off, "and by Washington Street straight out to Dedham."

"Why, I thought Washington Street stopped at Dudley Street."

"No, it keeps right on by the Dedham turnpike to Providence, forty-four miles. I suppose it is one of the longest streets in the world, but we shall only go seven miles of it."



LUCY AND NURSE YOUNG.

"It's three miles to Boston."

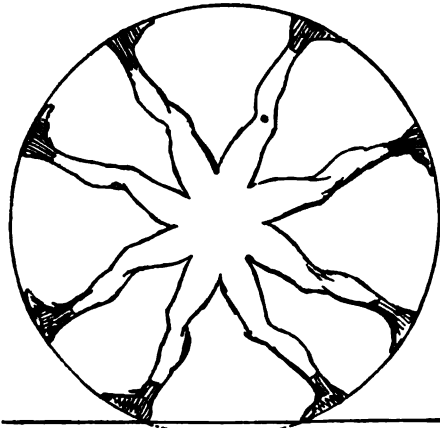
"Yes; and if you were to walk to Boston and back, and then a mile more, you would be walking as far as to Dedham."

"That seems a good way," said Nathan, seriously, raising his knapsack a little higher on his shoulders.

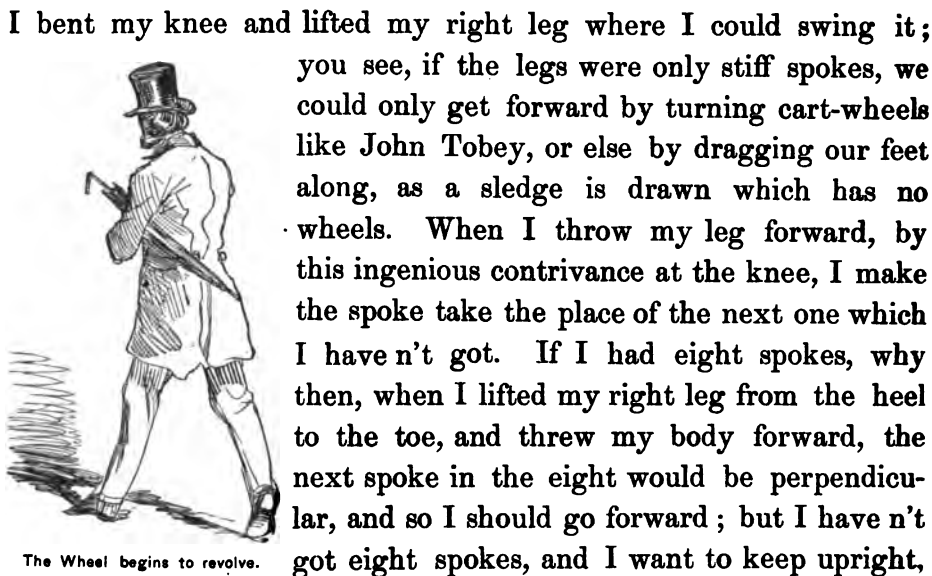
"Well, you would n't think it far to drive; now we are really just the same as rolling over the road. Your legs and mine, Nathan, are just the same as spokes to a wheel. Did you ever turn a cartwheel?"

"No, but John Tobey can."

"Well, if you had half a dozen more legs sticking out from your body, you could turn a cart-wheel very easily. You see, every time you lift one foot and put it forward, you make part of a revolution, and it is only by planting the other firmly that you keep from pitching head-first. Now, just watch me as I walk. See! I have not yet taken my right foot from the ground, but the sole of that foot is almost perpendicular. The muscles in the calf of the leg have rolled it off from the ground as if it were part of the tire of a wheel. The leg you see is a spoke, and the foot at the end of the leg is a section of the tire. The heel rises first, and the body is thrown forward. I should be pitched forward upon my head, if my left leg did not keep my body in position. But that left leg would keep me rooted to the ground, if I did not have a joint in my right, by which



A Human Wheel.



I bent my knee and lifted my right leg where I could swing it; you see, if the legs were only stiff spokes, we could only get forward by turning cart-wheels like John Tobey, or else by dragging our feet along, as a sledge is drawn which has no wheels. When I throw my leg forward, by this ingenious contrivance at the knee, I make the spoke take the place of the next one which I have n't got. If I had eight spokes, why then, when I lifted my right leg from the heel to the toe, and threw my body forward, the next spoke in the eight would be perpendicular, and so I should go forward; but I have n't got eight spokes, and I want to keep upright, hence my singular and interesting contrivance of two legs with joints to them."

"I should think you got up your legs," said Nathan, rather scornfully, "from the way you talk."

"No, I did n't get them up, but I accept them as they are, and don't ask for any additional ones," said Ned, generously. "But to go on with my lecture. Keep watching me. When my leg which has been swinging is swung forward and strikes the ground, the heel strikes first because my foot is pointed upward, my leg being bent, and that heel is the arm of a lever which brings the sole flat down upon the ground, and now my right leg is upright again, the body rests upon it, and as I have two



The Swinging Spoke.

legs, I set the other one going. So you see walking means that we are constantly pitching forward, and just as regularly stopping ourselves from falling.”¹

“I suppose the reason why I wear out my heels so fast, then,” said Nathan, “is that I strike them first on the ground when I carry my foot forward.”

“Exactly; and that is the reason why the shoemaker usually puts a double row of nails at the heel of your shoe. Now let me give you a few lessons in walking. I suppose you think you know how to walk?”

“I learned to walk when I was a baby,” said Nathan.

“You can learn a thing or two now,” said Ned. “Let me see you walk very slowly,” and he watched him critically, as Nathan stepped along. “Slower still. What makes you sway so from one side to the other?”

“I can’t help it.”

“So I see, for you have n’t learned to walk very slowly. You use your feet just as if you were going to walk fast, and of course you make a bungle. Now, watch my feet. Do you see any difference?”

“You don’t wobble.”

“No, and if you watched long enough you would see why; but we never should get to Dedham, so I’ll tell you. When you want to walk slowly your way is to reverse the manner of your step, and



The Revolution ending.

¹ The reader will find the whole subject clearly set forth in Dr. O. W. Holmes’s paper, *The Human Wheel, its Spokes and Felloes*.

instead of passing from heel to toe, to pass from toe to heel. When you change from foot to foot, the little toe should touch the ground first. Of course you won't walk on tip-toe, but the outer edge of the ball of the foot and the little toe will be on the ground first, and then the heel and the big toe; then when you push on, turn the foot, push from the inner edge of the ball, which should be the last to leave the ground. This sounds very awkward, and if you were to try walking so, you would find yourself walking in a very clumsy manner; but, after practice, you would secure a steady and dignified gait. When you go to court to pay your respects to the President, or to Queen Victoria, I advise you to practice the art of walking slowly."

"How shall I walk fast?"

"The quicker you walk, if you have good control of yourself, the more erect you will hold yourself, and the less art will be required; but you must learn two or three simple things. First, breathe through your nose only; don't open your mouth. Everything depends on your wind. Then keep your chest raised; and you will do that easiest by throwing your head and shoulders back. There's nothing worse in walking than that fallen in appearance that some people have, as if they were only tumbling along, and not rolling."

"Cousin Ned, how fast do you suppose we shall walk?"

"How fast do you suppose we are walking now?"

"Why, I suppose, — I suppose, about five miles an hour." Ned laughed.

"When you learn to walk five miles an hour steadily, Nathan, you will be an unusually good walker. We are going about half that rate, and I don't think we are likely to do better than three

miles an hour at any time. If you walk ten miles in three hours, before I get you home, I shall think you are doing very well, — very well indeed.”

“Poh! I’ve walked into Boston in less than an hour.”

“Very likely; but have you walked in and out and in again in less than three hours?”

“I never tried it.”

“Well, we are trying it now though, to-day; it’s only seven miles that we have to walk to Dedham.”

“How fast did you walk when you came home the other day?”

“Oh, we walked four miles an hour, on an average, but we were n’t walking for a wager. And I tell you what, Nathan, there’s



Jamaica Pond, South Side.

nothing makes you walk so well as good spirits. Get discouraged, and you’ll begin to limp.” Ned kept up his little lecture as they walked over the turnpike. They had left pretty Jamaica Pond behind them on their right, had crossed a long marshy ground, and were climbing a wooded hill, which gave them a fine view of all the country about. Here they stopped awhile; and when they pushed

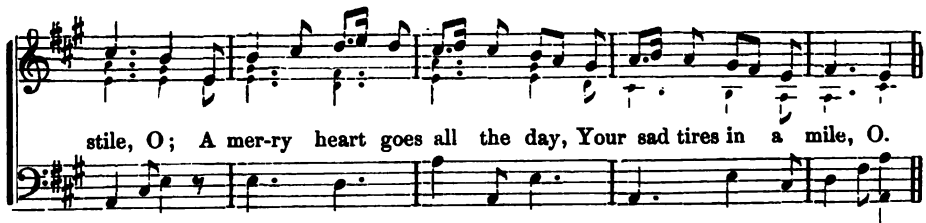
on again, Nathan, who had been rather silent, gave a little sigh. Perhaps so much talk about legs had made the tramp already seem a more serious thing than he had thought it.

"How much farther do you suppose it is to Dedham, Cousin Ned?" he asked.

"Oh, two or three miles, I guess."

"Two or three miles! I thought we must be almost there."

"A watched pot never boils, Nathan; and a walker who counts his steps never gets to the end of his journey. Come, I must teach you my song which I always sing when I begin to tire in walking; and if I don't sing it, I whistle it." So Ned struck up, "Jog on, jog on."



"That's a song out of Shakspeare, Nathan," he explained, "and it's a very proper one for us to sing; for Shakspeare makes Autolycus, who was a kind of tramp, as well as peddler, sing it, in 'A Winter's Tale.'"

“What does *hent* mean?”

“Oh, it means *take hold of*; I suppose it has something to do with *hand*. But see, there’s Dedham Court House ahead of us.” Nathan gathered himself up, and walked more briskly. Indeed, as the two opened the gate and walked up the little flagged path that led to the Phoenix House, one might have thought them two soldiers, so erect and alert were they.

CHAPTER V.

IN GOOD OLD COLONY DAYS.

WHEN Nathan got up to dress the next morning, he noticed two things: his joints were lame, and he could scarcely get his shoes on.

“Yes, your feet are swollen a little,” explained his cousin, “but don’t you mind; hobble about until after breakfast, and you will find it is not so bad as you think. As for your stiffness, there’s nothing like a little more walking to take that off.” The boys had been called at half after five o’clock, so as to have an early breakfast and an early start. They knew no one in Dedham, and so did not care to stay there long. Their next point was Medfield, where Ned meant that they should make a halt for dinner, and their road was the old Hartford stage-road, which led them through a quiet farming country. The sky was overcast when they started, and after they had walked an hour, some drops of rain began to fall. There were more houses now, and a shaded, sleepy looking street gave sign of a little village. Then a country store, with Post Office over the doorway, appeared, and they ran to it for shelter.

"This is n't Medfield, is it?" asked Nathan.

"Oh, no, we are not anywhere near Medfield yet."

They were standing in the doorway as they said this, and a voice came from a dark corner within, —

"This is the village of West Contentment."

They turned, and saw a very old man sitting placidly in an arm-chair in the depths of the store. He had not lost his hearing, evidently, if his voice was weak.

"West Contentment!" said Ned. "And where is Contentment itself to be found?"

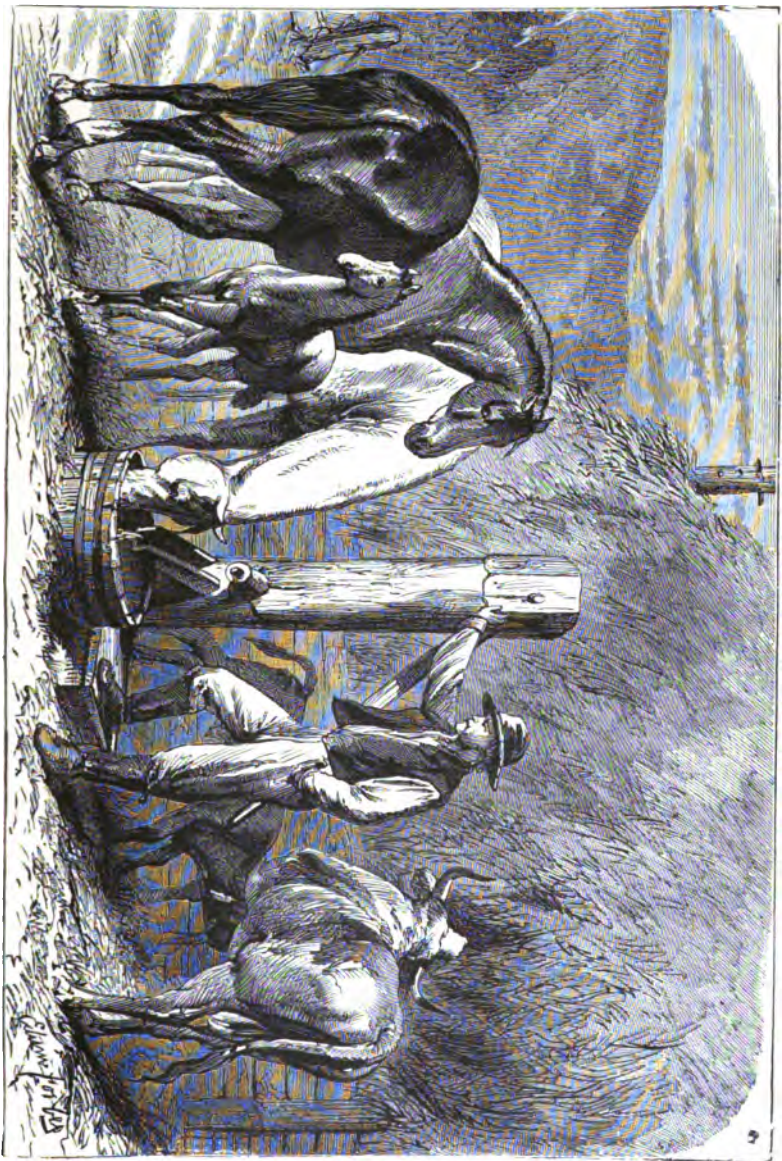
"Over East. I reckon you came from there."

"We came from Dedham."

"Just so. That's Contentment. I suppose you didn't know that when Dedham was first settled, the people wanted the place called Contentment? Well, they did; and I think it's a pity they did n't have their way. I'm contented, for one." He sat so still in his chair, ceaselessly twirling his thumbs back and forth, that the boys found no difficulty in believing him. He went on again presently. "But they were n't always contented. There was the parson at Clabbertrees. The people did n't like his preaching, and they wanted him to go, but he would n't go, and they had a quarrel; and finally he said if they'd pay him twenty-five pounds, and escort him out of town, he'd go." The old gentleman chuckled. "I always thought I'd like to have been there. I always liked that parson. When he surrendered, he marched out with side-arms, did n't he?"

"What did you say the name of that place was?" asked Ned. "Clapper" —

"Clabbertrees. They called it so because they made clabberds out of the trees there."



A THIRSTY GROUP.

"Oh, Clapboardtrees."

"Yes, that's what I said, Clabbertrees. It's up there on the hill yonder."

"Do we go by it on our way to Medfield?"

"You can, if you want to take a longer walk." But Ned and Nathan both thought they were content to take the most direct road to Medfield, and as the rain had now held up, they set off again on their walk. They aimed to dine at Medfield, and walked steadily under the clouded sky. It was not so clouded, however, as to prevent them from feeling the warmth of the June sun that was hidden behind the clouds, and the perspiration began to roll down their faces, and to trickle down their backs.

"Good!" said Nathan. "There's a pump. Now for a good drink." The pump was in a farm-yard, but it was not alone, for at that moment a farmer was standing by it and a pretty group of animals: a white horse that was drinking at the trough, a mare with her little colt by her, a cow and a calf, all probably as thirsty as Nathan. The boys stood and watched them. The farmer nodded to them:—

"Want a drink?" he called out.

"Yes," said Nathan.

"Well, it'll do you good to wait. You're too het up now. Never drink when you're as het as you are now."

"That's good doctrine," said Ned; "but there's a quick way of cooling yourself," and stepping to the pump he pumped a stroke or two, and as the cool water rushed from the spout he put his wrists underneath the stream, and then took hold of the lobes of his ears with his wet hands. "Now I'm safe," said he, "though it would do me no harm to wait awhile."

"Off on a tramp?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, we're going to Medfield, now."

"Well, I'll give you a piece of advice. Don't you drink water too early in your walk. You'll be twice as thirsty an hour from now as you would have been if you had n't taken this drink. However, I'll allow water's refreshing when one is walking."

"That's a sensible sort of man, Nathan," said Ned, as they walked along. "I've found out the same thing in walking. Once begin to drink and you have to keep it up; but, then, I don't believe in refusing to drink when you have become downright thirsty, as we have by our walking."

It was a long morning walk to Medfield, for Nathan began to walk slower and slower, until they entered the beautiful, overshadowed Medfield Street. They quickened their pace as they came into town, very much as stage-coaches which have been toiling over a country road dash up to the tavern in the next town as if they had come all the way at that breakneck speed. It was a little before noon when they reached the public house, and as Nathan lifted the pack-saddle from his shoulders, and sank down in one of the round chairs, he felt a delicious sense of rest and ease. He felt even more rested when, after a good dinner, he and Ned stretched themselves in the shade. The landlord had eyed them and their packs curiously, and now sauntered along with friendly disposition.

"Not walking for a wager, are you?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"No," said Ned, "we're modern pilgrims, fleeing to the City of Destruction. What is Medfield famous for?"

"Well, it came nigh being the village of destruction in King Philip's war."

"To be sure," said Ned, raising himself on his elbow, "I remember now. Medfield, — why, was n't it burnt in that war?"

"It was half of it burnt, and eighteen people were killed. Eighteen does n't seem a very great number to us, but it was a good part of the town then, and it's the horrors of an Indian war that make all those times seem so terrible to us. We talk about King Philip, — and I suppose he was a half naked savage, but he must have been more than an every-day man to have fought the English as he did. You see, the English who first came had nearly all died. There was a new generation living here, and they were extending their towns in every direction, planting and building, making roads and pushing the Indians back more and more. Philip's father had been a friend to the English, but Philip himself saw very well that either the Indians or the English must go; and he made a desperate effort to destroy these people who had come and settled in the Indian's country. I can't say I wonder that Philip felt as he did. He had been fighting a year or more before the Indians came here. And the people were ready for him, too, you'd think. Medfield was a frontier town then, and the people knew the Indians were about, and they sent to the Governor for soldiers. Why, on the very day this town was attacked there were about two hundred men under arms here. The general looks of things here did n't differ much from what they are now, except, of course, there are more and different looking houses now. Just down there on the road you'll see a house they say was standing then. The road you came from when you left Dedham was n't quite as straight. It turned to the left at Walpole corner, and came out near the eastern slope of Mount Nebo yonder, at the house of Isaac Chenery. I want to tell you about him, for he was



King Philip.

the hero of that day when the Indians attacked Medfield. It was the middle of winter, February 20, and Sunday, when all these people that I told you of were in Medfield. They had all been to church, and the meeting-house stood just where the meeting-house now stands, though of course it was a great deal smaller and plainer. The drummer beat his drum to call the people to church, and they came from the woods and plains about. There is a tradition that Mr. Wilson, the minister, warned them to be on their



A Stockade.

guard against the Indians, in his sermon, and they say that when the people came out they saw Indians over there on Noon Hill. Anyway, Isaac Chenery saw them on his way home. He went down the south road till he came to a thicket of woods on the eastern slope of Mount Nebo, and he had to follow the path through them to come to his house. He was all alone ; he had left his wife and three children in his house, which was in a little stockade."

"What is a stockade?"

"It was not much more than a close picket fence set round a house. It helped to keep out wild beasts, and it kept the Indians off a little, though of course it would n't be of much use against more than just a few. Isaac was a mile from the village when he went into the thicket, and his house lay say half a mile or less farther on. He heard a slight noise, and then he began to see Indians all about him, skulking behind the trees and watching him. I tell you that was a moment for the man. He had to make up his mind all by himself, and make it up pretty quick, too. He did n't let on that he saw the Indians. If he had, it would have been all over with him. He might turn back and warn the town ; but if he did, two

things were certain, — his family would be killed, and he would, too. Those Indians would never have let him go back to town if they saw he had seen them. So he just kept right along, as if he'd seen nothing. I rather guess he hummed a psalm-tune; I don't believe he whistled, if he could, for it was Sunday; and I guess he lifted up his heart a little in prayer when he marched ahead, with all those Indians to the right and the left. Well, he got through the woods somehow, and came out on the other side, and then as he walked along he saw the smoke curling out of the chimney of his house. The Indians had n't burnt the house, that was clear. He walked straight on and went into the house. There was his wife and there were his three children. What was he to do now? He knew pretty well that the Indians would n't attack the house or the town in the day-time; that their way was to wait until the dead of night, and especially till the hour before dawn, when people sleep their soundest. So he went about his chores as usual, took care of his cattle, and locked the door of his house. When night came he lighted the candles, he put his children to bed, and then he put his lights out, and lay down himself. But there was n't any sleep for himself and his wife that night. He lay awake, and I guess his ears were sharp enough to hear every noise. When the moon was down and it was pitch dark, he got up with his wife, and they took the three children and crept out of the house. They did n't light any candle or make any noise, you may be sure, but just stole into the woods, and went along as gently as they could toward where Simeon Richardson lives now, and there in the cranberry meadow he hid his family under a great rock. There he left them, and back he went to his house. When he got up on a hillock near by, he could see his house and see the savages pounding away at the

door, and setting fire to his barn. It was beginning to be light enough to see about, and as he could see the Indians from where he stood, it was likely they could see him. So he went to the top of the hill, where the woods were thick behind him, and pointed to the savages, and then pretended to call on some troops in the woods behind him, though there was not a soul there, 'Come on, boys! come on!' he shouted. 'There they are! come on! there they are!' The Indians, seeing him and hearing him cry out in this fashion, thought the woods were full of Englishmen, and they dropped their torches and rushed toward the town."

"And then did they burn it?"

"The Indians whom brave Isaac Chenery frightened were not the only ones in the neighborhood. They were scattered all about the country, and at the time agreed on they all fell upon the farms and on the village, but they did not get to the centre of the town. The noise and confusion and light of burning houses brought the people out of their beds. Somebody rushed to the alarm gun to give the alarm to Dedham. The savages heard it twice, and a panic seized them. They rushed across the bridge and scattered, leaving the town bewildered and half ruined."

"What a state of suspense everybody must have been in in those days," said Ned.

"That's it; that is what made it hard. People had to be on their guard all the time. No wonder they were rather a grim lot."

By this time Ned and Nathan had rested, and bidding the landlord good-by, they took up their packs and set forward on their journey. They passed the old house said to have been standing in King Philip's war, but it did not look so old as one near by, and

so by the road through the meadows on to the Medways. The willows by the side of the road made a pleasant shade, and the meadows stretched away on either side.

"I wonder if this is not where the Charles River takes its rise," said Ned. "You know it rises somewhere about here, and so does the Neponset, and the two together make Boston almost an island. I think there's not more than half a mile between their sources." The afternoon was warm, and Nathan, who had walked nearly twenty miles, was beginning to show signs of being pretty well fatigued. He limped along without saying much, and looked eagerly at the guide-posts whenever they came to them.

"Come, Nathan," said Ned at last, "I'm afraid people won't take you for Tom Twist."

"Who was he?" asked Nathan, indifferently.

"I shall have to tell you. So listen, as I repeat the wonderful story of—

TOM TWIST.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

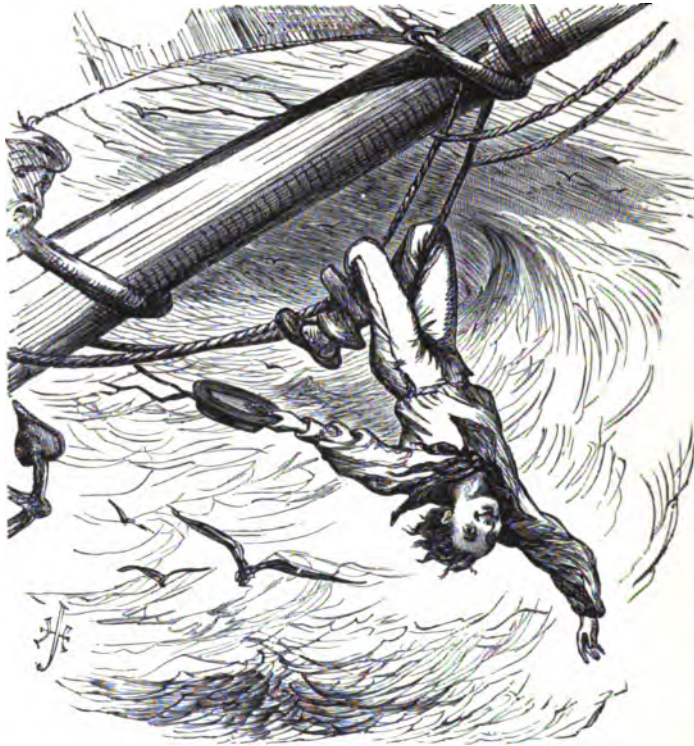
Tom Twist was a wonderful fellow,
No boy was so nimble and strong;
He could turn ten somersets backward,
And stand on his head all day long.
No wrestling, or leaping, or running,
This tough little urchin could tire;
His muscles were all gutta-percha
And his sinews bundles of wire.

Tom Twist liked the life of a sailor,
So off, with a hop and a skip,
He went to a Nantucket captain,
Who took him on board of his ship.

THE BODLEYS AFOOT.

The vessel was crowded with seamen,
Young, old, stout and slim, short and tall,
But in climbing, swinging, and jumping,
Tom Twist was ahead of them all.

He could scamper all through the rigging,
As spry and as still as a cat,
While as for a leap from the maintop
To deck, he thought nothing of that;



He danced at the end of the yard-arm,
Slept sound in the bend of a sail,
And hung by his legs from the bowsprit,
When the wind was blowing a gale.

The vessel went down in a tempest,
A thousand fathoms or more;
But Tom Twist dived under the breakers,
And, swimming five miles, got ashore.
The shore was a cannibal island,
The natives were hungry enough;
But they felt of Tommy all over,
And found him entirely too tough.

So they put him into a boy-coop, —
Just to fatten him up, you see, —
But Tommy crept out, very slyly,
And climbed to the top of a tree.
The tree was the nest of a condor,
A bird with prodigious big wings,
Who lived upon boa-constrictors
And other digestible things.

The condor flew home in the evening,
And there lay friend Tommy so snug,
She thought she had pounced on a very
Remarkable species of bug;
She soon woke him up with her pecking,
But Tommy gave one of his springs,
And leaped on the back of the condor,
Between her long neck and her wings.

The condor tried plunging and pitching,
But Tommy held on with firm hand,
Then off, with a scream, flew the condor,
O'er forest and ocean and land.
By and by she got tired of her burden,
And flying quite close to the ground,
Tom untwisted his legs from the creature,
And quickly slipped off with a bound,

He landed all right, and feet foremost,
A little confused by his fall,

THE BODLEYS AFOOT.

And then ascertained he had lighted
On top of the great Chinese wall.
He walked to the city of Pekin,
Where he made the Chinamen grin ;
He turned ten somersets backward,
And they made him a Mandarin.



Then Tom had to play the Celestial;
And to dangle a long pigtail;
And he dined on puppies and kittens,
Till his spirits began to fail.
He sighed for his native country,
And he longed for its ham and eggs;
And in turning somersets backward
His pigtail would catch in his legs.

He sailed for his dear home and harbor,
The house of his mother he knew ;

He climbed up the lightning-rod quickly,
And came down the chimney-flue.
His mother in slumber lay dreaming
That she never would see him more,
When she opened her eyes, and Tommy
Stood there on the bedroom floor!

Her nightcap flew off in amazement,
Her hair stood on end with surprise,
"What kind of a ghost or a spirit
Is this that I see with my eyes?"



"I am your most dutiful Tommy."
"I will not believe it," she said,
"Till you turn ten somersets backward,
And stand half an hour on your head."

"That thing I will do, dearest mother."
At once with a skip and a hop,

He turned the ten somersets backward,
 But then was unable to stop!
The tenth took him out of the window,
 His mother jumped from her bed,
To see his twentieth somerset
 Take him over the kitchen shed;

Thence across the patch of potatoes
 And beyond the church on the hill;
She saw him tumbling and turning,
 Turning and tumbling still, —
Till Tommy's body diminished
 In size to the head of a pin,
Spinning away in the distance,
 Where it still continues to spin!

The rhymes answered the purpose of a band of music, or at least of a drum and fife, for Nathan's flagging steps were made more regular; he forgot his fatigue, and so marched into Medway, where they were to spend the night, with quite an elastic step. However, he was pretty well tired at the end of his second day's tramp, and Ned saw that he had a good bath before he went to bed. As he lay in the tepid water, luxuriously, he spoke out what was on his mind:—

“Once or twice to-day, Ned, I was on the point of asking for the nearest railway station, but I'm glad now I did n't.”

CHAPTER VI.

SQUIRRELS AND WOLF-DEN.

THE boys in planning their journey had fixed upon certain points which they wished to take in, without going much out of the direct course. Pomfret was the next place which they had in view, and it was a two days' journey for them from Medway. Nathan found the third day easier than the second, though the second was harder than the first, and Ned was glad to see that the little fellow walked cheerfully along without any apparent discomfort. He rarely talked to Nathan about their walk, or wondered how far they had been, and how far they had to go, and what o'clock it was, for he knew that all this would only make Nathan discouraged; but he told him stories of his college life, and whatever came along on the road that was of interest he made serve for a topic to talk about.

For instance as they were walking this day they saw a large gray squirrel in the woods by the side of the road.

"Ha! there's a gray squirrel, Nathan," said his cousin. "Watch him! see him jump across to that pine tree. There! he's gone. Did you ever see one of their nests?"

"No, I never did."

"They make them of twigs and leaves in the hollow of a de-



cayed tree, or in the crotch of some big tree. There they stay when it is wet, for they like to be dry and clean. You've seen one of them in a cage, I suppose?"

"Yes. I saw one once in a store on Washington Street, turning a wheel like mad."

"I would n't keep one in a cage. I'd have him outside where I could play with him. They're real affectionate little fellows, and will eat out of your hand, and run up on your shoulder. A cage, though, makes a very good house for them; but it seems a pity to keep them shut up in it, when they like running about so much."

"Did you ever catch one?"

"No, I never did; but a friend of mine had a pair of flying squirrels once. They were lovely little fellows, with beautiful soft fur of a dun color; they had dark stripes on the sides, white bellies, and large black eyes."

"Do they really fly?"

"I'll tell you about that. Between the fore and hind legs is a membrane, or loose flap of skin. You don't ordinarily notice it; but when the squirrel spreads his four legs

he stretches the membrane almost on a line with his feet, so that he is as flat as a flounder. He does n't flap his membrane like a wing, but he runs to the top of a tree, leaps into the air, plunges downward, almost perpendicularly, then spreads himself out, and shoots



upward to the opposite tree, almost as swiftly as a bird. He does not reach quite as high a point as that from which he started, but it is very nearly as high, and he has passed over a great deal more space than he could possibly have leaped across. The pair Charley had was a pair of young ones taken out of a nest, and they were gentle little creatures. When he first got them, they came near dying, for he could n't get them to drink any warm milk, and he did n't know how he should keep them alive. Suddenly he remembered hearing that a cat could sometimes be made to suckle other young beside her own, and his cat had a litter of kittens in an old basket. He found her there with three or four kittens snuggling up to her, and, covering her eyes with one hand, he slid the young squirrels in among them. They cuddled down in the warm fur, and it seemed so much like home to them, that in a moment they were nursing away as comfortably as possible. He took away his hand, and the old cat turned to see what was going on. She could n't make it out at first, and looked at the little fellows and smelled of them, but they kept on as if it was all right, and pretty soon she settled down like a good nurse, and the squirrels and kittens grew up together. You've often heard the story of the hen that hatched ducks, and how distressed she was when the ducks began to go into the water. It was something like this when the squirrels began to play their pranks. They would climb up on the rim of the basket, and, poisoning themselves a moment, come sailing down into the crowd. But the old cat was more surprised than troubled. They made their home, finally, in a basket that hung near the ceiling; and it was fun, Charley said, to see them play up there, and tease the cat, who would go mewling about, and looking up at them, as if to tell them to be careful, until she got tired out, and then she would lie down for

a nap, when one of the rogues would come sailing down from the basket upon the top of the cat's head, and go riding round the room. Charley's father was a good-natured man, and used to let the squirrels travel about in his coat-pocket.



Coat-pocket Coach.

But sometimes he would think they were rather troublesome pets. He had a bald head and wore spectacles, and used to read his newspaper in the evening, and go to sleep over it. Then was the squirrels' chance. One of them, seeing the shining bald spot, would sail down upon it, but it was so smooth that he would go sliding down over the head in front, and carry the spectacles along with him. You can fancy how the old gentleman, waking suddenly, and, throwing up his hand, would fail to catch the squirrel, the spectacles, or the newspaper. They were great pets, but always getting into mischief, sailing into milk-pans, and meddling with what did not belong to them."

"What became of them?"

"One of them dodged out of the door one cold winter night, and would not be coaxed back again. I am afraid he froze himself, and the other died of old age."

"I've seen red squirrels," said Nathan.

"Yes, they're common enough, and I think they are about the prettiest kind there is. They will take anything they can lay hold of: nuts out here in the woods, corn by the barn, and fresh robins' eggs, if they can get them. Hallo! there's a chipmunk now," and a chubby striped squirrel ran along the stone wall by the side of the

road. The boys watched him till he disappeared. "There's a curious thing about that squirrel," Ned went on. "His hole is as round as if bored by an auger, and there's never a speck of dirt about the mouth. What becomes of it all? The hole goes straight down a little way, and then winds off under ground, and at the further end is his nest and winter storehouse. I have sometimes wondered if he did n't use his cheeks for wheelbarrows, when making his nest. You've seen his cheeks stuffed out sometimes like pouches, full of nuts or corn. He carries in his provisions in that way into his nest, and I don't believe but he brings his dirt out in the same way, when he is making the hole. There's a black squirrel that is n't found about here, but farther west. I never saw it, and I never saw the brown squirrel, which is a European variety. He's very tame, I'm told, for the governments do not allow him to be hunted; and you can see him playing about the woods, and in the paths, in the most fearless manner."



"I should think they'd crack their teeth, sometimes, over the hickory nuts."

"The squirrels would n't thank you if you were to crack their nuts for them. The fact is, they have to gnaw, gnaw, gnaw all the time,



to keep their teeth from growing too long. Why, if they should stop gnawing for six weeks, their teeth would have grown so long that they would be unable to shut their mouths; and if you ever catch a squirrel in the woods, you'll find his teeth are pretty sharp, and can go right through a buck-skin glove."



It was on Thursday at dusk that they reached Pomfret, and even Ned was reasonably tired when he had climbed the long hills that led to the high land upon which that pretty village stands. As they were walking over the road, they fell in with a farmer who was going in the same direction.

He was driving a wagon

which was nearly empty, for he had been to Putnam to carry some potatoes, the last of his last year's store, and was coming back light weighted. The horse was walking, but overtook the boys.

"Going up to Pomfret Street?" asked the farmer, reining his horse in as he came up with them.

"Yes."

"Jump in, then. I'll take you the rest of the way." Nathan looked at Ned, who answered quickly: —

"Thank you, sir, if it won't tire your horse."

"Not much," said the farmer, as they clambered in. "Why, this horse walks five miles an hour. I never saw a man or boy yet who could keep up with him, and he travels steady. Going a fishing? don't see your lines."

"No, we're walking, like your horse."

"Walking! where you walking to? where d' you come from?"

"We came from Roxbury," said Ned.

"Near Boston," added Nathan, who was not sure that the farmer would know where Roxbury was.

"Oh, you need n't tell me where Roxbury is," said the man. "We came from there; pretty much all the people about here came from there."

"They did!" said Nathan, incredulously, for he had never heard much about Pomfret when he was in Roxbury. "When did they come?"

"A matter of a hundred and seventy years ago," said the farmer, with a chuckle. "Get up, David. Now, did you ever see a horse walk faster than this horse of mine?"

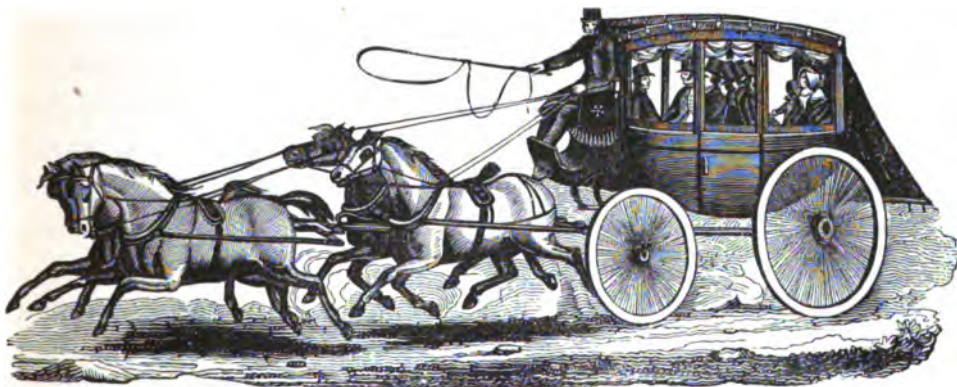
"I never did," said Ned. "Did he walk from Roxbury with the first settlers?"

"If he had, he'd have got here first, young man. Did you come by way of Medfield?"

"Yes."

“Well, one of my ancestors was there when the town was burnt; but there were Indians enough in this country then. I’ve heard my grandfather tell stories about them that he heard when he was a boy. There was Jacob Spalding, the first settler over in South Killingly. He bought a deer skin of one of the Indians, and paid him for it in the paper money they used in those days. The fellow mislaid the bill somewhere, and then forgot he had been paid, or else pretended to forget, and went back to Jacob to be paid again. Jacob told him he’d paid him. ‘No, you have n’t,’ said the Indian. ‘Yes, I have,’ said Jacob, and so they had it back and forth, and finally the savage got mad and went off and got some other savages to come back with him and help him get it. They found Jacob Spalding on top his barn shingling it. ‘Just pay me for that skin,’ says the Indian. ‘No, I won’t; I’ve paid you,’ says Jacob, and goes on driving a shingle nail. At that the Indian gets wrathful, and lets fly an arrow at Jacob. Jacob dodges down behind the ridge-pole, and the fellow goes round the barn to get him on that side; but, as fast as he gets over there, Jacob, who has been keeping an eye on him, just dodges to’ther side; and he keeps that Indian trotting back and forth trying to get sight of Jacob. The fellow gets pretty tired of that, and stops to take some tobacco out of his pouch. What does he pull out but the very bill Jacob had given him. ‘He’s a liar! Jacob’s the honest man!’ the other fellows who have been looking on cry out, and they tie him up to a tree and give him a good thrashing. Grandfather used to tell a story of Jacob’s wife, too. One night in winter Jacob had gone to the grist mill through the deep snow, and had n’t got back. They were short of provisions, and about all they had in the house was a gigantic beef-bone. There had been Indians about all day,

but Mrs. Spalding would n't let any of them in. She'd open the window, — a sort of wooden sliding-door, — and push out some food to them, but she did n't mean to have any of them inside the house ; they were ugly fellows sometimes. When night came, and the children were abed and asleep, and the lights out, she was sure she heard some one prowling about outside. She listened, and was certain there was an Indian at work at the slide door, meaning to climb in, and, for all she knew, murder her and the children.



Over the New Boston Road.

Quick as a flash she seized the big beef-bone, slid the window open, and flung the bone with all her might in the face of the Indian. He gave a howl, dropped and ran, for he could n't make out what it was had rushed out at him in that fashion. Men and women, too, had to be pretty spry in those days. Going to Hartford ? ”

“ Yes, after we ’ve seen the wolf-den.”

“ Want to know ! Well, I can remember myself when the stages ran between Boston and Hartford. It was a hundred and two and a half miles exactly by the new road, and the stage used to start

at four o'clock in the morning, and run till eight o'clock in the evening."

"That's quicker work than we're making," said Ned. "We shall be six days about it."

"Well, six days is n't bad for a couple of youngsters. So you're going to Wolf-Den, are you? My grandfather was a boy when Putnam pulled the wolf out, and he was there and saw it done."

"Did you ever hear the old gentleman tell about it?"

"Many a time, many a time. He had hold of the rope that was fastened to old Put, and he helped haul him out of the hole."

"Well, we mean to see that hole to-morrow."

"All right, that hole is there still, and you can see how you would like to go into it when you knew there was a wolf at the other end. Here we are at Pomfret Street. Where do you mean to put up?"

"At the tavern," said Ned.

"There is n't any tavern. Come to my house." And the boys, nothing loth, accepted the farmer's invitation. Not only that, but the next morning he insisted on driving them over to Wolf-Den. They went about four miles along the road, and then left the wagon in a little shed at the entrance of a wood path, and walked perhaps a third of a mile into the wood. They had no trouble in finding the exact spot. The path had been trodden by numberless feet before them, and led to the rocks that were about the cave. One broad rock hung over the hillside, and a good many fires had evidently been made under its shelter. Below them was a mass of woods and a thick swamp, and it was not hard to bring back the old days, for there was little about the place, except the worn path, which had been changed since the Pomfret wolf made his lair here.

The cave itself was marked by **Wolf-Den** in large letters over its entrance, and scores of names of visitors had been scratched on the rocks. The boys looked in vain to find the name of Israel Putnam.

"He made his mark, though," said Ned, "if he did n't write his name here." The entrance to the cave was about two feet square, and a passage ran in some twenty or thirty feet, as nearly as they could judge, nowhere high enough for one to stand upright. The boys saw with grief that it was a different cave from what they had expected, and they had no ropes or torches with which to explore it.



Israel Putnam.

"Well, this is a failure," said Nathan, ruefully. "To come all the way from Roxbury here, and then not go in more than two or three feet after all."

"Singular," said the farmer, "I've always lived here, and I never went in. I suppose now you've been lots of times up Bunker Hill Monument," and he winked slyly at Ned, as much as to say, "I've got him there."

"I have been up nine times," said Nathan, proudly.

"Oh, you have. Well, like as not I shall go into this cave some time, — hardly nine times, though. You see, this is n't like Bunker Hill. You can't see anything when you get to the other end, while at Bunker Hill, now —"

"You can," said Ned, finishing his hesitating comparison for him. "But, come, we must be on our way to Hartford." The farmer, as if to make amends for the disappointment, insisted on driving them as far as Jericho, for they meant to take the road that led through Willimantic. He brought them to where the road led off to Hampton Hill, and there bade them good-by.

"When you go through Windham," said he, "just ask somebody if there's going to be another frog fight in the pond to-night."

"Oh, was it in this Windham that the frog fight was?" asked Ned.

"You know about it, then? You can tell the story to Nathan. You can tell him it was just about a hundred years ago. Yes, it was June, 1754. I've often heard my grandfather tell it. Good-by, good-by. I'll get home fast enough. My horse can walk five miles an hour,—good-by."

"I wonder which he thinks the most of, Nathan; his cheerful old grandfather or his horse."

"But what about the frog fight?"

"That is a story that people used to laugh over a good deal, but I guess some of it has been made up on the way down to us. The people in Windham were interested in what was known as the Susquehanna Purchase, in the far west of the Susquehanna Valley, just at the time the French and Indian war broke out, and there was a good deal of anxiety and excitement about it. The country was so wild that nobody knew just where the fighting might break out; and one sultry night, when it was perfectly still and intensely dark, there suddenly was heard the most horrible racket and noise; not a thing could be seen, but these unearthly sounds grew louder and louder. People all got out of bed, and wondered and wondered what was going on. Some thought the end of the world had come, and some that the French and Indians were upon them. They tried to make out voices which they heard in the din. At length they heard very distinctly, 'We'll have Colonel Dyer,' who was one of those most concerned in the Susquehanna business. Then again, 'We'll have Colonel Dyer,' in deep, guttural tones."

"Just the awful way you're saying it, I suppose," laughed Nathan.

"Then a voice piped up, 'Elderkin, too! Elderkin, too!' He was another well-known Windham man, and then some French words which they could n't make out. Oh, Nathan, what a night they passed! And what do you suppose it all was?"

"Frogs, of course."

"Oh, yes, — but I told you at the beginning. And when they went to the frog-pond in the morning they found some dead frogs near the border of the pond, but they could find no marks of violence. It did not seem so dreadful, when broad daylight came and all was still, but they had to own that they were a little frightened in the night. No one ever knew what caused it all, though it has been guessed that there was a fearful epidemic in the pond, and all the frogs were howling at once. You can make frogs say a good many things by listening hard."

Their walk brought them now to a hill overlooking a valley, and across the valley they could see their road climbing up, up a steep hill, on the top of which was a village, which they knew to be Hampton. A sign-board pointed soon to "Scotland," and just then they caught sight of some smoke in that direction, —

" Fire! fire!
Scotland's burning! Scotland's burning!
Pour on water! pour on water!
Fire! fire!"

sang Ned and Nathan in the old round which once was in all the music-books. They did not know it, but this was the very Scotland, for the round was written years ago by a Scotland young man, named Jonathan Huntington. Jonathan's brother Samuel

married a girl with the singular name of Martha Devotion. It was pretty difficult work singing as they toiled up the steep hill, and they soon gave it up. At Hampton, upon the top of this high hill, they found a good inn and dined leisurely, for they meant to go no further than Willimantic that night, and it lay only eleven miles beyond. They found the road thither a pleasant one, but the only notable point was an old sign-board at the little hamlet of Goshen, bearing the words, FREE SOIL ROAD TO HARTFORD. A stout Free Soiler had hung out his colors thus years before.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOUSE ON THE CORNER.

It was at the close of the first week, late Saturday afternoon, that Ned Adams and Nathan Bodley crossed the Connecticut by the long bridge, and made their way to Prospect Street, in Hartford, where their Aunt Martha lived. There was the zest now not only of closing one important stage of their journey, for they meant to stay several days in Hartford, but of entering upon somewhat familiar ground. Three or four years ago they had both visited their aunt, and as they walked up the old street they kept a lively look out for landmarks.

"Let me see," said Ned, "it is now six o'clock. At exactly half after six, if my memory serves me, the Judge and his wife take tea; so we shall be just in time."

"Perhaps they have changed their tea hour since we were here."

"Impossible, Nathan; they have not changed their tea hour for thirty years."

"Did you take tea here thirty years ago?"

"No; but if I had, it would have been at half after six. Ha! there's the house. How cool and clean it looks." It was a square brick house, painted a pale yellow, and standing trimly at the corner of two streets. A flight of brown sandstone steps led to the front-door, where the handle and old knocker were of shining brass, and everything about the house betokened scrupulous neatness.

"It's almost improper for us to go up the front steps in this rig," said Ned, as he clapped the knocker; "I feel apologetic already."

"I feel tired and hungry," said Nathan. The door was opened by a tidy black girl, and the boys stood in the cool, darkened hall, swinging off their pack-saddles. In another moment there was a smothered scream, and Phippy and Lucy burst at them, and threw their arms about their necks.

"How did you get here!" exclaimed Nathan. "Where's mother?" but the last question was answered first by Mrs. Bodley's smiling face as she appeared in the hall.

"We didn't walk," exclaimed Phippy. "We came all the way in the cars, and our feet are not in the least swollen, nor do our tired bones ache."

"Well, mine only were the first day," said Nathan, who recognized an extract from one of his letters. "Where's Aunt Martha and the Judge?"

"You can go up-stairs first and dress for tea," said Mrs. Bodley, "and then you'll see Aunt Martha. She's busy now."

"Did our valise come?"

"Yes. Your clean clothes are all lying on the bed." So the

boys, escorted by the girls, opened the door which shut off the staircase, and marched up-stairs. Aunt Martha was in the hall above, and pecked a kiss at each of them. She looked heated, but her snow-white cap had something to do with giving her a high color.

"I'll see you at tea-time," she said; "this is the way; through this door; be careful; three steps, one, two, three," and she counted them as the boys stepped down into the little passage-way which led to their room. It was all very natural to them. Everything was precisely as it was on their last visit; the little pictures in silhouette on the walls hung as they always had, and the bedstead had the same quaint, solid air of comfort. The boys chattered fast as they made their toilet, and it was a pleasure to shed their travel-stained suit, and dress once more in clean linen.

"Is n't it splendid that they came," said Nathan. "I never dreamed of their coming."

"Nor I. I suppose they could n't get along without us any longer. Don't you put your boots on the carpet, Nathan; put them on the hearth. We've got to walk straight here, my lad. Do you suppose Phippy and Lucy expect to walk the rest of the way to New York with us?"

"What a company we should make. Ned, I've almost a mind to go home from here."

"Oh, fiddle, Nathan. I know what makes you feel so. It's getting into your clean clothes. That's the way we always feel when we're on a tramp. Wait till we're ready to start, and you'll feel differently. Come, let's go down-stairs." They found the family just preparing to sit down to tea. The family consisted of the Judge and Aunt Martha, who had no children, Mrs. Bodley, Phippy, Lucy, Ned, and Nathan. Aunt Martha was the eldest sister of Mrs.

Bodley, and the Judge was her senior by many years. The two old people had lived here far beyond the memory of the children, and the stories which their mother told of the time when she lived with Aunt Martha in Hartford, seemed to them to belong to the Middle Ages. The Judge, who was a white-haired man of benevolent face and kindly manners, gave them a pleasant greeting, and Nathan with some awkwardness kissed the old gentleman, though he confessed privately to Phippy afterward that he never could be quite sure that he should hit the Judge correctly.

"Is n't it awful!" said Phippy. "Do you suppose his nose and chin will ever meet? But is n't he a dear old man?"

"You didn't pass your mother on the road, did you?" asked the Judge, with a sly look at Nathan.

"Why, I had no more idea she was coming — Mother, did you mean to come before we left Roxbury?"

"No, I had not thought of it; but when I wrote to your Aunt Martha, and sent your bag, she sent back an invitation to us to come on."

"Well, it's the best surprise I know. Aunt Martha, the well is in the kitchen still, I see," he added, gravely, as he set down his tumbler of water.

"Oh, yes," broke in Phippy, eagerly, who was making her first visit; "is n't it splendid. Mother took us out there."

"You must be careful and not fall in, Philippa," said her cautious aunt, "and you must not get in Amanda's way."

"I remember the well," said Ned. "It always was my wonder how it got into the kitchen; whether the kitchen was built round the well, or the well sunk through the kitchen floor. How naturally this water tastes."

"Some people don't like it," said the Judge.

"I have to get used to it every time I come," said Mrs. Bodley. The children ate their supper decorously, setting their cups down carefully on the polished mahogany table, and looking curiously at their Aunt Martha, who fanned herself with a large turkey-feather fan as she ate; that, and a little fat bottle of aromatic salts, never left her side; and every once in a while she would open the red cork a little way, and sniff the salts, while her eyes, half shut, winked rapidly. Aunt Martha was invariably kind, and the children were very much attached to her; nevertheless they watched her closely, having a curious feeling that she was going to do something unexpected the next moment. They all went into the parlor, except the Judge, and Ned spied with delight the picture of the Charter Oak, which hung on the wall.

"See, Lucy!" he cried; "here is the picture of the Charter Oak I have told you of. Do you see the veritable oak itself?" The picture was wonderfully made. It was of the famous Charter Oak tree; but what made it so wonderful was that the trunk of the tree in the picture was actually made of a piece of the old oak itself, stuck on. "Aunt Martha, is the Charter Oak still standing?"

"Yes, just where it always was, on the Wyllys place. The little girls sometimes have tea-parties in it."

"In it, Aunt Martha!" said Lucy.

"Yes, child; the trunk is so rotten that it has been hollowed out."

"But what was the Charter Oak?" asked Lucy. "I've forgotten."

"I shall have to tell you again, Lucy," said Ned, "and you must not forget my historical lectures so easily. In the good old Colony

days, when we lived under the king, Connecticut had a charter, as the other colonies had, given by the king, and granting certain rights to the colonists. Under this charter the people had a government which was almost independent of the English government; and when the time came that the colonies were growing rich and prosperous, the English king thought it would be a good plan to bring them more directly under his control, and he sent a royal governor over who was to rule all New England, and make the people a little less independent. The first thing Sir Edmund Andros, the new governor, did, was to demand the charters, which the colonists thought so highly of, because they were the written proof of their partial independence, and they kept tight hold of them as long as possible. Andros came to Hartford in October, 1687, with a troop of soldiers, when the legislature was in session. He told them to give up the charter, for he was governor now, and did not need it. The charter was in a box on the table, and the old governor and the members talked earnestly about it, contending that they ought not to give it up. They talked on and on, as if they could convince Andros; but I suppose he had made up his mind to have the charter any way, and only let them discuss it because he did not want to appear too tyrannical. They talked on till evening came, and candles were lighted. A great crowd had gathered, and everybody was excited. At length, however, the debate came to an end, and Andros ordered the charter to be put back in the box, from which it had been taken out, and delivered to him. Just then the candles were blown out, and there was a great deal of confusion in getting them lighted again; when they were lighted, the charter was gone, box and all. Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth had gone off with it, and had hidden it in a cavity in the old oak. It was brought out again in 1689, when the English Revolution made it safe."

"None the less the colonial government came to an end with Andros's visit," said the Judge, who had entered the room; "and there are some even in Har'ford who say the charter never went into the oak at all, but into Colonel Wadsworth's cellar. But you can see the oak, and you can see the charter, for that is hanging now in the State House."

"The State House is close by," explained Ned, "and we must go there next week."

"Did you ever hear the story of Abraham Davenport, children?" asked the Judge.

"No, I never did," said Phippy.

"Speaking of the State House made me think of him, for it was only to-day that I was reading about him. I can just remember what I often heard people speak about when I was a boy, a day which has become known as The Dark Day. On the 19th of May, 1780, there was a very remarkable darkness that came on between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning; the air was as thick as at night; the hens went to roost, and people had to light candles to see what they were about at noon day. A good many people were very much frightened, and thought the sun never would shine again, and that the end of the world had come. Nobody knew what caused the darkness, and it never has been satisfactorily explained. The legislature was sitting in the State House here at Har'ford, and some of the members were so much impressed that they proposed to adjourn the session; but Abraham Davenport, who was a member from Stamford, and very much respected, rose and said that whether or no this were the Day of Judgment, one thing was certain, the Lord should find him like the faithful steward occupying till He came, and so he proceeded to speak on the bill which was before the house. That was a fine thing to do."

Somebody else also knew this story, for years afterward the children remembered it as they read the poet Whittier's verses on —

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell, —
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Low'd, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where He hath set me in His providence,
I choose for one, to meet Him face to face,—
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do His work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd, dry humor natural to the man;
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half-seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.



HEARING THE OLD CLOCK.

The family in the old house at the corner was a punctual and a very early going to bed family. At quarter before nine the Bible was brought in, and the Judge had family prayers. As soon as devotions were over all the family went up-stairs to bed ; and Ned said, as he went up, that when the Judge put out the hall lamp, the other three houses upon the corner all became dark at the same moment, for the three families that occupied them were just as regular and as steady as the Judge's. It was a warm night, and the children lay awake a long time ; but at length they fell asleep. Only Phippy, who had just fallen off, started up at the sound of a bell. It was not a bell at all, but the clock on the tall Centre church striking ten. She began to count, falling back upon her bed, but long before the tenth stroke of the slow old clock had sounded, she was fast asleep. She had only counted six.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SUNDAY WITH OLD PEOPLE.

THE city seemed very still Sunday morning when the children came down to breakfast. They were used to quiet Sundays at home, but here there seemed an order and sweet stillness pervading everything. The bells rang for Sunday-school and for church, and people walked in cool costume through the sunny streets, and entered large churches, and fanned themselves sedately. At the Judge's everything partook of the same calm. He and Aunt Martha seemed to have a new set of duties and occupations for the day, and by lit-

tle changes from the common ways of the week, to make the Sunday a distinct and specific day. Breakfast was half an hour earlier, and prayers were after breakfast instead of before. The Judge read a longer chapter than usual, and Ned watched curiously for signs of a little quaintness in the Judge's reading, which he had noticed before. This old-fashioned gentleman seemed to have a peculiar liking for contractions, and would make them as he read. "And he did n't many mighty works there because of their unbelief," he read this morning; and Ned looked to see if he would spread his red bandanna handkerchief on the floor before kneeling, which he did, though the floor was scrupulously clean. The children went about on tiptoe, and read books in separate corners and chairs, and seemed so quieted by the house, that Mrs. Bodley began to fear there would be a sudden and violent change. Even Phippy, in a stiffly starched frock, sat up as erect as Aunt Martha.

"Come and learn a little song," she said to them, finally. "We ought to sing something very fine and sweet this quiet morning. I know a very good one, and I will teach you the words and music at the same time." Mrs. Bodley had a very sweet voice, and while there was no instrument, she was skillful at teaching her children.

"Won't it disturb Aunt Martha?" asked Lucy, looking rather serious.

"Not to hear us sing in time," said Mrs. Bodley, laughing. "So, mind and follow my voice." Then she sang through for them the verses by George Herbert:—

" Sweet Day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky :
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night; —
For thou must die.

“ Sweet Rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave; —
And thou must die.

“ Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box, where sweets compacted lie;
My music shews ye have your closes : —
And all must die.

“ Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.”

Although she said the verses, she thought it well to teach the children to sing only the first two, as they best fitted the music, and then she changed a little the fourth line to accommodate it to the air. Here is the music, which was a popular air early in the seventeenth century.

Sweet Day, so Cool, so Calm, so Bright.

Smoothly, and in moderate time.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *Smoothly, and in moderate time.* The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is marked *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), *sf* (sforzando), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The vocal part enters with the lyrics "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bri - dal" on a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various dynamics and articulation marks, such as *pp* (pianissimo) and *sf* (sforzando). The lyrics are: "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bri - dal of the earth and sky. The dews shall weep thy fall to -".

p *cres.* *sf* *mf*

pp

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bri - dal

of the earth and sky. The dews shall weep thy fall to -

night, For thou, with all thy sweets, must die.

a tempo.

colla parte. *mf* *cres.*

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. Dynamic markings include *mf* and *cres.* (crescendo). Performance instructions include *a tempo.* and *colla parte.*

Sweet

sf

This system contains the next three staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line with the word "Sweet". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature remains two flats. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns. A dynamic marking of *sf* (sforzando) is present.

rose, so fra - grant and so brave..... Dazzling the

pp *f* *p*

This system contains the final three staves of music on the page. The top staff continues the vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature remains two flats. Dynamic markings include *pp* (pianissimo), *f* (forte), and *p* (piano).

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "rash be-hold - - er's eye, Thy root is ev - - er in thy".

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "grave, For thou, with all thy sweets, must die." The piano accompaniment includes the instruction *colla parte. a tempo.* and *mf cres.* (mezzo-forte crescendo).

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line is mostly rests, with the instruction *Da Capo al Segno. ♯* written above. The piano accompaniment includes the instruction *sf>* (sforzando) and concludes with a double bar line.

“That sounds like old poetry, Aunt Sarah,” said Ned.

“It is old; older than the music, which was not, indeed, written for it. Did you ever hear of George Herbert?”

“He was a religious poet, wasn’t he?”

“Yes; he was a clergyman in England in the first half of the seventeenth century, and a very pure and holy gentleman. He was very fond of music, and sang his own verses; but I do not know that we have any of his music now. There is a little story about him as he was going to Salisbury, near his home, to join with some gentlemen in music, which I will read to you;” and Mrs. Bodley went to the shelves and took down Isaac Walton’s “Life of George Herbert”:—

“In another walk to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load. They were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after, to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him,—‘That if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast.’ Thus he left the poor man: and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the occasion: and when one of the company told him,—‘He had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment;’ his answer was,—‘That the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided, and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound

to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet, let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or shewing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments.' ”

Here the church bells rang for the last time, and everybody made ready to go. According to the custom of the house, they all passed out of the side door which led into the yard. Aunt Martha pulled a little peg from out of the latch and laid it upon a ledge near the key, which she took down from the nail, waiting till all her flock should be out-of-doors, before she locked the door behind them.

“Is that the same peg, Sister Martha, that was here when I was here last?” asked Mrs. Bodley, with a smile.

“It is the same little wooden peg that has been here for twenty-five years.”

“Martha never wastes even a peg,” said the Judge, with a chuckle. “She took the hardest piece of wood she could find twenty-five years ago, and it has not yet worn out.”

The church to which the children went with their aunt and uncle was a large, roomy one, with a pulpit at one end, like a great fort, behind which a venerable clergyman fired sentences at the people; but what interested them most of all was a sight which they saw in an adjoining seat, and they could not take their eyes off two people who sat there, a young man and a boy. Their aunt saw their interest; and when they were all at dinner, she asked Phippy, —

“Philippa, what do you think that young man was doing to the little boy next him?”

"Oh, I know, Aunt Martha. He was talking to him in the deaf-mute language, by signs."

"He was reporting the sermon to him. As fast as the minister spoke, the young man, who is a teacher in the Asylum, spelled it out to the boy. What does this spell?" and Aunt Martha twisted her fingers rapidly before the little girl. Phippy laughed.

"I don't know, unless it spells Philippa."

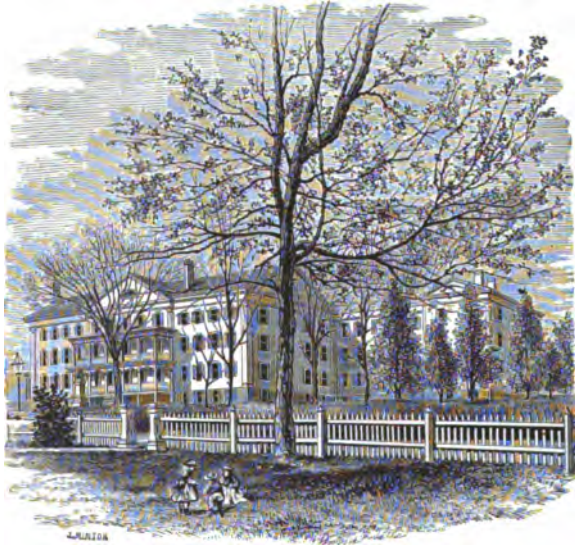
"Quite right, child. I spelled your name. Why, you will soon learn the language. I must take you to the asylum, and let you see the children before you go."

"I don't see how anybody found out this way of talking," said Ned.

"Yet you use it yourself," said the Judge.

"When you see a friend the other side of the street, and want him to come to you, don't you hold up your forefinger and beckon with it? that's as much as to say, 'Please come here,' and when you hear an oration which you like, you strike the palms of your hands together, and that says, 'I like what I have just heard.'"

"Yes," added Lucy, eagerly, "and don't you remember how Hen found his way back when he was lost in St. Petersburg?"



Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

"To be sure," said Ned; "but that is not spelling out words as Aunt Martha did just now. I could not make a sign to show that I wished to say 'Philipa.'"

"That is true; but I suppose the signs by the fingers to represent letters grew naturally out of the ordinary use of the hand when the lips were no more available, and when the ear could not hear what was said. It was in France that this talking by hand was first brought to perfection, and it was here in Har'ford that it was first used in America. It was only a little while ago that the gentleman died who was chiefly instrumental in founding the asylum. He had thought nothing about the matter, for no one supposed that anything could be done for people who were so unfortunate as to be deaf and dumb; but one of his friends here in Har'ford — Dr. Cogswell — had a little child, Alice, who was very fond of Gallaudet,¹ and used to play about his knee. She was deaf and dumb, and it moved this young man to pity to see her so. Her father, too, longed to help his daughter, and he knew that in France skillful physicians had found a way of teaching deaf mutes; and so at last to France went Gallaudet; and he not only learned the method there, but brought back with him a French deaf-mute who was a teacher, Laurent Clerc, and these two began the school which is now so flourishing. It is a blessed help to these unfortunate people."

The Judge told them many things about different pupils whom he had known, and after dinner he showed them some of the compositions which children in the school had written.

"You can imagine," said he, "how hard it must be to teach people to write correctly who never hear others talking; and you will

¹ Dr. Gallaudet died in 1851.

see by these compositions that they get in all the ideas sometimes, but not all the words nor all in the right order. Here is a letter written to Dr. Gallaudet by a little boy of ten years, who had been in the asylum not quite a year:—

“MY KIND SIR:

“I begin to meditate a letter to you. I shall come here back. I think of my father would be very sorry. You must often think of all the deaf and dumb. — Mr. W. begin to think he will go to New York. You must often very industrious, you will be very well. — We have no asylum, but the masons will not cause the asylum. The pupils are learning and meditating and composing and knowing and remembering and understanding and improving very fast. — Mr. C. is always praying to God that all the deaf and dumb and Mr. W. and Mr. G. will be very well. I wish to write a long letter to Mr. G. and T. G. Miss A. G. told me I shall write a long letter to your brother T. G., but I do not know him and I fear. It is pleasant, the grass grows a beautiful. God would give you your health.

“ ‘I love very my friend T. G.

“ ‘I am your affectionate friend.’ ”

“Poor little fellow!” said Mrs. Bodley; “how hard he must have worked to stammer out those troublesome sentences. I am glad he could at least see, and was not blind as well as deaf and dumb.” Aunt Martha at this moment came into the room with a little book in her hand.

“Sarah,” said she, “have you been bringing up your children on the New England Primer?”

“Oh, let me see it!” said Mrs. Bodley. “How familiar it looks! but it seems smaller than when we had it.”

“That is the perspective of age,” said the Judge, smiling. The book, indeed, was scarcely larger than a baby’s hand, and bound in the soberest drab paper cover.

“See, Nathan, see, Phippy and Lucy, what I was brought up on when I was a child.” The children clustered about her to look at

the little book. "It was not so much to me as it was to your grandmother, who had few other books. See how useful it is. It has all the letters of the alphabet, you see; not only the regular letters from a to z, which brings up the rear with a lively flourish of its little tail, but a list of the double letters, enough to make one's head ache as they stand in a row:—

ct, ff, fi, fl, ffi, ffl, fh, fi, fk, ffi, fl, ff, ft.

Mother learned to spell and read out of this little book, or one just like it. She had to spell all these columns, I suppose, before she read any."

"She could look at the pictures," said Nathan.

"Yes, there is a picture for every letter of the alphabet except &, and against each picture two short lines, which rhyme, are easy to learn, and impossible to forget. I suppose there are thousands upon thousands of grown people now in America who learned these lines when they were children, and could say them to-day without looking at the book."

"A was an archer and shot with a bow," said Lucy.

"A shot with a boy in your alphabet-book, Lucy, but he was a much more serious man in my childhood and in your grandmother's. Look at these pictures. J is not here because it is only I with another name; U and V, too, were called the same letter, and &, as I said, has no picture."

"It might have had one," said Ned. "I'll make a rhyme:—

"Andrew his net
For men did set."

"To be sure. I wonder they had not thought of that, and it

would have made a very good picture. These pictures are rather dim, but we can make out the figures by a little study. They are small, but the man who drew them meant to get in everything that helped to tell the story. The apples are on the tree. There's no doubt what kind of tree it is."

"I should know Adam from Eve by his hat," said Nathan.

"Noah's ark is the only dry thing in the Deluge," said Ned.

"Yes," said Phippy, "and see in this picture of N, how Noah sees the ark in the midst of the black waters, and then is so pleased to see it on dry ground on the top of Ararat."

"I suppose those are his sons huddled together in the corner," said Lucy.

"Most of the rhymes tell stories which we children knew out of the Bible," said Mrs. Bodley, "and the pictures made the scenes very vivid. Look at that troop of Korah's, — one can almost hear them cry out as the ground gives way. Then how ashamed Job's friends



A **IN ADAM'S Fall**
We sinned all.

B **Heaven to find,**
The Bible Mind.

C **Christ crucify'd**
For sinners dy'd.

D **The Deluge drown'd**
The Earth around.

E **ELIJAH hid**
By Ravens fed.

F **The judgment made**
FENIX afraid.

G **As runs the Glass,**
Our Life doth pass.

H **My Book and Heart**
Must never part.

I **Job feels the Rod,—**
Yet blesses GOD.

K **Proud Korah's troop**
Was swallowed up.

L **LOT fled to Zoar,**
Saw fiery Shower
On Sodom pour.

M **MOSES was he**
Who Israel's Host
Led thro' the Sea.



N **NOAH** did view
The old world & new

O **YOUNG OBADIAS,**
DAVID, JOSIAS
All were pious.

P **PETER** deny'd
His Lord and cry'd.

Q **QUEEN ESTHER** saves
And saves the Jews.

R **YOUNG PIOUS RUTH,**
Left all for Truth.

S **YOUNG SAM'L** dear
The Lord did fear.

T **YOUNG TIMOTHY**
Learnt sin to fly.

U **VASTHI** for Pride,
Was set aside.

W **WHALES** in the Sea,
GOD's Voice obey.

X **XERXES** did die,
And so must I.

Y **WHILE YOUTH** do cheer
Death may be near.

Z **ZACCHAEUS** he
Did climb the Tree
Our Lord to see.

look; and what a narrow escape Lot had."

"And look at those dripping Israelites," said Ned. "How hard they are working to get up to Moses."

"I suppose that one is Obadiah, who has no crown on his head," said Phippy. "Oh, look at young Timothy! No wonder he fled when Sin looked so frightful."

"And just see Zaccheus," said Lucy. "I'm really afraid he will tumble out of that tree."

"The pictures are not very beautiful, certainly," said the Judge, "but, like the lines at their side, they are direct. The book is a little book, and when it was made there were very few books at all made expressly for children; so the makers tried to put as much as they could into this small compass. They did n't expect that children would get all their reading out of it, but they meant that when children were learning to spell and read, they should be taught something

about good living, and learn some of the things that were nearest their fathers' hearts. The Bible was the book that their fathers went to most of all, and so this primer is full of bits about the Bible as in these pictures, and also about religion and duty. Turn over, Sarah, and see the 'Alphabet of Lessons for Youth.' "

"Oh, I remember that. It begins with 'A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.' I used to puzzle myself with wondering if the father cared anything about the foolish son. I believe I could say the list right through now to Z. 'Zeal hath consumed me because thy enemies have forgotten the word of God.' And, oh, here is John Rogers," and she showed the children the picture, with the quaint legend beneath.

"How often I have counted that little flock, to see if the nine were all there."

"How pleased and smiling the soldiers look," said Ned, "the soldiers that are keeping guard over Mrs. Rogers and her children!"

"Yes, it looks amusing to us now," said the Judge, "but it was no joke to our ancestors. The first people who came to New England had grave fears lest the times of Queen Mary were coming again in England, and this was one of the ways they kept those earlier days in the memory of their children. John Winthrop might have heard his father tell of John Rogers as of a man who was burned at the stake when he himself was six years old."



MR. JOHN ROGERS, minister of the gospel in London; was the first martyr in Queen Mary's reign, and was burnt at *Smithfield*, February 14, 1554. His wife, with nine small children, and one at the breast, following him to the stake; with which sorrowful sight he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful patience died courageously for the gospel of Jesus Christ.

In the evening, after supper, as they all sat together before the lamps were lighted, the Judge fell to talking about the Sunday which their great-grandfathers had known.

“Our New England ancestors,” said he, “when they came here brought Old England names with them for their towns, and many old English customs. They honored their ministers, and more than once named their towns after those where their ministers had lived. Boston, you know, was named for old Boston in England, where John Cotton, their minister, was rector for many years : and Har’ford is named from the English Hertford, where our first minister, Stone, came from. But what a difference there was ! In old Boston, Cotton was rector of that magnificent church, St. Botolphs ; in new Boston he preached within mud walls, and under a thatched roof. He had heard the bells ring in the stately tower of the old church. Here they did not at first bring bells for their churches ; instead, a man stood on the doorstep and beat a drum. Drums they had, for the men were all, or nearly all, soldiers. They did not keep a great army, but every one had his musket, and sword, and spear, for protection against the hostile Indians or the wild beasts. Indeed, when Sunday came, and everybody went to church, you would have supposed there was to be a drill or a fight, for there stood the drummer on the step, and the men coming down the path were all, or nearly all, armed ; besides, upon the square, fort-like buildings, in which they first held their meetings, men were stationed, on the lookout for enemies.

“It was only at the earliest that drums were used. Bells came as the colonies grew more prosperous, and meeting-houses, such as now stand, were larger and more substantial, but many of the customs remained much as at first, and have only given way by de-

grees. The pulpit was very high, as in our church, which you saw to-day, and it was often overhung by a huge sounding-board. Before the preacher stood an hour-glass filled with sand, for there was no clock in the house, and, when the minister began his sermon, he turned the glass and expected to preach till the last grain of sand had run through, and then sometimes he turned it again. The ruling elders sat just below the pulpit facing the congregation, and still further down the deacons in the same position. Then came the congregation, and you could very quickly tell who were the most important people by the place they had in church. I very well remember when it was the business of a committee to seat the people once a year according to their social rank, and a good many heart-burnings sprang out of it.

“The people did not sit in families, but the men sat on one side and the women on the other, while the boys had a place by themselves. The floor was often sanded, as our kitchen still is sometimes, and in winter the boys brought little footstoves for their mothers and sisters. It was n’t thought right to have too comfortable churches. It was a pretty long service that they had. The pastor made a prayer which lasted a quarter of an hour, and then the teacher read and expounded a chapter in the Bible. Our fathers thought it savored of superstition to read a chapter without comment. Then one of the ruling elders dictated a psalm out of the Bay Psalm-book, which the people sang. They only had about ten tunes in all, and at first they used no musical instrument to help them. After the singing the pastor preached a sermon, the shortest being an hour long, and sometimes he added an exhortation to that, and then the teacher prayed and pronounced a blessing. They had another service just about as long in the afternoon, only the pastor and teacher changed places.”

"Did n't they have any contribution?" asked Nathan, who was always allowed to put a penny which he had saved into the plate.

"Oh, yes, but not every Sunday. When there was a collection, the people got up by turns and placed their money in a box which the deacons kept; and sometimes, when they had no money they would bring goods and corn and the like, and place them on the floor."

"I should think they would have got dreadfully tired with so much preaching," said Lucy, with a sigh.

"It was pretty tough for them," said Ned. "Did you ever see a tithing-man, uncle?"

"No, I think he had gone out in my time."

"What was the tithing-man, Cousin Ned?" asked Phippy.

"The tithing-man? Oh, he was the parish officer, whose special business it was to see that the Sabbath was not broken, and who spent his time in church, looking after the boys to see that they behaved themselves. He had a long staff, which he carried much as a sheriff does now; sometimes he walked up and down before the children, and sometimes he stood behind them, and a boy whose head fell over from sleepiness would feel a crack on his crown presently from the staff of the tithing-man."

"Phippy pinches me when I fall asleep," said Nathan.

"Yes, you'd have had a hard time of it, Nathan, in those days. I never did see a boy who went to sleep so easily in church."

"He goes to sleep on three chairs beforehand," said Phippy, "but it does n't seem to make much difference. But what a long Sunday it must have been!"

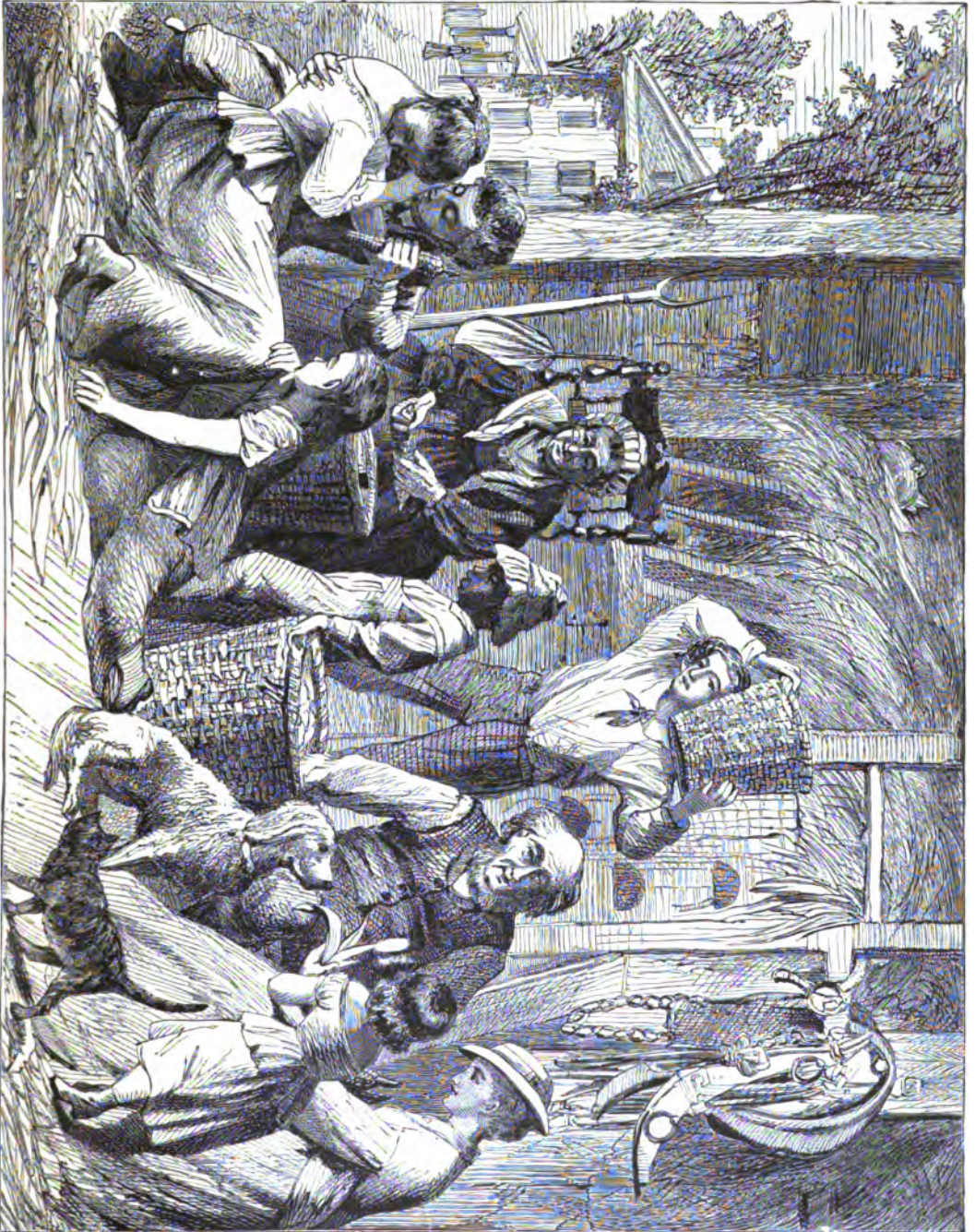
"When I was a boy," said the Judge, "Sunday began at sunset Saturday, and lasted till sunset Sunday. It's so still in many

places now. But that was only one day out of seven, children, though you think it was a long one. You have a dim notion that little Puritans were all the while going to church, but remember what New England was at that time, and you will see a little of what young life must have been. There were no large cities or towns as now; there were no screaming railway trains or puffing steamboats. Boston, the largest town, had not so many inhabitants as many a western village may have in a year's time. There were no great colleges and fine public schools; no public halls, exhibitions, concerts, or plays. But then the country was far wilder and more exciting than it now is. New England boys spent their time in fields or in the deep woods, by the banks of the river and upon the shore of the roaring sea, or in boats tossing on the water. They learned the use of the bow and the gun, and they had plenty of game right at their doors. They hunted bears and deer, and trapped foxes. They shot wild turkeys, wild geese, and wild ducks. They did not have to wait for vacation, and then go off a great distance from home, but this was their daily occupation. Then, perhaps, as they walked through the forest, they came upon the red Indian, who was not making baskets and miniature canoes, but hunting as they were. If they lived by the sea or rivers, as nearly all did at first, they had their fishing, swimming, rowing, and sailing. This was all part of their work as well as their sport, and hard lives they led of it, too, for from early youth they worked with the elder men, laying out roads through the woods, digging wells and ditches, making walls and fences, keeping out wolves and wild cats. There were houses and barns to be built, ships and boats to be made, mills, fortifications, and churches. There were farms and orchards to lay out and cultivate; and when winter came

they went into the woods and cut down the forest trees, and when the snow was hard, they sledded the logs to the woodpile, the timber to the mill. They had not the various labor-saving machines, but every one had to work hard with plain tools ; and as there were few stores, people raised or made nearly all that they themselves needed to use.

“ The girls, too, had their work. Every home had its spinning-wheel and loom, and the women and young girls spun and wove all the clothing and household stuff. They had to take care of the houses ; and they had their out-door life also, working on the farm and in the field. When the long winter evenings came they read by the fireside, and had their quilting bees and their husking frolics. There was plenty of wood in the forest, and the wood-piles were built high ; so they stuffed the great logs into the big chimney and had roaring fires, which did not warm the houses as our furnaces do, but were vastly more cheerful, and more wholesome. There was not much schooling with books, and there were few who spent as much time in school as most children now spend in vacation.

“ Now, all new countries require work, and New England boys and girls had to work hard ; but it was not work only which made New England so well known and so great that hundreds of books have been written about her, and will continue to be written for generations to come. It was Sunday and work together that made her great. The boys and girls who heard the drum call them to church, and sat restlessly there under the eye of the tithing-man, did not always understand what was said, and many foolish things were said by the preachers ; but the day which they kept so rigorously was always reminding them that there was something more to be done than to get rich fast, and spend their riches on themselves ;



A PENNSYLVANIA HUSKING OF MODERN TIMES.

that they were to please God, and not themselves. They did not always go to work the right way to please Him, but they did not forget Him, and think only of their merchandise. The children, in meeting-house and at work, learned self-control ; learned that it was manlier and better to labor than to be self-indulgent, and they were never allowed to think that they could do anything they chose. In my boyhood, I always took off my hat and bowed, when I met older people in the road ; did n't you courtesy, wife ? ”

“ To be sure ; I was always taught to make my manners when I met my elders and my betters.”

“ It would be rather hard work for me to bow to everybody I met in the street now,” said Nathan. “ I might as well leave my hat at home.”

“ Yes, city life means a different state of things ; but though we are not as formal in our manners as we used to be, we can be just as polite, and as really respectful ; and though we don't treat Sunday exactly as our ancestors did, we can honor God on it as we think He wants us to. But you will think our Sunday longer than our ancestors', if I go on with my sermon. So, off to bed with you.”

CHAPTER IX.

CHERRIES AND PLUMS.

THE children began their sight-seeing on Monday, but they took their pleasure very easily. Indeed, much of their sight-seeing was very simple. The Judge had a horse and carryall, and they drove

into the country about, and they made little pilgrimages within the city. They went once with their aunt to the Asylum, and looked on with admiration as the good lady drew off her gloves, and herself talked with the little men and women, saying, they discovered, such simple things as "I hope you enjoyed your half holiday Saturday," and, "I was glad to see you at church, Henry," sentences which seemed much more important when said with the fingers. They went to the Wadsworth Athenæum, to see the pictures and the curiosities. There was a droll pair of andirons, which looked



The Disputatious Andirons.

as if they had held many a lively dispute while the hickory was burning behind them; they saw the very box which had held the charter when it was brought to the assembly and was demanded by Andros and hidden by Wadsworth. It very likely held the charter when it was brought to this country, in 1662. Then there was

a tavern sign from the old tavern which General Putnam kept, after his fighting days were over; General Wolfe, in a scarlet coat and black top-boots, with his hand on his hip, and his right hand pointing or beckoning to something in the distance. How often Putnam must have sat at his door, under the shadow of the old sign, and told of his own hair-breadth escapes and adventures in the French and Indian war.

They looked, too, at some Chinese books, greater curiosities than they are now, and peeped within the folds of the leaves, to see if there was any printing inside. The librarian saw them looking curiously at the books, and spoke to them.

"Did you ever see a printing press?" he asked.

“Oh yes, sir,” they all answered, and began to tell how their father had taken them to see a great printing-house once.



A Chinese Printer at Work

“You would not see just such printing in China,” said he; “the process there is very different from that used in this country. The author prints his manuscript with pen very carefully, and then an exact fac-simile is made on very thin bamboo paper by the use of a

hair pencil and black ink. This page is pasted on a block of wood, with the written side down ; and being moistened carefully, and the paper peeled off, there remains on the block an exact impression of the letters and punctuation. All the blank part is now cut away to the depth of an eighth of an inch, leaving the letters raised from the wood."

"It must be something like a wood-cut block," said Ned.

"It is very much like one ; and it is now quite ready for the printer, who works simply with two brushes fastened to a stick which he holds in his right hand. He inks the block with one brush, and, laying the thin paper smoothly over the inked surface, he passes the other brush, a dry one, quickly and lightly over the paper, which thus takes the impression. If a press were used, as in our method, the thin paper would be torn, and the wood quickly bruised. As it is, the pressure of the dry brush frequently tears the paper. The ink commonly used is made of soot, and water in which rice has been boiled ; that makes it glutinous, I suppose."

"We have rice water when we are sick," said Lucy.

"Yes, but with no soot in it," Phippy explained. "But how queer these pages look ; I should think they were columns of words to spell."

"No wonder they look so to you, for the characters on the page are not placed in rows as in our books, reading from left to right, but in columns, read from top to bottom, beginning with the right-hand column ; the last page is where our first is, and the title-page where our last is."

"I suppose it is n't as funny to them," said Nathan, philosophically, "as apothecary spelled backward is to us."

The few days they were in Hartford were so hot that the children

were glad to stay in the cool house much of the time, and amuse themselves with books and games. There was the excitement, too, Ned said, of seeing whether the apricots would ripen. Aunt Martha had a choice apricot tree overhanging the garden wall outside of the parlor window, and though the fruit was still green, perhaps because it was green, it had a wonderful attraction for the small boys of the neighborhood, who were constantly clambering up the wall and shaking the tree, or trying to jump up and catch the branches. But the vigilant Aunt Martha had no intention of seeing her tree stripped. She always seemed to know when a boy was near; up would go the window-sash, and she would stand, shaking her head earnestly and saying:—

“Little boys! little boys!” when they would jump down and scamper off, for she looked much sterner and severer than she really was. Sometimes they would linger about the tree, and Aunt Martha would harangue them from the window, and tell them that if they were good, and would come to her when the apricots were ripe, she would give them some. But they seemed to think green apricots must have some specially good taste and flavor about them. The children sighed a little for their cherries at home, for now they must be ripening. They had cherries here on the table, but there was a charm about climbing trees for cherries which they could not forget.

“I don’t know,” said Phippy one day, when she had been sitting still on the carpet for at least two minutes, “I don’t know as I care for anything quite so much as for a good long branch with black harts hanging from it, time, eleven o’clock in the morning.”

“Well,” said her mother, “branches with cherries are said to have saved a city once. I do not quite know if the story is true,

but this is what Saintine says, who wrote the pretty story of 'Picciola' that I told you." The story was in French, but Mrs. Bodley read it aloud in English.

"In the early part of the sixteenth century cherries were very rare in Germany. There had been a rot, and it was with the utmost difficulty that any could be preserved. But a citizen of Hamburg, named Wolf, had in the middle of the town a walled garden, and in the garden he had gathered the rarest of cherry trees, and by constant watchfulness he had kept away the disease from his fruit, so that he alone possessed healthy cherry trees, and those in great abundance, bearing the juiciest cherries. All who wished cherries must go to him for them, and he sold them at the highest prices, so that every season he reaped a great harvest of gold from his cherries. Far and near Wolf's cherry trees were known, and he grew richer and more famous.

"One season, when his cherry trees were in blossom, and giving promise of an abundant crop, a war broke out in the north of Germany, in which Hamburg was invaded. The city was besieged, and so surrounded by the enemy, that no help could reach it. Slowly they consumed the provisions that were garnered, but famine was staring them in the face; nor did they dare yield to the enemy, for in those days there was little mercy shown to the conquered, and while any hope remained, the people held out, making vain sallies into the enemy's camp, and growing weaker daily, as less and less food remained to them.

"Meanwhile the enemy had grown more fierce without. The heat was intense, and had dried up the brooks and springs in all the country about, so that the besiegers were becoming wild with thirst; it made them savager, and the commanding general would listen to

no terms, but swore to destroy the city, and to put all the inhabitants, soldiers and old men, women, and children, to the sword.

"But would it not be better thus to be killed outright, than to suffer the slow death of famine? Wolf thought of these things as he returned one day to his garden in the midst of the city, after a week of fighting with the enemy. In his absence the cherries had ripened fast in the hot sun, and were now superb, fairly bursting with the red juice, and making one's mouth to water at the sight.

"A sudden thought came into his head as he looked at his cherries, and a hope sprang up that he might yet save his fellow-townsmen. There was not a moment to lose, for twenty-four hours more of suffering would make the people delirious. He brought together all the children of the town, to the number of three hundred, and had



The Children bearing Cherries.

them dressed wholly in white. In those days, and in that country, funeral processions were thus dressed. He brought them into his

orchard, and loaded each with a branch, heavy with rich, juicy cherries, and, marshalling them, sent them out of the city, a feeble procession, to the camp of the enemy. The dying men and women filled the streets as the white-robed children passed through the gates and out into the country.

“The besieging general saw the procession drawing near, concealed by the boughs they were carrying, and suspected some stratagem. Then he was told that they were children of Hamburg, who had heard that he and his army were suffering of thirst, and were bringing luscious cherries to quench it. Thereat he was very angry, for he was of a cruel and violent nature, and said that they had come to mock him, and he would surely have them put to death before his eyes, even as he had sworn he would do to all the people of the city.

“But when the procession came before him, and he saw the poor children, so thin, so pale, so worn out by hunger, the rough man’s heart was touched ; a spring of fatherly love, that had long been choked in him, broke forth ; tears came to his eyes, and what the warriors of the town could not do, the peaceful children in white did, — they vanquished the hard heart. That evening the little cherry-bearers returned to the city, and with them went a great procession of carts, filled with provisions for the starving people ; and the very next day a treaty of peace was signed.”

Phippy had no need to mourn her want of cherry branches very long, for on Thursday the party was to leave Hartford ; the girls and their mother to go home, while Ned and Nathan kept on their way to New York. But Mrs. Bodley, not quite sure that it was best for Nathan to trudge all the rest of the way, and wishing to give Phippy and Lucy a little longer journey, proposed that they

should all take one of the river boats that ply on the Connecticut and go together as far as Saybrook, when she and the girls could take the railway home ; and Ned and Nathan, turning their backs on them, should face about in the other direction, and take the high road along the Sound to New York.

"A capital idea!" said the Judge. "People do not enough travel by our great water-road. The Connecticut cannot boast of the splendor of the Hudson, but it is a lovely river, and there is a great variety of scenery between Har'ford and the Sound. The distance is only fifty miles, and it will be an easy day's sail to you. The river is not so high as it was a few weeks ago, but I don't believe you'll get aground, — not more than once or twice, at least."

"I have a faint recollection of some one having made a journey the whole length of the Connecticut in early days," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Probably you are thinking of John Ledyard the traveller, Sarah."

"Oh, yes, that is it. I remember now, his life was written by President Sparks."

"Ledyard was a daring traveller, and he had the true spirit of adventure in him. He was a Connecticut boy, born at Groton, near New London, just about a hundred years ago, in 1751. You can celebrate the centennial by finishing his voyage on the Connecticut, for he only came down as far as Hartford."

"On a steamboat?" asked Lucy.

"No, my dear, there were no steamboats in those days. Ledyard came down in a dug-out, quite a different sort of a boat. He had been sent to study at Dartmouth College. The college was only two years old when Ledyard went to study there, and the

reason why his parents chose it for him was that they wanted him to be a missionary to the Indians, and the college was founded with special reference to Christianizing the Indians. Dr. Wheelock, the President, was an enthusiast in this labor. If there had been more men like him, we should n't have had all our troubles with the savages. Hanover was in the midst of the wilderness, and Ledyard drove to it all the way from Har'ford in a crazy sulky with an old horse; and what do you suppose was the reason, when he might have gone so much easier on horseback, as other people did before the roads were broken? Why, he had a passion for theatricals, and so he wanted to carry a lot of calico and stage properties for use in the backwoods among the Indian and white students. He actually did set up a stage there and act tragedies, and very funny they must have looked. I fancy his idea of a missionary was chiefly of a man who had all sorts of adventures in the wilderness. At any rate, four months after he began his college duties, he ran away and was gone more than three months among the Indians on the Canada border, — looking over his missionary field, it was guessed. He was a queer student. In the depth of winter he persuaded the other students to go out with him to the top of the nearest mountain and camp out all night, and the good Dr. Wheelock encouraged the freak because he thought it would help to toughen his young men and accustom them to the hardships of missionary life!

“At length it became evident to everybody that Ledyard had not the student part of a missionary in him, and his life at Dartmouth became irksome. He set about escaping from it in a queer way. With the help of his companions he cut down a great tree which grew near the bank of the river, for the Connecticut, you know,

flows past Hanover, and dug it out for a rude boat. I suppose they thought it one of Ledyard's odd freaks, and helped him out of good nature, so that finally the log was floating in the river and Ledyard was equipped for a voyage. It was the last of April when he started, and he had the advantage of the spring floods which had raised the river, but he knew nothing whatever of the navigation of it, and he had a hundred and forty miles to traverse before he should reach Har'ford. Probably it was the extraordinary difficulty of the task that made everybody incredulous; at any rate, with his dug-out stocked with provisions, and a bear skin for a covering, he committed himself to the stream, sometimes using his paddle, but generally floating along with the current. In the night he stopped for sleep, for he dared not slip along unconsciously over a river which had so many rapids and falls. Indeed, he came very near his end at one place, for as he came toward Bellows Falls he was reading one or the other of the two books he carried with him, — his Greek Testament and Ovid, — when suddenly he heard the roaring of the waters, and had just time to work his boat to the shore. He never could have gone over those boiling rapids alive. The people in the neighborhood helped him cart his boat round the falls and launch it again. I don't remember how many days he was on the excursion, but one morning some of the family of his uncle, Mr. Seymour, who lived here and was his guardian, saw a queer craft come down the river, and stop at the bank near Mr. Seymour's house. You can fancy their amazement at seeing Ledyard, who they thought was safe in Hanover, throw off his bear-skin and come up the bank to them."

"Did he go back, uncle?"

"No, he never went back. He was a restless fellow, and soon

began wilder wanderings. He took a voyage with Captain Cook, — Cook's last voyage, — and was near him when he was killed by the islanders. He set out on an extraordinary journey across Russia and Siberia to Behring Strait, where he expected to cross, follow down the western coast of America, and strike into the interior on his way home. He could not have had the remotest idea of the difficulty of his plan, but he had immense self-confidence, and if he had accomplished his journey, he would have shown himself perhaps the greatest explorer the world has seen. But he was stopped at Irkoutsk, it was said through the jealousy of the Russian Fur Company, and sent back to St. Petersburg. He went to Africa, finally, on an exploring tour, and died there."

It was a much milder exploration that the Bodley family attempted when they left Hartford Thursday morning for Saybrook. The Judge and Aunt Martha hospitably went with them to the boat, and saw them set out.

"This is better than Ledyard's dug-out," said the Judge; "but I can tell you, Nathan, that if you are going to make your way through the world as a useful man, you would do much better to build your own dug-out, and travel by that, than make too much use of other people's steamboats. Think of that, my lad, and so, good-by."

The little party waved their handkerchiefs to the Judge and his wife, and felt quite an exhilaration as they moved down the river. It was an uneventful passage, but they did not tire of looking at the lovely meadows and the bluffs and hills which succeeded.

"We are half-way between Ledyard and the Fairy," said Mrs. Bodley. "Don't you remember 'A Fairy's Sail,' Lucy?"

"Indeed, I do, mama. I was just thinking of it. Perhaps this is the river that leads to the wonderful sea."

“Do say it, Lucy,” said Phippy; and so Lucy, who was as fond of learning and repeating verse as her sister and brother, said very prettily : —

A FAIRY'S SAIL.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

FAIRIES have told to me
So much of the wonderful sea,
Where our river bathes its feet,
That I long to hasten thither,



And see its great waves beat
Their foamy hands together.
Why not build a boat,
And set it afloat?

Here is a mushroom white as snow,
With rounded top, and ribbed inside;
Launched on the dimpling stream below,
Light enough it will ride.
This spear of grass shall be my mast,
This leaf for a sail to the winds I'll cast;
This purple stem of the maiden hair
I'll take for a paddle to steer me there.
Hasten! hasten! this very day
I'll up with its sails and away.
Blow, soft breezes, blow, blow,
And make me lightly, lightly go.
The sunset comes, the sunset goes,
Gone are its hues of orange and rose,
And still I sail, I sail;
The moon rose red, the moon sets pale,
And still I sail, and still I sail;
Rises the sun, and glows and glows,
Slower and slower my light bark goes;
The zephyrs faint, the zephyrs die,
Becalmed on the lingering stream I lie.
Alas! alas! the wonderful sea
Seems ever farther and farther from me.
I cannot paddle my boat so far,
Nor fly so far with my delicate wings;
And I will not wait on this lonely bar
Till a breeze o'er the water sings.
I wish that my merry little elf,
My gay Redcap were here.
Once, I remember, he told me himself,
If I wished and wished him near,
In a moment he would appear.
Oh, I wish, I wish, I wish, I wish,
Redcap would come to me!
He can fly like a bird, or swim like a fish, —
O come, Redcap, to me!

Ah! here you are, your own gay self;
Welcome, my best, my merriest elf!
Look at my pretty boat,
It is almost light as a leaf afloat,
 Yet cannot sail,
 For the winds all fail.
Will you fly ahead and tow it along,
With this cable of gossamer twisted strong?
Then I'll show you the way to the Wonderful Sea,
 With its shores of golden sand;
Aha! I knew you would go with me,
 If I sailed for the Far-off Land.

Merrily, merrily now I ride
Swifter than breeze, swifter than tide.
Whish! past the water-lilies I go;
They turn to see what ruffles them so.
The rushes sway, as the ripples run
Up their green stems every one.
Round the bends I whirl and swing,
Down the rapids I bounce and spring.
Well done, well done, my merry elf!
Now in the shadows rest yourself;
On a cool, green leaf of the lilies lie,
While deep in the whitest blossoms I
Will dive for a cup of perfumed dew;
Drink, and I will drink with you.

What can that gleam in the distance be?
The Wonderful Sea, the Wonderful Sea!
Oh, let us haste! I can fly, dear elf,
With the sea so near, like the wind itself;
Straight and swift, we cleave the air,
Like a flash of light; we shall soon be there.
The billowy tops of the forest seem
To rush behind us, a glistening stream;
Shines before us the Wonderful Sea,

Fair as the fairest dream can be.
Let us build a tent on the shore and stay
Many, and many, and many a day ;
When the strong winds blow, and the waves roll high,
We will find a cave in the rocks close by,
And, safe in our shelter, will see how grand
The white waves burst on the glittering sand;
And when we go back, what tales will we
Tell of our stay by the Wonderful Sea!

“ You may tell what tales you will, Fairy Lucy, when you go back to Roseland,” said Ned ; “ but as for Nathan and me, we have farther explorations to make. Look !

“ ‘ What do I see that makes me bound?
Long Island Sound! Long Island Sound! ’ ”

“ You shall not spoil my pretty poem, Cousin Ned. The idea of your prosy walk to New York, and our steamboat excursion down the Connecticut, reminding you of a Fairy’s Sail ! ”

“ Nevertheless, here we are at the Saybrook Platform.”

CHAPTER X.

HUNTING FOR YALE.

THE steamboat left them at Saybrook Point, and as there was some little time before Mrs. Bodley and the girls needed to take the ferry to Lyme, on their way home, they visited the cemetery, and saw the monument to Lady Fenwick, the widow of Colonel Fenwick, who, in 1636, came here to rule the plantation which had

been made by John Winthrop the younger, under the patent of Lord Say and Sele, Lord Brook, and others. The place had taken its name thus from a combination of the names of the patentees. The children were much pleased at finding footprints of their ancestors again, for they looked back with great respect upon the Winthrops, from whom they claimed descent on the mother's side. They visited the remains of the old fort on the steep hill near the river. Here the first settlers had held the river, and prevented the Dutch from going up to Hartford. They had fought Indians here also, and kept off Andros's fleet, in 1675.

"But where is Yale College?" asked Ned, looking about with inquiring eyes.

"Why, it's at New Haven," said Nathan.

"Oh, so it is," said Ned, after a pause. "I have n't been here since 1716, and I remember there was talk then of moving it to New Haven."

"Where did the college stand?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

"In a long one-story building, ma'am, near the fort. I don't see any signs of it now."

"That's probably because your sight is weakened by old age," said Phippy, briskly. "Come, mama, we must get this tottering old gentleman away from the water's edge."

It was time for them to be on the way, for they must needs return to the village from the Point, that Mrs. Bodley and her party might take the train for Boston.

"Never mind," said Ned, "Nathan and I will look up Yale College before we get to New York."

"Write us if you find it, Ned; and if you see Mr. Yale, who must be nearly as old as you, tell him how sorry we were not to see him at Saybrook."

“Yes, Aunt Sarah, I will. When I knew the old gentleman he wore a big wig, and stood with his hand on his hip in a fine style.”

“Oh, you ’ve seen his portrait, Cousin Ned.”



Portrait of Governor Yale.

“Well, people’s portraits sometimes look like them, and Governor Yale looks like a man who fed himself with gold spoons. He was

born in New Haven, but he was educated in England, and made his fortune in the East Indies, where he was governor of Madras."

"Oh, Ned, where do you pick up all these little bits of useful information?"

"I'll whisper it to you, Aunt Sarah," and he put his lips to her ears. "I regard myself as Nathan's private tutor, and I've crammed myself beforehand. But don't you tell. He must think it's all inspiration." Mrs. Bodley laughed.

"It's fortunate we are going to separate now," she said. "I might think it my duty to ask you some searching questions." The boys had donned their walking suits when they were on the boat, and now hung their pack-saddles from their shoulders.

"Good-by, mother; good-by, children," said Nathan, loftily. "Nathan Bodley is about to resume his journey round the world."

"Do turn back when you get to New York, my big brother," said Phippy. "You need n't expect to find us there, — need he, mother?"

"No, we must stay at Roseland, so as to get the boys home earlier;" and, after some affectionate hugs, the little party broke into two groups, and the boys marched off singing, "Jog on, jog on," with great liveliness.

"Now we must hunt for Yale College," said Ned. "We did n't find it at Saybrook where it began. Perhaps it walked off as far as Killingworth. I see a sign-board pointing in that direction. Let's ask that old gentleman, who is hoeing the other side of the fence;" and with a low bow Ned took off his hat and accosted the old man.

"Can you tell me, sir, if I shall find Yale College in Killingworth? We have just come from Saybrook, and it does n't seem to

be there." The old man leaned on his hoe and looked hard at Ned a moment, who began to blush a little.

"You're behind the times, young man," he said; "but if you will go to Killingworth and ask for Rector Pierson, he'll show you the college;" and then he went on with his hoeing.

"Thank you," said Ned; "I should like to see that man. He must be a magnetic sort of President to draw the college away from Saybrook and keep it near himself."

"A college is where a teacher is, young man."

"And young men, sir."

"The young men will go to the teacher. I'm a Yale man myself, and in my day we learnt all we knew from President Dwight. Read books, young man, if you like, but whenever you get a chance to learn anything from an older man, go to him. He'll teach you more than your books can."

"I'd like to get a few lessons from that old gentleman," said Ned, as the boys trudged along. "I believe in his doctrine." They meant to spend the night at Sachem's Head, in Guilford, as a cool spot, where there were no mosquitos, and they reached the place at supper-time. It was a fine moonlight night, and as they sat in the evening air, looking out upon the Sound and watching the ghostly-looking schooners sailing by, they heard a familiar voice behind them. It was the old gentleman whom they had left that afternoon.

"Well, boys," said he, "are you looking for Yale College at Guilford?"

"Why, was it ever here?" asked Ned.

"Yes, it was at East Guilford for a while, when it ran away from the small-pox. It was, part of it, at Wethersfield, too, up the river."

"Was that in your time?" asked Nathan.

"No, my lad. Yale College was pretty securely fixed at New Haven when I was there, and it is n't likely to run away again."

"But how did you get here?" asked Nathan, rather abruptly.

"Oh, I sometimes come down here on a hot summer's night. I used to live here, and it never seems quite as cool anywhere else."

"I almost wish we were on one of those sloops down there," said Nathan. "How ghostly they look in the moonlight. But I suppose they'll be in New York to-morrow morning."

"They must look somewhat like the ship in the air that was seen off New Haven two hundred years or more ago," said the old gentleman. "Your friend, here, who has such aged recollection, remembers it, perhaps."

"Was it Lamberton's ship?" asked Ned.

"The very same. I see you have a good memory."

"Oh, I read about it once in Mather's *Magnalia*."

"Then, perhaps, you remember the letter of James Pierpont, the New Haven pastor, which Mather prints?"

"I am afraid I have forgotten that."

"I have not. It made a great impression on me once, and I committed it to memory. Listen, this is the letter:—

" 'REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

" 'In compliance with your desires, I now give you the relation of that apparition of a ship in the air, which I have received from the most credible, judicious, and curious surviving observers of it.

" 'In the year 1647, besides much other lading, a far more rich treasure of passengers (five or six of which were persons of chief note and worth in New-Haven), put themselves on board a new ship, built at Rhode Island, of about 150 tuns; but so walty, that the master (Lamberton) often said she would prove their grave. In the month of January, cutting their way through much ice, on which they were accompanied with the Reverend Mr. Dav-

enport, besides many other friends, with many fears as well as prayers and tears they set sail. Mr. Davenport in prayer with an observable emphasis used these words: *Lord, if it be thy pleasure to bury these our friends in the bottom of the sea, they are thine; save them!* The spring following, no tidings of these friends arrived with the ships from England; New-Haven's heart began to fail her; this put the godly people on much prayer, both public and private, that the Lord would (if it was His pleasure) let them hear what he had done with their dear friends, and prepare them with a suitable submission to His holy will. In June next ensuing a great thunder-storm arose out of the northwest; after which, the hemisphere



The Phantom Ship.

being serene, about an hour before sunset, a SHIP of like dimensions with the aforesaid, with her canvas and colors abroad, though the wind northerly, appeared in the air coming up from our harbor's mouth, which lies southward from the town, seemingly with her sails filled under a fresh gale, holding her course north, and continuing under observation, sailing against the wind for the space of half an hour.

“ ‘Many were drawn to behold this great work of God; yea, the very children cried out *There's a brave ship!* At length, crowding up as far as there is usually water sufficient for such a vessel, and so near some of the spectators as that they imagined a man might hurl a stone on board her, her maintop seemed to be blown off, but left hanging in the shrouds;

then her mizzer top; then all her masting seemed blown away by the board; quickly after the hulk brought into a careen, she overset, and so vanished into a smoky cloud, which in some time dissipated, leaving, as everywhere else, a clear air. The admiring spectators could distinguish the several colors of each part, the principal rigging, and such proportions, as caused not only the generality of persons to say *This was the mould of their ship and thus was her tragic end*; but Mr. Davenport also in public declared to this effect, that God had condescended, for the quieting of their afflicted spirits, this extraordinary account of his sovereign disposal of those for whom so many fervent prayers were made continually. Thus I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

“ ‘JAMES PIERPONT.’ ”

“Yes, I remember the letter,” said Ned; “but the writer was not an eye-witness, and I always thought the people must have seen a thunder-cloud. I am sure I have seen one which looked very like a ship, and went to pieces as this is said to have broken up. But don’t you think it would have been well for all those excellent people to have avoided a vessel which was so walty?”

“I think myself their friends could have prayed with more confidence for them if they had sent them off in a better vessel.”

“What is walty?” asked Nathan.

“It is cranky,—liable to roll over.”

“I think I feel a little walty, then. Let’s go to bed.”

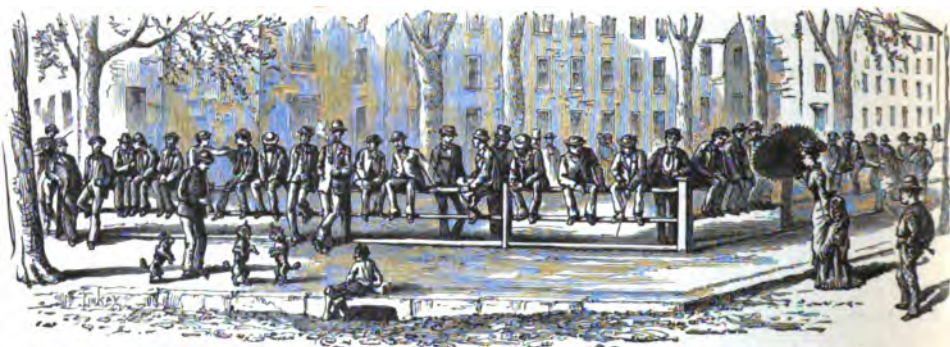
“That’s your nightly song, Nathan. You’re getting sleep out of this trip anyway. But we may as well go, for we have got to hunt for Yale College again to-morrow. Good-night, sir.” The old gentleman walked back with them to the house.

“Never mind whether you find the college or not,” said he, as he bade them good-night. “Keep your legs stirring, and your head will be clear.”

It was vacation time at Yale, so the college green had a very deserted air when the boys reached New Haven Saturday morning. Ned, who had been here in term time, was obliged to sub-

stitute a description of college scenes for the actual sights. A few small boys were playing about the fence, which separates the green from the public street, and Ned had hard work to construct a characteristic college scene out of this raw material.

"Here," said he to Nathan, "you must take the fence and build upon it these small boys, imagining first that they are multiplied many times in number, that they are about ten years older than



The College Fence in Term Time.

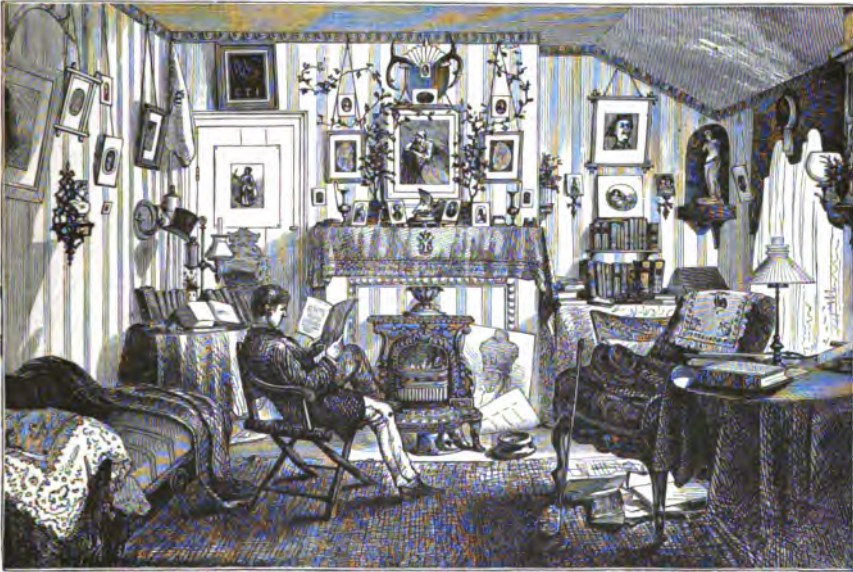
these now appear to be, and are, many of them, armed with canes and cigars. Imagine them, I say, perched upon the upper rail of the fence, or leaning against it in an easy, unconstrained attitude, smoking, telling stories, knocking off each others' hats, singing in the twilight, chaffing each other and the passers by, and looking with faintly concealed admiration upon the courageous lady whose duty may require her to pass them. Halloa! what, Hollis! you here?" This exclamation was delivered at a lone student, who at this moment passed them as they stood before the college fence.

"Why, Adams! have you recovered your reason? have you come here to apply humbly for admission to Yale? And who's the kid?"

"Hollis, this is my cousin, Nathan Bodley. Nathan, you've heard me speak of Tom Hollis, my old chum at Williams, who deserted us Freshman year, to come to Yale."

"Where are you staying?" asked Hollis.

"At the Tontine. We're just on our way to dinner."



Tom Hollis's Room.

"Come up after dinner and see me. I'm staying on for a week or so longer. I'm at seventeen, South Middle."

"We'll come," said Ned; and he added to Nathan, as they kept on their way, "You'll like to see Tom's room. I was there last winter, and it's crammed full of all sorts of nonsense. When you catch a student with a fancy for æsthetic gingerbread, he's generally the most hopeless of collectors. Tom Hollis has the mania badly, and it's like walking about in a ten-cent museum to visit him

in his room. Let's see, to-day is Saturday. We'll get him to go to East Rock with us this afternoon. We must push on for New York Monday, or we never shall get there. Now for dinner."

The boys were going up to their room before dinner, when the clerk handed Ned with his key a telegraphic dispatch.

"Why, what can it be!" said Nathan. "I hope no one is sick."

Ned tore open the envelope, and read the long strip with its regular faintly-printed letters.

"Boston, July 1. To Edward G. Adams, Tontine House, New Haven. You and Nathan may take the first train home after receipt of this. Nobody sick. Charles Bodley."

"What can it be!" they both exclaimed.

"When does the next train go?" asked Ned. "Nathan, we must pack up immediately. Do you be putting the things together, while I go down-stairs and find out when we can leave." Ned rushed off, and was back in a jiffy. "We've just time," said he, "to pack up, bolt a dinner, and take the train that gets into Boston at nine o'clock this evening. What do you suppose it can be?" The boys asked this question all the afternoon, and were so consumed with curiosity, that they entirely forgot that they were to go to Tom Hollis's room after dinner.

CHAPTER XI.

GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.

It was about half after nine o'clock on Saturday night that Ned and Nathan, pack-saddles on back, returned from their interrupted

tramp, and walked up the avenue leading to the house at Roseland. Nep heard them coming, and ran out, barking, to meet them; the front-door was thrown open, the light streamed out, and they rushed up the step, where Mrs. Bodley stood to receive them.

"What is it, mother!" cried Nathan. "What in the world is it? we can't imagine;" but she looked so smiling, that the boys felt curiosity only, and not anxiety.

"Come in," she said. "I don't wonder you are excited. I told your father, Nathan, to telegraph the reason, but he thought he would let you guess."

"Well, what did you guess?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"Oh, everything but the right reason," said Ned. "We guessed we were all going off for a journey, for one thing."

"That was pretty near, Ned," said Mr. Bodley. "I won't tease you with making you guess. I am suddenly obliged to go abroad; and as I have to leave Boston Monday, I thought it best for Nathan to come home."

"Are you going to Europe, papa?" asked Nathan, in astonishment.

"Yes. I have some business that takes me there."

"And is mama going?"

"No. I am going alone. I am going to leave you at home to take care of mama."

"Well, I'm glad you sent for me," said Nathan, after reflecting a moment. "I shall need to have instructions before you go. I suppose Martin and Hen will stay, and the children will be at home." Mrs. Bodley laughed.

"We shall stand in awe of you, Nathan," she said, "if you look so solemn when you take care of us. We hope your dear father

will not be gone very long, and that we shall hear from him very often."

"Well, if it was n't for you, mother, I'd like to go with father."

"I wish you could, Nathan; and some day I mean you shall."

The girls were sound asleep when Ned and Nathan returned, but they were all up early the next morning, and Nathan was out before breakfast, paying a visit to the barn, and various friends there. He found Hen sitting in his shirt-sleeves by the barn-door, and wearing a new and very glossy hat.

"Glad to see you," said Hen. "So you've walked to New York and back, have you?"

"Well, not all the way," said Nathan; "and we did n't go to New York, you know, because father telegraphed for us."

"Want to know; and you came right back, as soon as you was sent for, did you?"

"Yes. We had just time to get our dinner at New Haven yesterday, and take the train home."

"That's right," said Hen. "Honor your father and your mother, that your days may be long. And you did n't know why your pappas sent for you, did you?"

"Not till last night."

"Well, I like strict obedience, but I'm sorry you did n't get to New York."

"We should have got there the middle of this week," said Nathan.

"Just as well," said Hen, philosophically. "You've showed you could do it. You've got the grit, and I dessay that Cousin Ned of yours told you all you can remember, without going to New York. I'm going to New York myself, but I sha'n't walk. A sailor's legs were n't made for walking."

"Why, what makes you go, Hen?"

"I've been ashore long enough. I begin to feel my wings creak, and I reckon I'll make another voyage."

"That's too bad, Hen. I thought you'd be here all summer, and tell us stories."

"Oh, I'll come back some time with some fresh yarns."

The fact that Mr. Bodley was to leave home the next day seemed to make Sunday an unusually quiet day. Mrs. Bodley smiled a good deal, and the children could not know that she was bravely keeping back her tears. They all went to church together, and they sat together under the trees; and after supper, as twilight came on, Mr. Bodley was the centre of a little group upon the front doorstep, that said not much, but seemed very willing to stay by him.

"I wonder if we shall go to Hyannis Port this year," said Phippy at last.

"Oh, yes," said her father. "Your mother will take you to your Uncle Elisha's for a fortnight, after I am gone. You can paddle in the Atlantic, and look across the water, to see if you can make me out."

"Don't you remember how grandfather used to take us out in a boat?" said Nathan.

"I can't remember," said Lucy.

"No," said he, "you were too little; but I can just remember grandfather, and his great cane, which he used to carry. Father, I wish you would tell us some stories about grandfather."

"Well, Nathan, I will do better than that. You know that after your grandfather retired from business he went back to Hyannis Port and lived in the old house, except during a few weeks in winter, when he lived with us. He used to amuse himself with his

books and papers ; and just before his last sickness he wrote out his autobiography. Do you know what an autobiography is ?”

“ Yes, sir ; it is an account of his life which one writes himself.”

“ Your grandfather wrote his autobiography, and gave it to me, and said : ‘ Charles, I have written my autobiography, and when Nathan is old enough, I want you to give it to him to read. He may keep it for himself, and give it to his children after him, if he wants to.’ Now I think that a boy who has undertaken to walk from Boston to New York, as you have, is old enough to read his grandfather’s autobiography, and I am going to give it to you.” Mr. Bodley left the doorway, and presently came back with a morocco case in his hand. “ Here it is, in this case. Do not read it now, but take it with you to the Cape. Then your mother will read it aloud to you all, and you can ask your Uncle Elisha about the parts you do not understand. I want you to remember your grandfather, Nathan, and learn all you can about him, for he was a good man. You cannot boast any very distinguished ancestors on your father’s side, but you may be sure of this, that you never will meet any one who knew your grandfather who will not tell you that he was a good man, — one of the best men they ever knew. I should like my little boy to grow up as good as his grandfather, and I shall be very glad if besides being good he is wise and learned.”

Nathan received the morocco case very seriously, and looked at the neat, small handwriting.

“ Why, it’s to me,” said he. “ It begins, ‘ My dear grandson Nathan.’ ”

“ Yes, he wrote it as a letter to you.”

“ Well, I shall always keep it safe.”

"Won't you write your autobiography for me, papa?" asked Lucy.

"Well, that is worth thinking of," said Mr. Bodley, laughing; "but I must wait till I'm an old man, and have time enough to remember what has happened in my life."

The next day Mr. Bodley bade his family good-by, but they could not see him off in the steamer, for he was to sail from New York. They drove him to the cars and watched the train glide out of the station, and then came home soberly, and in a day or two set out for the Cape. Hen went away on a voyage, and Martin and Nurse Young stayed at Roseland. Ned went with them to the Cape for a few days, and fished for scup, and took the children out in a boat, and went in swimming with them. The day before he went away, he was on the beach, lying lazily in the shade, when he discovered a daddy-long-legs strolling about near by.

"Come here, children," he called, "come here. I have found the very gentleman that I have long heard about. Sit down here and I will tell you a story in rhyme." And then he repeated the story of—

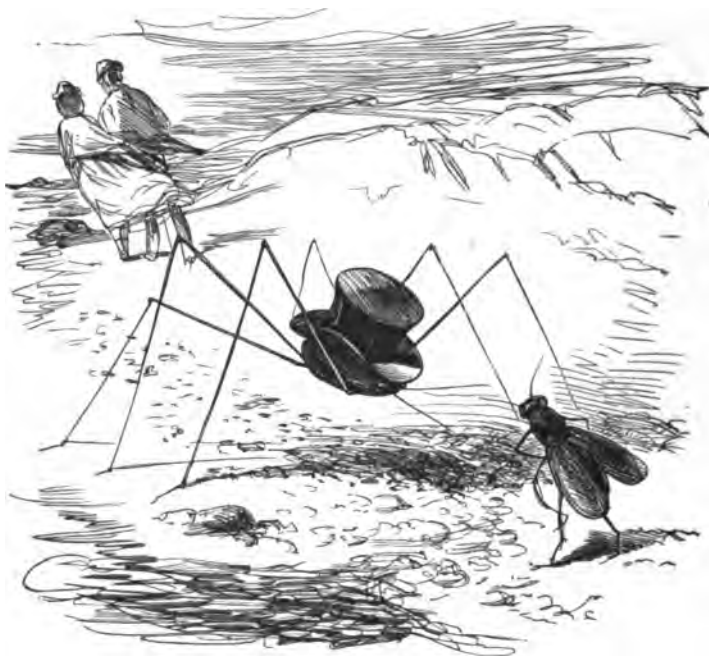
DADDY-LONG-LEGS AND THE FLY.

BY EDWARD LEAR.

Once, Mr. Daddy-Long-Legs,
Dressed in brown and gray,
Walked about upon the sands
Upon a summer's day;
And there among the pebbles,
When the wind was rather cold,
He met with Mr. Floppy Fly,
All dressed in blue and gold.

And as it was too soon to dine,
 They drank some periwinkle wine,
 And played an hour or two or more
 At battlecock and shuttledore.

Said Mr. Daddy-Long-Legs
 To Mr. Floppy Fly,
 "Why do you never come to court?
 I wish you'd tell me why.



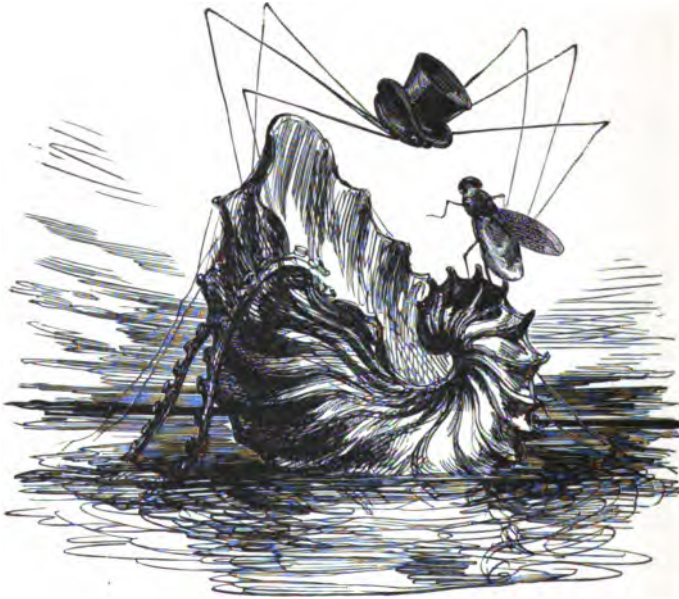
All gold and shine, in dress so fine,
 You'd quite delight the court, —
 Why do you never go at all?
 Most certainly you *ought*!
 And if you went, you'd see such sights!
 Such rugs! and jugs! and candle lights!
 And, more than all, the King and Queen, —
 One in red and one in green!"

"Oh, Mr. Daddy-Long-Legs,"
Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
"It's true that I don't go to court,
And I will tell you why.
If I had six long legs like yours,
At once I'd go to court!
But, oh, I can't, because my legs
Are so extremely short.
And I'm afraid the King and Queen,
One in red and one in green,
Would say aloud, 'You are not fit,
You Fly, to come to court a bit!'"

"O, Mr. Daddy-Long-Legs,"
Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
"I wish you'd sing one little song—
One Mumbian melody!
You used to sing so wondrous well
In former days gone by,
But now you never sing at all;
I wish you'd tell me why.
For if you would, the silvery sound
Would please the shrimps and cockles round,
And all the crabs would gladly come
To hear you sing 'Ah hum di hum!'"

Said Mr. Daddy-Long-Legs,
"I can never sing again!
And if you wish I'll tell you why,
Although it gives me pain.
For years I cannot hum a bit,
Or sing the smallest song,
And this the dreadful reason is,—
My legs are grown too long!
My six long legs, all here and there,
Oppress my bosom with despair,
And if I stand, or lie, or sit,
I cannot sing one single bit!"

So Mr. Daddy-Long-Legs
And Mr. Floppy Fly
Sat down in silence by the sea
And gazed upon the sky.
They said, "This is a dreadful thing,
The world is all gone wrong,
Since one has legs too short by half,
The other far too long!
One never more can go to court
Because his legs have grown too short;
The other cannot sing a song
Because his legs have grown too long!"



Then Mr. Daddy-Long-Legs
And Mr. Floppy Fly
Rushed downward to the foaming sea,
With one spongetaneous cry.
And there they found a little boat,
Whose sails were pink and gray,

And off they sailed among the waves,
Far and far away.
They sailed across the silent main,
And passed the great Grombolian plain;
And there they play for evermore
At battlecock and shuttledore.

That was Cousin Ned's last story. The next day he left the Bodleys, on a little trip to Provincetown, intending to return in a week. While he had been with them the children had been too busy for anything else, but now that he was gone, Mrs. Bodley proposed that they should read grandfather's letter to Nathan; so, every evening after tea, while Uncle Elisha also sat with them in the porch, the morocco case was brought out, and the Bodleys heard the story of their grandfather's life; and here is a part of it, set down for the friends of the Bodley Family.

CHAPTER XII.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY ABOUT HIMSELF.

MY grandmother Gates lived in our family, and died when I was about ten or twelve years old. She was a staunch Presbyterian, and would not go to the Baptist church, which was much the nearest, but, unless the weather absolutely forbade it, went regularly to the Congregational church, five miles distant. For many years I was her faithful attendant. She had her prejudices, and would not ride in any carriage, but always on horseback; the sight would look strange enough now to see me, a little chap of eight years, on

horseback, with grandmother on the pillion behind, but this was the universal mode of her conveyance ; she had been used to it all her life, and I presume that no Rosinante could dismount her by any antics he might perform. She lived to be about seventy-five years of age, and occupied what is now the parlor at Hyannis. She was somewhat of a scold, and we children were all afraid of her. She had a mysterious chest, in which were kept a great variety of ancient relics, and we were always trying to get a peep into it ; she had a quantity of old Continental money which had become nearly worthless, and she used to rave about it a good deal. I think she was something of a Tory in her principles.

The first recollection I have of myself as being a piece of humanity having an identity, was after this sort. Mother, when there was a good clear north wind, would put her beds in the front yard to air. (This was at the old house, the site of which is now at the very edge of the shore.) I, with some other child, amused ourselves with jumping out of the window upon the feather-beds in the yard, which, when mother noticed, she came and whipped me soundly. I remember how she did it, and from this circumstance I distinctly recollect that I wore petticoats. I could not at that time have been over three years old. I recollect, also, the first time I was put into jacket and trousers. I was being dressed for meeting, and mother brought out a new suit of jacket and trousers, made of striped pink and white gingham, and so stiff with starch that I hear the noise I made in walking with my mind's ear to this day.

My first recollection of going to school is that I went to a Miss Crocker. She was an old woman, and wore upon her nose a pair of Dutch spectacles, which were merely eyes without bows like the present eye-glass that dandies wear. She had much difficulty in

keeping them on; they would fall off, which vexed her and made her awfully cross. Her method of teaching was as ancient as her own person. "S-h-o-u-l-d; what does that spell? should." She might be called a literal teacher. The schools in my early days were poor, and there was very little of them. I don't think I ever went to school in the summer-time until I was eleven or twelve years old. We used to have six weeks school in the winter, and that was about all; but when I was about ten years old, father waked up to a sense of their importance, and sent me for six months to the north side of the town to Mr. John Clark's school; he was considered a wonderful man for his learning, and actually had a class in the school that learned Latin. I boarded at a Mr. David Lewis's, but I did not improve much; the older scholars took up his time, and I was neglected, for he had his favorites. Afterward this same Mr. Clark quarreled with the people on the north side, and father and some other public-spirited men hired him to open a school in the eastern neighborhood, about two miles from our house, and I went pretty steadily to his school until I left home in 1804, and I am indebted to him for about all the education I have. I became a favorite with him, and I was considered his model scholar. He never punished me but once, while most of the boys and some of the girls he used to whip unmercifully. We used to spell from Perry's Dictionary, a book about four or five inches square. My seat was quite across the room from where he stood, and we were spelling. The word mantua-maker came to me in turn, and by some means I could not, after several attempts, spell it, and he threw the dictionary across the room with great force at my head, and sent me off to learn my lesson. This was very humiliating to me, considering the high position I held in the

school. He often talked to me about learning Latin and going to college, and one day he made a visit to father on purpose to persuade him to send me; and father was willing if I wanted to go; but somehow I had imbibed a great horror of going to college, and absolutely declined; my mind was in another direction. All the young men of my age talked of nothing else than going to sea, and I had a sea fever which lasted two or three years; besides, at that time I was desperately in love. Among the girl scholars were two daughters of Captain Ben Hallock, about my age. They were bright girls, among the best scholars in the school, and we used to speak dialogues together. This was a popular mode of instruction in those days, and we used to go out together into the woods near by, and recite our parts to each other. Those were happy days; they were beautiful girls, and grew up to be beautiful women; but Persis I thought an angel, and I lived for some time in love; but they left, and my passion died out.

I have not yet told you much about my father. He was a very large man, nearly or quite six feet in height, and very fleshy, weighing, I think, two hundred and eighty or two hundred and ninety pounds. You may have had pointed out to you the chair he had made to sit in, a roundabout which has been for many years in the store. He was a man beloved and respected, and quite popular among the people. He always kept a small store of goods, but his time was mostly occupied as a justice of the peace, in various town offices, arbitrations, and settling of fish voyages, which was quite an occupation in the fall of the year, when the voyages of the fishing vessels were made up between the owners and the men. Very few of the owners of vessels within ten or twelve miles could satisfy the men that the voyages were properly settled, unless

the Squire did it. I remember one night father came home quite late, and asked mother if she had anything to eat.

“ Why, did n't you get dinner and supper ? ”

“ Yes, and what do you think they gave me for dinner ? fish and turnips. And what for supper ? fish and turnips.”

Father was a very nervous man. When anything excited him he could not sit still, but would rise and walk and whistle and take out his tobacco-box every minute or two. I have known him in an excited conversation or justice case before him get so interested or excited that he would keep his tobacco-box in constant motion. He used tobacco, but in homœopathic quantities ; he used to take a piece about the size of a pin's head, which he was incessantly renewing, especially when his mind was occupied. He was very fond of his children, and liked nothing better than to have three or four on his back and knees, and pulling his hair. I don't remember that he ever punished me but once, and then I deserved it. I was sent to what is called the Point to drive home the oxen to be used in carting. I took the notion that it was very amusing to see them up to their backs in water on the sea-shore, so I drove them in and kept them there for a mile along the shore, and when they arrived at home the poor creatures were so exhausted they were not fit to be put into the cart. Father, having seen it all from the house, after putting a few questions which I could not answer satisfactorily, told me to take off my jacket, and gave me a sound whipping. I have no doubt it did me good.

Among the pleasant times I used to have when young was to go to grandfather's to stay all night, and sleep in the same room with John Cape, and hear him tell stories till I fell asleep. John was not a slave, but a bound negro, and owed service till he was twenty-one,

on condition of being taken care of. John was older than I, but had winning ways, and did me many kind offices, which I remember to this day. He learned me to skate, and we owned a pair of skates together, and if we could not agree who should use them, we would each take one and skate on one leg ; many a time have I spent a happy evening on Aunt Debby's pond, skating on one leg. . . .

I said I had the sea fever, but father did not want me to go to sea, but said he would get me a place in a store in Boston. In the spring of 1804, it happened that Captain Gates, the father of your great aunt, was in Boston, master of a brig, and, knowing my wishes, wrote from Boston that if I could be there at a certain time, he would take me as cabin-boy, and take good care of me. This settled the question, and I was speedily got ready, with all a sailor's necessary rigging out of pea-jackets, flannel shirts, etc. ; and at the appointed time I bade farewell to all the family (I can see sister Abigail's tears now), and started for the north side, from where I was to go in the packet to Boston. On arriving in sight of the harbor, the packet was seen going out, and I was too late, and had to retrace my way home. I could go in no other way, as the stage only went twice a week, and I could not reach Boston in season by that conveyance. "Now," said both father and mother, "God has shown us that you are not to be a sailor," and was it not so ? But for this being too late, I should no doubt have led a sailor's life, and the whole course of my life would have been entirely different from what it has been. Thus God shapes our future by His interposition, and I have never ceased to bless His name for thus thinking upon me. Soon after this father had a letter from Freeman, Baty & Cushing, dry goods dealers, saying if he would send me immediately, they would take me into their store as an apprentice, and that

I should live in the family of Mr. Freeman. It was at once decided that I should go; my sea clothes were exchanged for other habiliments, and I was soon prepared to take my departure. I bade good-by to neighbors, and, among the rest, to my dear old grandmother. I was to leave in the morning. Early in the morning a message came from grandmother that she wanted to see me before I went. I obeyed the summons, and she said to me: —

“Charles, you are going among strangers, and you will meet with many temptations, and I thought I wanted to give you one more word of caution. Now, Charles, you are to be at Mr. Freeman’s, and it may be you will be walking across the room, and you will discover on the floor a pin. Whose pin will that be, yours or Mrs. Freeman’s? it is not yours, but hers. Never, Charles, take so much as a pin, that is not your own, from anybody. This is all I have to say;” and this was her method of enforcing the principle of honesty. I may say that with me it has not been wholly lost. I never was tempted to appropriate to my own use what was not mine, without being reminded of this admonition. Dear old grandmother, were it for nothing more than this, I would revere your memory; and my prayer is that I may be permitted in heaven to tell her how grateful I am.

A new leaf in my history opens now, for I leave my native Cape, and begin my life as an apprentice in a dry goods and hardware store, for such it proved to be, in Boston, before the age of fifteen; for I was born June 5, 1789, and entered upon my duties March 9, 1804.

The store I went into was situated at the corner of Elm Street and Dock Square, and I found, on taking my place, the partners and usual apprentices. Mr. Cushing was the active partner of the

firm. Mr. Freeman was a stiff-necked man. He could only turn his head by turning his body, or bow only by bending his back. Mr. Baty always spoke in a whisper. I was installed as a part of Mr. Freeman's family at his house, standing at the corner of Derne and Hancock streets, where is now the north-east corner of the Reservoir. Beacon Hill was in the rear, very steep in its ascent, on the top of which was erected a monument, to commemorate the Revolution, which was removed, and the hill leveled, many years ago: the slabs of the monument, I believe, are now deposited in the State House. Between Mr. Freeman's house and what is now Pemberton Square, then Gardiner Greene's orchard and garden, there was not a house; it was pasture ground; and the way to the store was down Hancock Street, through Cambridge Street, or across lots down to Howard Street. Mrs. Freeman was a very exacting woman. Her given name was Experience, and her sister's, Deliverance. Mrs. Freeman had five children, and I had good frolics with them; but I would come home tired from the store, and Mrs. Freeman would say: "Now, Charles, take care of little Benjamin;" so for hours I would tend baby; and if I did not do that, I was certain to be sent to the mantua-maker's, or on some other errand; but, with all her exactness, Mrs. Freeman was a very pleasing woman, and had the faculty of making me feel that it was a great pleasure to do all she asked of me. . . .

About a year after this Mrs. Freeman died, and Mr. Freeman had to look out for a housekeeper. The choice fell on Miss Fanny Gibson. She was a buxom young woman of perhaps thirty-five, a great talker, but made bad work with the children. She had an admirer, a portrait painter, who wanted to paint my face. I let him do it, and you may see how he painted loose nankeen pants any

time you are at Hyannis. One night I was reading to Fanny from the newspaper, and came to the death of a lady in Andover, whom she had mentioned to me as one she knew.

"Stop!" she said. "Read that again. Is she dead? I'll marry the widower in one month." And she did. This put an end to her housekeeping for Mr. Freeman. The next person employed was Miss Bathsheba Whitman, or, as we always called her, Miss Basha. She was a woman of intellectual calibre and good education, far before any with whom I had ever been acquainted, and I look upon the three years or more of my intercourse with her as a time of great improvement to myself. She was so instructive and agreeable in her conversation that my evenings were pleasanter to me at home than anywhere else, and she instituted a course of reading of the right sort, which I have always considered as being very serviceable to me, for I had naturally very little taste for reading; but the course she took created one for me, and saved me in that way, it may be, from utter ruin, so that I remember her with gratitude.

The time was drawing near when I should become of age, and my mind was much exercised as to what I should do. I had run my father in debt several hundred dollars beyond what he allowed me during the two years past, and this sum my father would have to pay, which I knew with his large family he could ill afford to do. I made some inquiry about employment at a neighboring store, where I was known, and soon afterwards Mr. Cushing said to me: "Have you any plans for the future?" I told him I had none in particular, but had recently made some inquiry. He then said to me: "You have had charge of the hardware part of our business; how would you like to take the full care of it, and make it a

separate business?" Of course I thought it a good chance, for I had become quite partial to this part of the business; so terms were agreed upon, and, instead of waiting until I was free, the plan was immediately put into execution, the hardware department given to me, Freeman, Baty & Cushing agreeing to furnish the capital that might be required, and I to receive a portion of the profits; and more than this, they said I had been a faithful apprentice, and they would cancel the charge against my father, which, if I remember right, was nearly four hundred dollars.

On the 9th of September, 1809, when I was only twenty years and four months old, I opened a hardware store and had my sign over the door; the business was done in my name, my late employers being my partners; and in the same business I have continued ever since, until the present time, when, as you know, I have retired from active trade. This was of course a time of great excitement with me, and I can remember with perfect distinctness the first entry I made on the day-book on the day I opened store:—

HOMES & HOMER, DR.

1 doz. black shackle padlocks, at 10s. \$1.67.

But if I should continue in this way to relate all that befell me in my early days I should make a volume, instead of writing a letter; and I must pass over many things that crowd upon my mind, and come to those things that will interest you more immediately, and answer the inquiry, how I came to be your grandfather rather than another man. Among my earliest acquaintances and most intimate friends was Marshall Sayles, son of Hon. Richard Sayles, of Chatham. He was a lively fellow, full of frolic and full of fun. I used to talk to him about spending money so freely, and he

would laugh it off. His father was frequently in Boston, and, being a particular friend of my father, was often in my store, and wanted me (I suppose I was considered by him a pretty steady fellow) to use my influence with Marshall to keep him straight. One day Marshall came to me and said: "My sister Hope is in town, and there is not another of my associates I would introduce to her but you. Will you go to grandmother Dallas's with me this evening to see her? Mrs. Dallas was an old lady living in a house on Tremont Street, where now stands St. Paul's Church, with a large garden where Temple Place now is. I went, and there I first saw Hope Sayles. She was about my age, a twin sister of Marshall's, good looking, with a vein of humor running through her conversation (which accounts for that trait in your father) that was quite captivating to me, and as I went home I said to myself (I was not then twenty), who knows but she may be my wife some time? She left and went to Hamilton, where her sister lived, the wife of Rev. Mr. Jenks. One Saturday night Marshall came to me and said: "Go with me to Hamilton to-morrow; my cousin will lend me his horse and gig, and we can hire another for a leader, and drive down early and astonish the natives with our tandem team." It was twenty-one miles. We started pretty early, and arrived just as the people were going to meeting. We put up our horses at the parsonage, and started for meeting, getting into the house just after the sermon was begun, of course scandalizing the good parson and his wife. Here I met Hope again. We went to meeting in the afternoon, the intermission being short; the sermon was but just begun when the cry of fire was heard, and lo! the dwelling-house next to the church was on fire. The congregation all rushed out, and both Marshall and myself worked like troopers, assisting to

quench the flames. There was no more sermon that day, but we comforted ourselves with the thought that we had retrieved our characters somewhat by our activity at the fire. . . .

In 1812, soon after the war with England began, I went to board with Miss Fessenden, according to a promise I had made to her. Cousin Nabby, as we called her, opened a boarding-house in Tremont Street, on the site now occupied by the Savings Bank, next to the Chapel Burying-ground. Here I spent my time as a boarder from 1812 to 1817, when I was married. At the beginning of the war with England, I became one of the original members that formed the New England Guards, a company of young men, numbering, during the continuance of the war, upwards of a hundred of the first young men of the city. We had many good times, and, as business was in a great measure suspended, we used to take a good portion of time in drilling, and learning the art of war. I was several times in active service : once on Governor's Island, once at the Navy Yard, and once at Faneuil Hall ; but, notwithstanding my acknowledged bravery and faithfulness, my services are yet unrequited by an ungrateful country, while some of my comrades, whose services were no more important than my own, as I conceive, have been rewarded by a farm. Perhaps posterity may review my valuable services, and my children or grandchildren may yet be benefited by my heroism. I entered the company as a private, and it may be a gratification to you to know that, so highly was I appreciated by my fellow soldiers, before I left the company I was elected sixth corporal ; and on the last occasion that I ever paraded, I acted as sergeant. It was shortly after peace was declared, on the occasion of receiving a Dutch Ambassador, who landed at the end of Long Wharf. It was February, and the streets full of ice and

snow,—rather a melting day. As sergeant, I was at the right of the file, and marching to music was no easy matter. I slipped and fell, and the whole file of men after me, like a pile of bricks standing on their ends, and we all rolled over together in the mud and water, and our white pants were not a little soiled, and the Irish boys hooted and hurra'd, and, altogether, we made a ridiculous figure ; this last exhibition was the end of my military life. I sent in my resignation the next day, and have never shouldered a musket since. You must not think, by this action, I had abandoned my country. Peace had been declared, and there was no further need of my services, and in resigning made this mental reservation, that if ever I was needed to defend my country's rights, I would stand in my lot to the last. I hold to that declaration to-day.

Business, in these years of war, was not good. We were dependent then on England for our hardware, there being no manufactures of consequence in this country ; but I was young and enterprising, and, considering the times, had built up a business equal to almost any in the city in my line. A Mr. Stowell, of Worcester, a clock maker, invented a machine for making wood screws, which I bought, and put into operation in the State Prison at Charlestown. This brought me into notice all over the country, and orders came in from all quarters at such a rate that I could not begin to fill them. It was profitable, and if the war had continued I should no doubt have made a fortune by it ; but I laid out all I made in making new machines, which, as soon as peace came, and screws could be imported from England, were worthless, so that in the end I rather lost than made money.

One pleasant Saturday, in the summer of 1814, I took a horse and chaise and drove to Hamilton to spend the Sabbath, Hope Sayles

being then on a visit to her sister. There, in the twilight, I told my love to her who became your father's mother. It was not in vain. I had the happiness to know that it was reciprocated. Soon afterward Hope had a fit of sickness, which resulted in the almost total loss of her eyesight, so that for two years following she was confined to a dark room, not being able to bear the least ray of light without exquisite pain, and her general health suffering in consequence of it. I wrote her often, and visited her as often as I could; and while she insisted that I should not be held to our engagement, I would not listen to any such suggestion. We waited patiently the issue, and after three years, she having almost wholly recovered, I was married in July, 1817. . . .

It is not my purpose to continue my narrative any further. I hope the perusal of these pages, that I have written off in haste, and without premeditation, will afford you some pleasure. Every man's life has some instruction in it, and I think you may gather from my brief recital some hints that may be of value to you. You may see upon what little, and, in themselves, what trifling occurrences our future destiny may be shaped. If I had not been too late for the packet, I might have been a roving sailor, and have early found an ocean grave. If I had not resisted temptation, and spent my youthful evenings with Miss Basha, I might have made shipwreck of character. . . . And now, my dear Nathan, God bless you, and make you a blessing to your dear parents, and to the world. Your affectionate grandfather,

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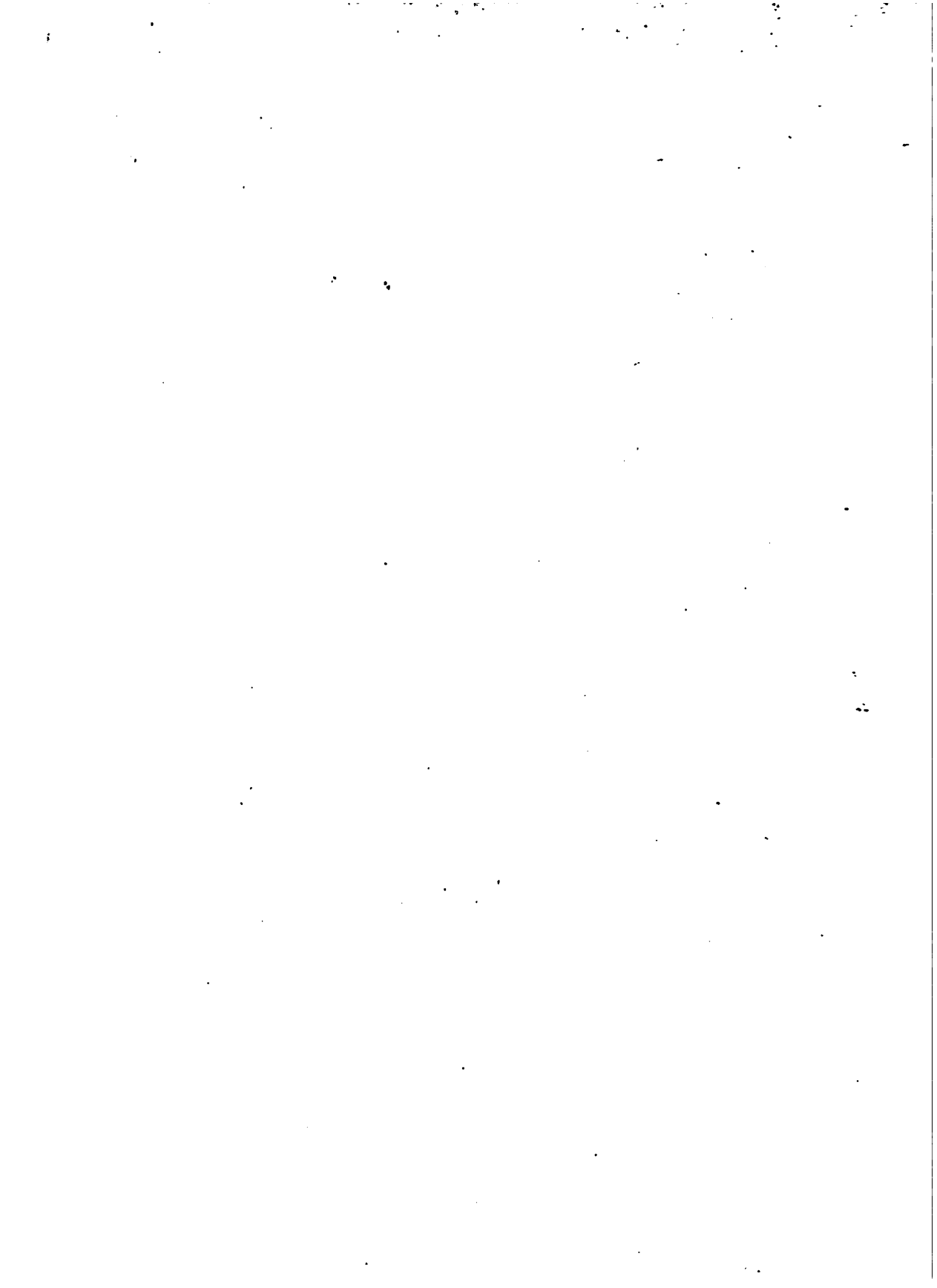
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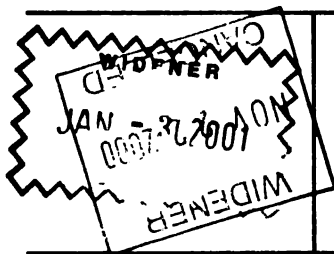


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